

Tom Jones - Green Grass Of Home

tom:

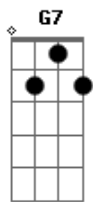
The old home town looks the same
 As I step down from the train
 And there to meet me is my mama and papa
 Down the road I look and there runs Mary
 Hair of gold and lips like cherries
 It's good to touch the green, green grass of home
 Yes, they'll all come to meet me
 And reaching smiling sweetly
 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'll 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 four gray walls that surround me
 And I realize yes I was only dreamin'
 For there's a guard and there's a sad old padre
 Arm and arm we'll walk at daybreak
 Again 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 meet the green, green grass of home
 [Final]

Acordes



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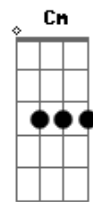
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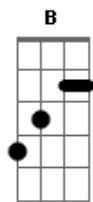
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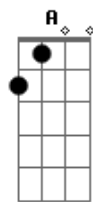
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