

Hank Locklin

"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 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
[piano]
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

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