

Green Green Grass of Home

[G] The old home town looks the same
As I [C] step down from the [G] train,
And there to meet me is my mama and [D] papa. [D7]
Down the [G] road I look and [G7] there runs Mary,
[C] Hair of gold and lips like cherries,
It's [G] good to touch the [D] green, green [D7] grass of [G] home [D7]
Yes, they'll [G] all come to [G7] meet me,
Arms [C] reaching, smiling sweetly,
it's [G] good to touch the [D] green, green [D7] grass of [G] home. [D7]
The [G] old house is still [G7] standing,
though the [C] paint is cracked and [G] dry,
And there's that old oak tree that I used to [D] play on. [D7]
Down the [G] lane I walk and with [G7] my sweet Mary,
[C] Hair of gold and lips like cherries,
It's [G] good to touch the [D] green, green [D7] grass of [G] home.
[G] Then I awake and look around me
at the [C] four gray walls that su[G]rround me,
And I realize, yes, I was only [D] dreaming. [D7]
For there's a [G] guard and there's a [G7] sad old padre,
[C] Arm and arm we'll walk at daybreak,
[G] Again I'll touch the [D] green, green [D7] grass of [G] home. [C] [G]
Yes, they'll [G] all come to [G7] see me in the [C] shade of that old oak tree,
As they [G] lay me 'neath the [D] green, green [D7] grass of [G] home. [C] [G]