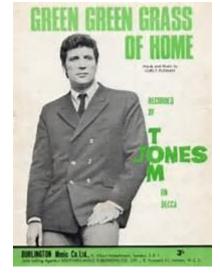
The Green green grass of home - as sung by Tom Jones

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 Rh 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 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 Spoken: Then I awake and look around me Bh At the four grey walls that surround me And I realize that I was only dreaming For there's a guard and there's a sad old padre Bb Arm and arm we'll walk at daybreak Again I'll touch the green grass of home Yes they'll all come to see me In the shade of that old oak tree C/ (Stop)

As they lay me beneath the green....... Green........ grass.... Of home





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