

## **Daniel O'Donnell**

### **"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 meadows  
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  
Those 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 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  
In Tipperary town  
And most of all I miss her lips  
So 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.

Where the breeze is sweet as Shalimar  
And there's forty shades of green...

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