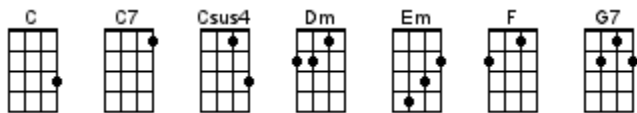


Green, Green Grass Of Home

Claude "Curly" Putman, Jr. 1965 (as recorded by Tom Jones 1966)



INTRO: / 1 2 3 4 / [C] / [Csus4] / [C] / [G7]

The [C] old home town looks the same
As I [F] step down from the [C] train
And there to [C] meet me, is my mama and [G7] papa [G7]
Down the [C] road I look, and [C7] there runs Mary
[F] Hair of gold, and [F] lips like [Em]↓ cher-[Dm]↓ries
It's [C] good to touch, the [G7] green, green grass of [C] home [Csus4] / [C]

CHORUS:

[F]↓ Yes [G7]↓ they'll [C] all come to [C7] meet me
Arms [F] reaching, smiling [F] sweetly [Em]↓ [Dm]↓
It's [C] good to touch the [G7] green, green grass of [C] home [G7]

The [C] old house is still standing
Though the [F] paint is cracked and [C] dry
And there's that [C] old oak tree, that I used to [G7] play on [G7]
Down the [C] lane I walk, with [C7] my sweet Mary
[F] Hair of gold, and [F] lips like [Em]↓ cher-[Dm]↓ries
It's [C] good to touch, the [G7] green, green grass of [C] home [C]

[C] Then I awake and look a-[C]round me
[F] At four grey walls that [C] surround me
[C] And I realize [C] yes, I was only [G7] dreaming [G7]
For there's a [C] guard and there's a [C7] sad old padre
[F] Arm in arm, we'll [F] walk at [Em]↓ day-[Dm]↓break
A-[C]gain I'll touch, the [G7] green, green grass of [C] home [Csus4] / [C]

CHORUS:

[F]↓ Yes [G7]↓ they'll [C] all come to [C7] see me
In the [F] shade, of that [F] old oak tree as they [C] lay me
'Neath the [G7] green, green grass of [C] home [Csus4] / [C]↓

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