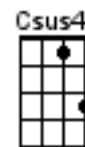


Green, Green Grass Of Home

Tom Jones



[C] [Csus4] [C] [G7]



The [C] old hometown looks the same
As I [F] step down from the [C] train,
And there to [C] meet me is my Mamma and [G] Papa, [G7]
And down the [C] road I look and [C7] there runs Mary,
[F] Hair of gold and lips like cherries.
It's [C] good to touch the [G] green, green grass of [C] home.

Oh, they'll [C] all come to [C7] meet me,
hands [F] reaching, smiling sweetly.
It's [C] good to touch the [G] green, green [G7] grass of [C] home.

The [C] old house is still [C7] standing,
Though the [F] paint is cracked and [C] dry.
And there's that [C] old oak tree that I used to [G] play on. [G7]
And down the [C] lane I walked with [C7] my sweet Mary,
[F] Hair of gold and lips like cherries,
It's [C] good to touch the [G] green, green [G7] grass of [C] home.

Then I a-[C]-wake and look around me
At the [F] four gray walls that sur-[C]-round me,
Then I [C] realize, yes, I was only [G] dreaming. [G7]
For there's the [C] guard and the [C7] sad old padre,
[F] Arm in arm we'll walk at daybreak,
A-[C]-gain I'll touch
the [G] green, green [G7] grass of [C] home. [F] [C]

Yes, they'll [C] all come to [C7] see me
'neath the [F] shade of that old oak tree,
When they [C] lay me '
neath the [G >] green, green [G7>] grass of [C] home. [F] [C >]