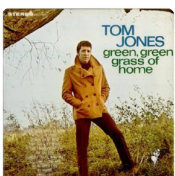


# Green Green Grass of Home – Tom Jones

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 walk with my sweet Mary,  
Hair of gold and lips like cherries  
It's good to touch the green,  
Green grass of home  
Then I awake and look around me  
At four grey walls that surround me,  
And I realize: yes, I was only dreaming  
For there's a guard and  
There's a sad old padre  
On and on, 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



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych

