

Green Green Grass Of Home

C **C7 F** **C**
The old home town looks the same as I step down from the train

C **G7**
And there to meet me is my mama and papa;

C **C7** **F**
Down the road I look and there runs Mary, hair of gold and lips like cherries

C **G7** **C**
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

C **C7** **F**
Yes, they'll all come to meet me, arms a-reaching, smiling sweetly;

C **G7** **C**
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

C **C7** **F** **C**
The old house is still standing, though the paint is cracked and dry,

C **G7**
And there's that old oak tree that I used to play on;

C **C7** **F**
Down the lane I walk and with my sweet Mary, hair of gold and lips like cherries

C **G7** **C**
it's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

(spoken)

C
Then I awake and look around me

F **C**
At the four gray walls that surround me.

C **G** **G7**
And I realize, yes, that I was only dreaming

C **C7** **F**
There's a guard and there's a sad old padre, Arm and arm we'll walk at daybreak

C **G7** **C**
And again I'll touch the green, green grass of home.

C **C7** **F**
Yes, they'll all come to meet me, as they lay me 'neath that old oak tree;

C **G7** **C**
And again I'll touch the green, green grass of home.