

GREEN GREEN GRASS OF HOME

C/// C///

C/// C/// F/// C///
The old home town looks the same as I step down from the train

C/// C/// G/// G///
And there to meet me is my mama and my papa

C/// C///
Down the road I look and there runs Mary

F/// F///
Hair of gold and lips like cherries

C/// G/// C/// C///
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home

C/// C/// F/// C///
The old house is still standing though the paint is cracked and dry

C/// C/// G/// G///
And there's that old oak tree that I used to play on

C/// C///
Down the lane I walk with my sweet Mary

F/// F///
Hair of gold and lips like cherries

C/// G/// C/// C///
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home

C/// C/// F/// F///
Yes, they'll all come to see me arms reaching, smiling sweetly

C/// G/// C/// C///
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home

C/// C/// F/// C///
Then I awake and look around me at the four gray walls that surround me

C/// C/// G/// G///
And I then realise I was only dreaming

C/// C///
For there's a guard and a sad old padre

F/// F///
Arm and arm we'll walk at daybreak

C/// G/// C/// C///
Again I'll touch the green, green grass of home

C/// C/// F/// F///
Yes, they'll all come to see me in the shade of that old oak tree

C/// G/// C/// C
As they lay me 'neath the green, green grass of home