

# Eddy Arnold, Forty Shades Of Green

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...