GREEN, GREEN GRASS OF HOME - Claude Putman, Jr.

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: | | | | |

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 cher-ries.

It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

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 standing, 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 cher-ries.

It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

Then I awake and look around me at four gray walls that surround me.

And I realize, yes, that I was only dreaming.

For there's a guard and there's a sad old padre, arm in arm, we'll walk at day-break.

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.
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Intro:  | F | Fsus | F | C7 |

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

C7
And there to meet me is my mama and papa

F                                 F7                                 Bb                                        Am7  Gm7
Down the road I look, and there runs Mary,  hair of gold and lips like cher-ries.

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

Gm7  C7  F                                 F7                                 Bb                                        Am7 Gm7
Yes, they'll all come to meet me, arms reaching, smiling sweetly

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

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

C7
And there's that old oak tree that I used to play on

F                                 F7                                 Bb                                        Am7  Gm7
Down the lane I walk with my sweet Mary,  hair of gold and lips like cher-ries.

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

F                                 Bb                                 F
Then I awake and look around me at four gray walls that surround me

C7
And I realize, yes, that I was only dreaming.

F                                 F7                                 Bb                                        Am7  Gm7
For there's a guard and there's a sad old padre,  arm in arm, we'll walk at day-break

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

Gm7  C7  F                                 F7                                 Bb                                        Am7 Gm7
Yes, they'll all come to see me in the shade of that old oak tree

F                                 C7                                 Bb  Am7  Gm7  F
As they lay me 'neath the green, green grass of home.