

GREEN GREEN GRASS OF HOME

C///|G7///|C//

[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 my [G7] papa
Down the [C] road I look and there runs 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 all be there to meet me,
Arms [F]reaching, smiling sweetly
It's [C] good to touch
The [G7] green, green grass of [C] home.

The old house is still standing,
Though the [F] paint is cracked and [C] dry,
And there's an old oak tree
That I used to [G7] play on
Down the [C] lane I'll walk 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.

Yes, they'll all be there to meet me,
Arms [F]reaching, smiling sweetly
It's [C] good to touch
The [G7] green, green grass of [C] home.

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

Yes they'll 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.
[SLOWLY AND QUIETLY]
As they [C] lay me neath the [G7] green, green grass of [C///] home
[C G7 G]