

The green grass grows all around and around
The green grass grows all around.

And the child, she asks about flowers and trees
She points to a bird, stomps with her feet.

"It flies, it flies!" She chirps with the bird,
She chases the bird, her laughter is heard.

And the green grass grows all around and around
And the green grass grows all around.

She sprints and jumps and chases the breeze
She tumbles, she falls, straight down to her knees

And the green grass grows all around and around
And the green grass grows in the ground.

Her knee, it's scratched, a small touch of red
With speckles of brown from the soil that she tread

She cries, confused, in pain? In what?
It's ugly, it's new, she wants it just gone.

But the green grass grows all around and around
The green grass grows all around

She and the pain will soon meet again.
It always comes back, from now until then.

The grass will grow all around, all around
It will grow until she is in the ground.