

THE GREEN GREEN GRASS OF HOME: ¾ time Songwriters: Curly Putman. For non-commercial use only.

D G D  
The old hometown looks the same As I step down from the train

And there to meet me is my mama and papa (A)

D G  
Down the road I look and there runs Mary Hair of gold and lips like cherries

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

D G  
Yes, they'll all come to meet me Arms a- reaching, smiling sweetly

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

D G D  
The old house is still standing Though the paint is cracked and dry

And there's that old oak tree that I used to play on (A)

D G  
Down the lane, I walk with my sweet Mary Hair of gold and lips like cherries

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

D G D  
Then I awake and look around me At four grey walls that surround me

A D  
And I realize, yes, I was only dreaming ..... For there's a guard and there's a sad, old padre

G D A D  
arm and arm, we'll walk at daybreak Again, I'll touch the green, green grass of home

D G  
Yes, they'll all come to see me In the shade of that old oak tree

(D) As they lay me (A) 'Neath the green, green grass (G) of (D) home