Green, Green Grass Of Home

Words & Music: Claude "Curly" Putman, Jr.

The old hometown looks the same as I step down from the train, And there to meet me was my Mamma and Papa, And 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. **C7** Oh, they'll all come to meet me, hands stretched and smiling sweetly. It's so 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. And down the lane I walked with my sweet Mary, Hair of gold and lips like cherries, It's good to touch the green, green grass of home. Then I awake and look around me at the gray walls that surround me, Then I realize that I was only dreaming. For there's the guard and the sad old padre, When arm in arm we'll walk at daybreak,

C C7 F
Yes, they'll all come to see me 'neath the shade of that old oak tree,
C G C
When they lay me 'neath the green, green grass of home.

And once again I'll touch the green, green grass of home.