Green Green Grass of Home

| G . . . | . . . . | C . . . | G . . . |

The old home town looks the same

as I step down from the train

| G . . . | . . . . | D . . . | . . . . |

and there to meet me is my mama and my papa

| G . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . | . . . . |

down the road I look and there runs Mary

hair of gold and lips like cherries

| G . . . | D . . . | G . . . | . . . . |

it's good to touch the green green grass of home

**| G . Bm . | G7 . . . | C . . . | . . . . |**

**Yes, they'll all come to meet me, arms reaching, smiling sweetly**

**| G . . . | D . . . | G . C . | G . . . |**

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

| G . . . | . . . . | C . . . | G . . . |

The old house is still standing

though the paint is cracked and dry

| G . . . | . . . . | D . . . | . . . . |

And there’s the old oak tree that I used to play on

| G . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . | . . . . |

down the lane I walk with my sweet Mary

hair of gold and lips like cherries

| G . . . | D . . . | G . . . | . . . . |

it's good to touch the green green grass of home

**| G . Bm . | G7 . . . | C . . . | . . . . |**

**Yes, they'll all come to meet me, arms reaching, smiling sweetly**

**| G . . . | D . . . | G . C . | G . . . |**

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

| G . . . | . . . . | C . . . | G . . . |

Then I awake and look around me

At four gray walls that surround me

| G . . . | . . . . | D . . . | . . . . |

and I realize I was only dreamin

| G . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . | . . . . |

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

arm and arm we’ll walk at daybreak

| G . . . | D . . . | G . . . | . . . . |

again I’ll touch the green green grass of home

**| G . Bm . | G7 . . . | C . . . | . . . . |**

**Yes, they'll all come to see me, in the shade of an old oak tree**

**| G . . . | D . . . | C . G . |**

**As they lay me neath the green green grass of home**