

Forty Shades Of Green

Roger Whittaker

I close my eyes and picture the emerald of the sea
From the fishin boats at Dingle to the shores at Donaghdee
I miss the River Shannon and the folks at Skibereen
The moorlands and meadows and their Forty Shades of Green

But most of all I miss a 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

I wish I could spend an hour at Dublin's churning 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