Johnny Cash - Forty Shades Of Green

Tom: G

```
As soft as eider-down;
                                                               G
  G
                                                               Again I want to see and do
                                    С
I close my eyes and picture the emerald of the sea,
                                                               The things we've done and seen,
From the fishing boats at Dingle,
                                                                        G
     A7
                        D
                                                               With the breeze as sweet as shalamar,
To the shores of Donagha -dea;
                                                                            D
                                                                                            G
                                                               And there's forty shades of green.
G
I miss the River Shannon,
                                                               I wish that I could spend an hour
And the folks at Skibbereen,
                                                                        С
                                                               At Dublin's churning surf,
 G
The moorlands and the meadows
                                                                    G
                                                               I'd love to watch the farmers drain
          D
With their forty shades of green.
                                                                   A7
                                                                                      D
                                                               The bogs and spade the turf;
Refrão:
                                                                   G
                                                               To see again the thatches
   С
But most of all I miss a girl in
                                                               Of the straw the women glean;
G
Tipperary town.
                                                                   G
                                                               I'd walk from Cork to Laren to see
                           G
    C
And most of all I miss her lips,
                                                                   D
                                                                                   G
  A7
                D
                                                               The forty shades of green.
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Acordes

