

Green, Green Grass Of Home

(Elvis Presley, Tom Jones)

INTRO: F C7 F C7

F F7 Bb F
The old home town looks the same, as I step down from the train,

Bb C C7
And there to meet me is my mama and my papa,

F F7
Down the lane I look, and there runs Mary,

Bb
Hair of gold and lips like cherries,

F C C7 F F
It's good to touch the green green grass of home.

F7 Bb
Yes, they'll all come to meet me, arms reaching, smiling sweetly,

F C C7 F F
It's good to touch the green green grass of home.

F F7 Bb F
The old house is still standing, though the paint is cracked and dry

Bb C C7
And there's the old oak tree that I used to play on,

F F7
Down the lane I walk, with my sweet Mary,

Bb
Hair of gold and lips like cherries,

F C C7 F F
It's good to touch the green green grass of home.

F7 Bb
Yes, they'll all come to meet me, arms reaching, smiling sweetly,

F C C7 F F
It's good to touch the green green grass of home.

F F7 Bb F
I awake and look around me, at four grey walls that surround me

Bb C C7
And I realise that I was only dreaming,

F F7
For there's a guard and there's a sad old padre,

Bb
Arm in arm we'll walk at daybreak

F C C7 F F
Again I'll touch the green green grass of home,

F7 Bb
Yes, they'll all come to see me, in the shade of that old oak tree,

F C C7 Bb F↓
As they lay me 'neath the green, green grass of hom.....me.

