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