

Six lanes, tail lights, red ants marching into the night,
They disappear to the left and right again.
Another supper from a sack, a 99-cent heart attack.
I've got a pounding head and an achin' back
and the camel's buried in the big straw stack.

I'm gonna live where the green grass grows, watch my corn pop up in rows.
Every night be tucked in close to you.
Raise our kids where the good Lord's blessed,
point our rockin' chairs towards the west,
And plant our dreams where the peaceful river flows,
where the green grass grows.

Well, I'm from a map dot, a stop sign on a black top.
I caught the first bus I could hop from there.
But all of this glitter is getting dark, there's concrete growin' in the city park.
I don't know who my neighbors are
and there's bars on the corners and bars on my heart

I'm gonna live where the green grass grows, watch my corn pop up in rows,
Every night be tucked in close to you.
Raise our kids where the good Lord's blessed,
point our rocking chairs towards the west,
Plant our dreams where the peaceful river flows,
where the green grass grows.

I'm gonna live where the green grass grows, watch my corn pop up in rows.
Every night be tucked in close to you
Raise our kids where the good Lord's blessed,
point our rocking chairs towards the west,
And plant our dreams where the peaceful river flows,
whoa, where the green grass grows.