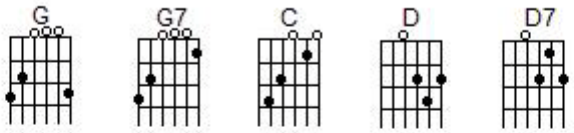
GREEN GREEN GRASS FROM HOME

Johnny Cash



G G7
The old home town looks the same,
C G
as I step down from the train,
D D7
and there to meet me is my mama and papa,
G G7
down the road I look and there runs Mary,
C
hair of gold and lips like cherries,
G D7 G
it's good to touch the green green grass of home.
G G7
Yes they all come to meet me,
C
out reaching, smileying sweetly,
G D7 G
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 the 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.
Yes, they'll all come to see me,
Arms reaching, smiling sweetly.
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

Then I awake and look around me,
At the four gray 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.
Yes, they'll all come to see me
In the shade of the old oak tree,
As they lay me 'neath the green, green grass of home.