

Green Green Grass Of Home

Tom Jones

G

The old home town looks the same

C

G

As I step down from the train

D7

And there to meet me is my mamma and my papa

G

G7

Down the road I look, and there runs Mary

C

Hair of gold and lips like cherries

G

D7

G

It's good to touch the green, green grass of home

G

Yes, they'll all come to meet me

C

Arms a-reaching, smiling sweetly

G

D7

G

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.

D

And then suddenly I awake and look around me

G

D

At the four grey walls that surround me

A

And I realize, yes, I was only dreaming

D

For there's a guard and there's a sad old padre

G

Arm and arm we'll walk at daybreak

D

A

D

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

D

A

G

D

as they lay me, 'neath the green green grass of home.