## The Green, Green Grass Of Home

Intro - C/G7/CF/C

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

De Maria Yes, they'll/all come to/meet me Arms/reaching, smiling/sweetly It's good to touch the green, green grass of home /

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

Then I awake and look around me, at/four grey walls that surround me And I/realize,/yes, I was only/dreamin'/ For there's a/guard, and there's a/sad old padre / On and on we'll/walk at daybreak Again, I'll touch the green, green grass of home

> Yes, they'll all come to see me In the/shade of that/old oak tree As they/lay me 'neath the/green, green grass of/home  $-\frac{4}{2}$   $\frac{4}{0}$   $\frac{C}{C}$