

# Green Green Grass of Home

by Curly Putman and Sheb Wooley (1965)

C  
 The old home town looks the same as I step down from the train and there to  
C C G7 G7<sup>(½)</sup> Dm7<sup>(¼)</sup> G7<sup>(¼)</sup>  
 meet me is my ma ma and papa; Down the  
C C7 F<sup>(½)</sup> Fdim<sup>(½)</sup> F<sup>(½)</sup> Em7<sup>(½)</sup> Dm7<sup>(½)</sup>  
 road I look and there runs Mary, hair of gold and lips like cherries, and it's  
C G7<sup>(¼)</sup> Dm7<sup>(¼)</sup> G7<sup>(¼)</sup> C<sup>(½)</sup> F<sup>(½)</sup> C<sup>(½)</sup> Dm7<sup>(¼)</sup> G7<sup>(¼)</sup>  
 good to touch the green, green grass of home. Yes, they'll

C C7 F F  
 all come to meet me arms a-reaching, smiling sweetly; and it's  
C G<sup>(½)</sup> Dm7<sup>(¼)</sup> G7<sup>(¼)</sup> C<sup>(½)</sup> F<sup>(½)</sup> C  
 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 and with my sweet Mary, hair of gold and lips like cherries, it's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

(spoken) [same progression]

Then I awake and look around me at the four gray walls that surround me and I realize that I was only dreaming. For there's a guard and there's a sad old padre. Arm and arm we'll walk at day break - a gain I'll touch the green, green grass of home. Yes, they'll

C C7 F F  
 all come to see me in the shade of that old oak tree; As they  
C G<sup>(½)</sup> Dm7<sup>(¼)</sup> G7<sup>(¼)</sup> F<sup>(½)</sup> Em7<sup>(½)</sup> Dm7<sup>(¼)</sup> C  
 lay me 'neath the green, green grass of home