

The Browns, Forty Shades Of Green

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 meadows and the moorlands
And their forty shades of green

But most of all
I miss a girl in Tipperary town
And most of all I miss her charms
And hair so long and brown
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 surf
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 charms
And hair so long and brown
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...