

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

3. Then I awake and look around me at the grey walls that surround me, And I realize that I was only dreaming, For there's a guard and there's a sad old Padre, arm in arm we'll walk at daybreak, Again I'll touch the green green grass of home.

CHORUS:

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.