

## Green Green Grass of Home

[D] The old home town looks the same as I [G] step down from the [D] train,  
And there to meet me is my mama and [A] papa. [A7]

Down the [D] road I look and [D7] there runs Mary,

[G] Hair of gold and lips like cherries,

It's [D] good to touch the [A] green, green [A7] grass of [D] home [A7]

The old [D] house is still [D7] standing, though the [G] paint is cracked and [D] dry,  
And there's that old oak tree that I used to [A] play on. [A7]

Down the [D] lane I walk and with [D7] my sweet Mary,

[G] Hair of gold and lips like cherries,

It's [D] good to touch the [A] green, green [A7] grass of [D] home.

Yes, they'll all come to [D7] see me, arms [G] reaching, smiling sweetly,  
it's [D] good to touch the [A] green, green [A7] grass of [D] home. [A7]

[D] Then I awake and look around me at the [G] four gray walls that su[D]rround me,  
And then I realize, I was only [A] dreaming. [A7]

For there's a [D] guard and there's a [D7] sad old padre,

[G] Arm and arm, I walk at daybreak,

[D] Again I touch the [A] green, green [A7] grass of [D] home. [A7]

Yes, they'll [D] all come to [D7] see me in the [G] shade of that old oak tree,

As they [D] lay me 'neath the [A] green, green [A7] grass of [G] home. [D]