



EDWARD VAL
troubadour zanger gitarist



Titel: Green, green grass of home
Artiest: Tom Jones



Verse 1:

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

Chorus:

Yes, they'll all come to meet me
Arms a-reaching, smiling sweetly
It's good, to touch the green, green grass of home

Verse 2:

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

Bridge:

Then I wake and look around me
At the four gray walls that surround me
And, I realize, yes, I was only dreaming
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

Chorus

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