

Johnny Cash, Forty Shades Of Green

(Green green 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 DONAGHADEE

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 and there's forty shades of green

(Green green green forty shades of green)

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 a girl...