

Green Green Grass of Home

D

The old home town looks the same

G

D

As I step down from the train

A7

And there to meet me is my mama and my papa

D

Down the road I look and there runs Mary,

G

Hair of gold and lips like cherries.

D

A7

D

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

The old house is still standing

G

D

Though the paint is cracked and dry

A7

And there's that old oak tree that I used to play on.

D

Down the lane I walk, with my sweet Mary,

G

Hair of gold and lips like cherries.

D

A7

D

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

Yes, they'll all come to see me,

G

Arms reaching, smiling sweetly,

D

A7

D

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

Then I awake and look around me,

G

D

To the cold grey walls that sur-round me,

A7

And I realize that I was only dreaming,

D

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

G

Arm and arm I'll walk at daybreak,

D

Again I'll touch the green green grass of home.

Yes, they'll all come to see me,

G

In the shade of the old oak tree

D

A7

G

D

As they lay me beneath the green green grass of home

