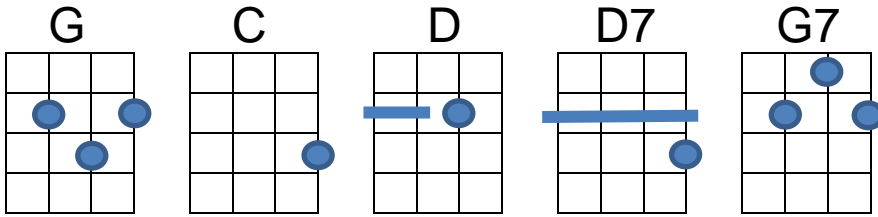


The Green Green Grass

Written by: Claude Putman - 1965 :: Recorded by: Tom Jones - 1966



*Sing "G" :: Intro=4 bars of G :: (*G)=Tremelo strum*

(G) The old home town looks the same,
As I (C) step down from the (G) train,
And there to meet me, is my mama and (D) papa, (D7)
Down the (G) road I look and (G7) there runs Mary,
(C) Hair of gold and lips like cherries,
It's (G) good to touch the (D) green green grass of (G) home, (D7)
Yes, they'll (G) all, come to (G7) meet me,
(C) Arms reaching, smiling sweetly,
It's (G) good to touch the (D7) green green grass of (G) home. (D7)

The (G) old house is still standing,
Though the (C) paint is cracked and (G) dry,
And there's that old oak tree that I used to (D) play on, (D7)
Down the (G) lane I walk and with (G7) my sweet Mary,
(C) Hair of gold and lips like cherries,
It's (G) good to touch the (D7) green green grass of (G) home.

(*Spoken)

Then I awake and look around me,
(C) At the four grey walls that su(G)rround me,
And I realize, yes I was only (D) dreaming, (D7)
For there's a (G) guard, and there's a (G7) sad old padre,
(C) Arm and arm we'll walk at daybreak,
(G) Again I'll touch the (D7) green green grass of (G) home. (D7)

Yes, they'll (G) all come to (G7) see me,
In the (C) shade of that old oak tree,
As they (G) lay me 'neath the –
(Slowly) (D7) Green green grass of (*G) home.