**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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