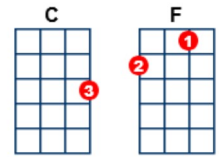


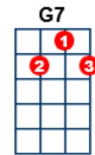
# Green Green Grass of Home

key:C, artist:Tom Jones writer:Claude

[C] The old home town looks the same  
As I [F] step down from the [C] train,  
And there to meet me is my mama and [G7] papa.  
Down the [C] road I look and there comes Mary,  
[F] Hair of gold and lips like cherries,  
It's [C] good to touch the [G7] green, green grass of [C] home



Yes, they'll [C] all come to meet me,  
Arms [F] reaching, smiling sweetly,  
it's [C] good to touch the [G7] green, green grass of [C] home.



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

## *SPOKEN*

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

## *SUNG*

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