

**GREEN, GREEN GRASS OF HOME - ELVIS PRESLEY**

The old home town looks the same  
As I step down from the train  
And there to meet me, is my mama and papa  
Down the road I look, and there runs Mary  
Hair of gold and lips like cherries  
It's good to touch, the green green grass of home

Yes they'll all come to meet me, arms reaching, smiling sweetly  
It's good to touch, the green green grass of home

The old house, is still standing  
Though the paint is cracked and dry  
And there's that old oak tree, that I used to play on  
Down the lane I'll walk with my sweet Mary  
Hair of gold and lips like cherries  
It's good to touch, the green green grass of home

Yes they'll all come to greet me, arms reaching, smiling sweetly  
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home

Then I awake, and look around me  
At four gray walls that surround me  
And I realize, that I was only dreamin'  
For there's a guard and there's that sad old padre  
Arm and arm we'll walk at daybreak  
Again I'll touch, the green green grass of home

Yes, they'll all come to see me  
In the shade of that old oak tree  
As they lay me neath the green green grass.... of home