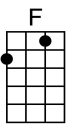
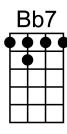
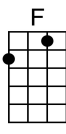
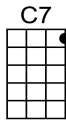
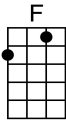
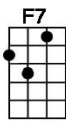


Green, Green Grass of Home

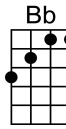
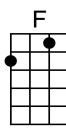
Words & Music: Sheb Wooley & Curly Putman

Chord Arrangement: Ron Chamberlin

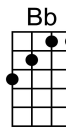
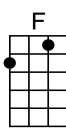
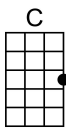
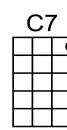
4/4 Time – INTRO:  /  /  / /

  / / /  / /

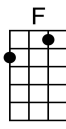
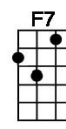
Well, the old home town looks the same,

/  / / /  / /

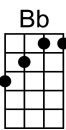
As I step down from the train,

/ / / / /   / /  / / /  /

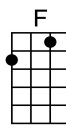
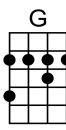
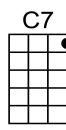
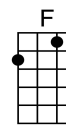
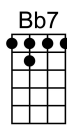
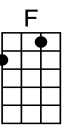
And there to meet me is my ma - ma and my papa,

/ /  / / /  / / /

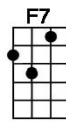
Down the road I look and there runs Mary,

 / / / / / / / /

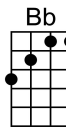
Hair of gold and lips like cherries,

 / / /  /  /  /  /  / /

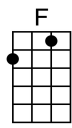
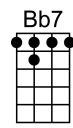
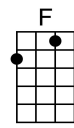
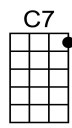
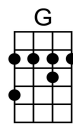
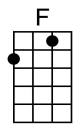
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

/ / / / /  / / /

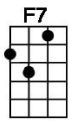
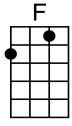
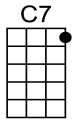
Yes, they'll all come to meet me,

 / / / / / / / /

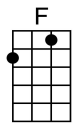
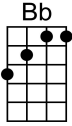
Arms a reach - in', smil - in' sweet - ly,



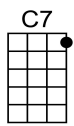
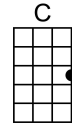
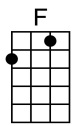
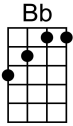
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.



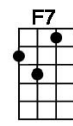
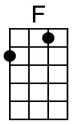
Well, the old house is still standin',



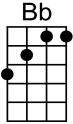
Though the paint is cracked and dry,



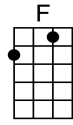
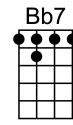
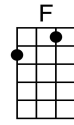
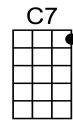
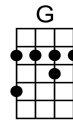
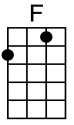
And there's the old oak tree that I use to play in,



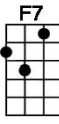
Down the lane I walk with my sweet Mary,



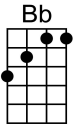
Hair of gold and lips like cherries,



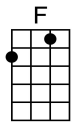
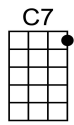
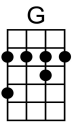
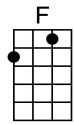
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.



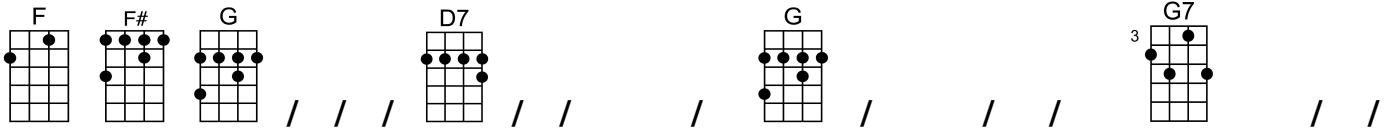
Yes, they'll all come to meet me,



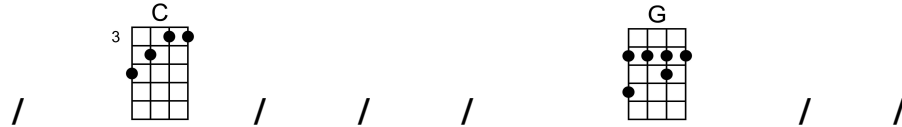
Arms a reach - in', smil - in' sweet - ly,



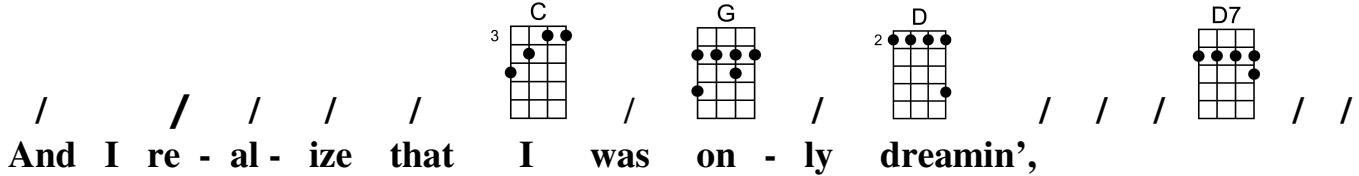
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.



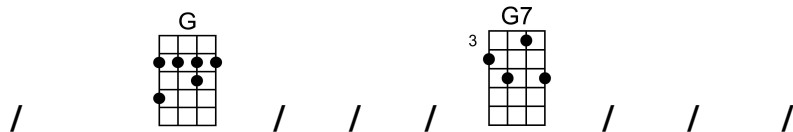
Then I a-wake and look a-round me,



At the four gray walls that sur-round me,



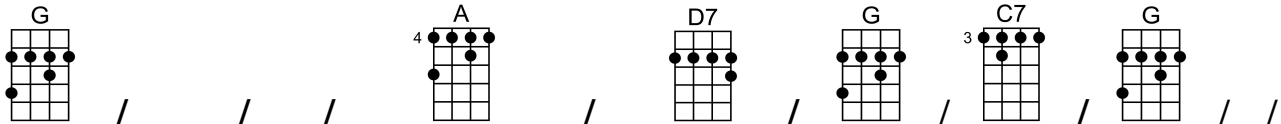
And I re-al-ize that I was on-ly dreamin',



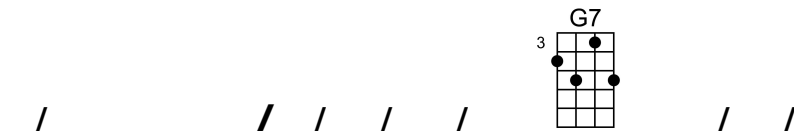
For there's a guard and a sad old padre,



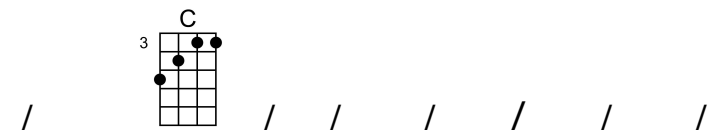
Arm and arm we'll walk at day-break,



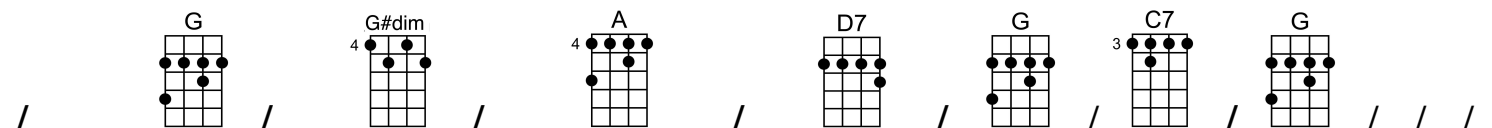
At last I'll touch the green, green grass of home.



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.