

Forty Shades Of Green

Hank Locklin

I close my eyes and picture the emerald of the sea
From the fishing boats at Dingle to the shores of Dunardee
I miss the river Shannon and the folks at Skibbereen
The midlands and the moorlands with their forty shades of green
But most of all I miss the girl in Tipperary town
And most of all I miss her arms and hair so long and brown
Again I wanna see and do the things we've done and seen
Where the breeze is sweet as Shalimar and there's forty shades
of green
I wish that I could spend an hour at Dublin's churching surf
I'd love to watch the farmers drain the bogs and spade the turf
To see again the thatching of the straw the women glean
I'd walk from Cork to Larne to see the forty shades of green
But most of all I miss the girl in Tipperary town
And most of all I miss her lips as soft as eiderdown
Again I want to see and do the things we've done and seen
Where the breeze is sweet as Shalimar and there's forty shades
of green