

## **Roger Whittaker**

### **"Forty Shades Of Green"**

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I close my eyes and picture the emerald of the sea  
From the fishin boats at Dingle to the shores at  
Dunehea  
I miss the River Shannon and the folks at Skibbereen  
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  
I long again 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  
suft  
I long to watch the farmers drain the bogs and spade  
the turf  
To see again the thatching of the straw the women  
clean  
I'd walk from Cork to Larne to see those 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  
I long again to see and do the things we've done and  
seen  
Where the breeze is sweet as shalimar and there's  
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