**Green Green Grass of Home (Claude “Curly” Putman, Jr., 1964) Key of C**

[**Green Green Grass of Home**](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=u81CTfbc99c) **by Tom Jones**

**Intro: C F C G C G7**

C

The old home town looks the same

 F C

As I step down from the train,

 G G7

And there to meet me is my mama and papa.

 C C7

Down the road I look and there runs Mary,

F

Hair of gold and lips like cherries,

 C G G7 C G7

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

 C C7

Yes, they'll all come to meet me,

 F

Arms reaching, smiling sweetly,

 C G G7 C G7

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

 C C7

The old house is still standing,

 F C

though the paint is cracked and dry,

 G G7

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

 C C7

Down the lane I walk and with my sweet Mary,

F

Hair of gold and lips like cherries,

 C G G7 C

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

C

Then I awake and look around me

 F C

at the four gray walls that surround me,

 G G7

And I realize, yes, I was only dreaming.

 C C7

For there's a guard and there's a sad old padre,

F

Arm and arm we'll walk at daybreak,

C G G7 C F C

Again I'll touch the green, green grass of home.

 C C7 F

Yes, they'll all come to see me in the shade of that old oak tree,

 C G G7 C F C

As they lay me 'neath the green, green grass of home.

**Green Green Grass of Home (Claude “Curly” Putman, Jr., 1964) Key of G**

[**Green Green Grass of Home**](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=u81CTfbc99c) **by Tom Jones**

Intro: G C G D G D7

G

The old home town looks the same

 C G

As I step down from the train,

 D D7

And there to meet me is my mama and papa.

 G G7

Down the road I look and there runs Mary,

C

Hair of gold and lips like cherries,

 G D D7 G D7

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

 G G7

Yes, they'll all come to meet me,

 C

Arms reaching, smiling sweetly,

 G D D7 G D7

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

 G G7

The old house is still standing,

 C G

though the paint is cracked and dry,

 D D7

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

 G G7

Down the lane I walk and with my sweet Mary,

C

Hair of gold and lips like cherries,

 G D D7 G

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

G

Then I awake and look around me

 C G

at the four gray walls that surround me,

 D D7

And I realize, yes, I was only dreaming.

 G G7

For there's a guard and there's a sad old padre,

C

Arm and arm we'll walk at daybreak,

G D D7 G C G

Again I'll touch the green, green grass of home.

 G G7 C

Yes, they'll all come to see me in the shade of that old oak tree,

 G D D7 G C G

As they lay me 'neath the green, green grass of home.