Tom Jones

## DG DG D G D A intr o The old home town looks the same as I step down from the train And there to meet me is my mama and 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-reaching, smiling sweetly; It's 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 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 four gray walls that surround me

and I realise, yes, hat I was only dreaming.

| D                           |              |                   |             |
|-----------------------------|--------------|-------------------|-------------|
| For there's a guard and the | nere's a sad | d old padre       |             |
| G                           |              | •                 |             |
| Arm and arm we'll walk at   | t daybreak   |                   |             |
| D                           | A            | D                 |             |
| again I'll touch the green, | green gras   | ss of home        |             |
| D                           |              | G                 |             |
| Yes, they'll all come to se | e me in the  | shade of that old | d oak tree; |
| D                           | A            | G                 | D           |
| As they lay me 'neath the   | areen, are   | en grass of home  | €.          |