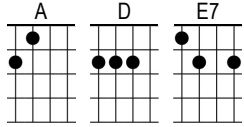


# Green, Green Grass Of Home

Tom Jones



**A** **D** **A** **D** **A** **E7**

The **A** old home town looks the | same as I **D** step down from the **A** train  
And there to | meet me is my | mama and **E7** papa |  
Down the **A** road I look and | there runs Mary, **D** hair of gold and | lips like cherries  
It's **A** good to touch the **E7** green, green grass of **A** home

**A** Yes, they'll | all come to | meet me, arms **D** reaching, | smiling sweetly  
It's **A** good to touch the **E7** green, green, grass of **A** home |

The old **A** house is still | standing, tho' the **D** paint is cracked and **A** dry  
And there's that | old oak tree | that I used to **E7** play on |  
Down the **A** lane I walk with | my sweet Mary, **D** hair of gold and | lips like cherries  
It's **A** good to touch the **E7** green, green grass of **A** home |

Then I a **A** wake and look a | round me, at the **D** four grey walls that sur **A** round me  
And I | realize, yes, | I was only **E7** dreaming |  
For there's a **A** guard and there's a | sad old padre; **D** arm in arm we'll | walk at  
daybreak  
**A** Again I touch the **E7** green, green grass of **A** home

**A** Yes, they'll | all come to | see me in the **D** shade of that | old oak tree  
As they **A** lay me 'neath the **E7** green, green grass of **A** home