

# Green Green Grass of Home

[Verse 1]

D  
The old home town looks the same  
G D  
as I step down from the train  
A  
And there to meet me is my mama and papa  
D  
Down the road I look and there runs Mary,  
G  
hair of gold and lips like cherries.  
D A D  
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

[Chorus]

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.

[Verse 2]

D G D  
The old house is still standing, though the paint is cracked and dry,  
A  
And there's that old oak tree that I used to play on  
D  
Down the lane I walk and with my sweet Mary,  
G  
hair of gold and lips like cherries.  
D A D  
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

[Bridge]

D  
And then suddenly I awake and look around me  
G D  
at the four gray walls that surround me  
A  
and I realize that I was only dreaming.  
D  
For there's a guard and there's a sad old padre  
G  
Arm and arm we'll walk at daybreak  
D A D  
again I'll touch the green, green grass of home

[Chorus]

D G  
Yes, they'll all come to see me in the shade of that old oak tree;  
D A G D  
As they lay me 'neath the green, green grass of home.