

Tom Jones - Green Grass Of Home

tom:

G

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

G

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

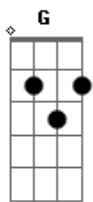
Yes, they'll all come to see me

In the shade of that old oak tree

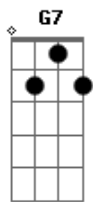
As they lay me meet the green, green grass of home

[Final] B A G

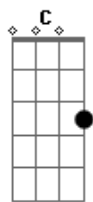
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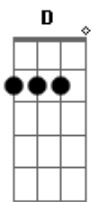
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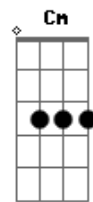
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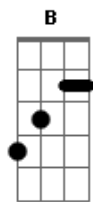
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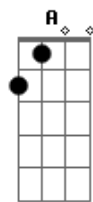
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