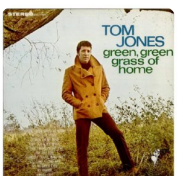


Green Green Grass of Home – Tom Jones

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

