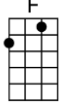
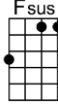
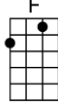
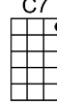
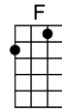
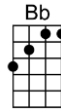
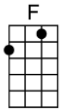


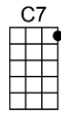
GREEN, GREEN GRASS OF HOME - Claude Putman, Jr.

4/4 1...2...1234

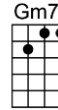
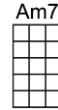
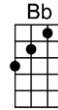
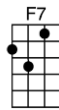
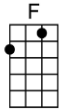
Intro: |  |  |  |  |



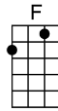
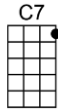
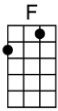
The old home town looks the same, as I step down from the train



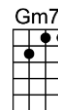
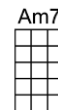
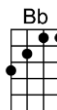
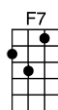
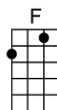
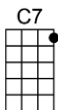
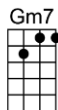
And there to meet me is my mama and papa



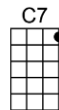
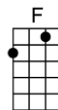
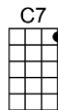
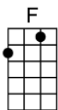
Down the road I look, and there runs Mary, hair of gold and lips like cher - ries.



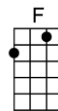
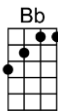
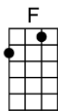
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.



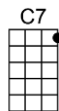
Yes, they'll all come to meet me, arms reaching, smiling sweetly



It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

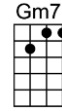
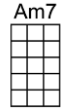
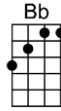
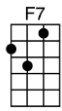
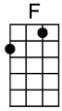


The old house is still standing, though the paint is cracked and dry,

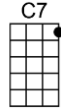
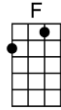
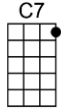
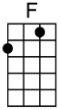


And there's that old oak tree that I used to play on

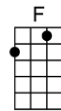
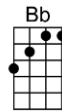
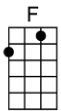
p.2. Green, Green Grass of Home



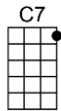
Down the lane I walk with my sweet Mary, hair of gold and lips like cher - ries.



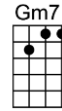
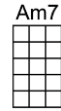
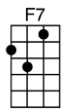
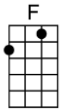
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.



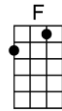
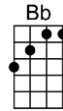
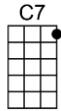
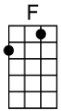
Then I awake and look around me at four gray walls that surround me



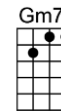
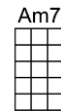
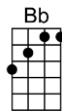
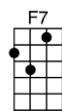
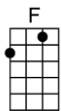
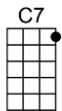
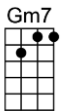
And I realize, yes, that I was only dreaming.



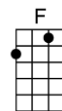
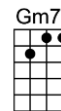
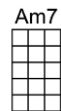
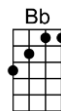
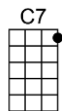
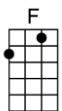
For there's a guard and there's a sad old padre, arm in arm, we'll walk at day - break



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 'neath the green, green grass of home.