

FORTY SHADES OF GREEN

♩ = 150.00 C



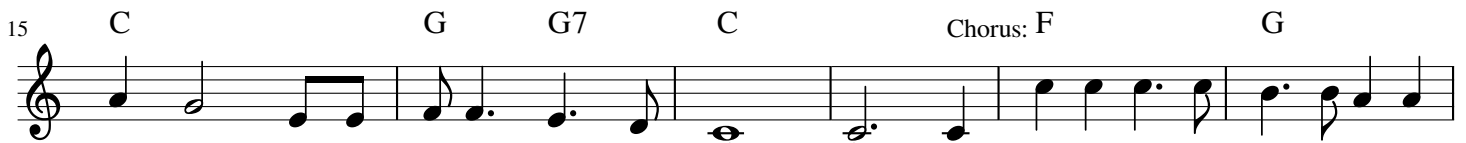
I close my eyes and pic - ture the em - erald of the sea From the
I wish that I could spend an hour at Dub - lin's churning surf I'd



fish - ing boats at Din - gle to the shores of Don - agha - dea I miss the Ri - ver
love to watch the farm - er drain the bog and spade the turf To see a - gain the



Shan - non, and the folks at Skib - ber - een. The moor - lands and the
thatch - ing of the straw the wo - men clean I'd walk from Cork to



mea - dows with their for - ty shades of green. But most of all I miss a girl in
Larne to see the for - ty shades of green



Tip - per - ar - y town. And most of all I miss her lips as soft as ei - der - down. A -



gain I want to see and do the things we've done and seen Where the breeze is sweet as



Sha - li - mar and there's for - ty shades of green.