

Eddy Arnold

"Forty Shades Of Green"

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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 moorlands and the midlands with 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 there's forty
shades of green

[strings]

I wish that 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

But most of all I miss a girl...

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