

# STRAWBERRY WINE

**Intro: 9 measures**

He was working through college on my grandpa's farm  
I was thirsting for knowledge and he had a car  
Yea I was caught somewhere between a woman and a child  
One restless summer we found love growing wild  
On the banks of the river on a well beaten path  
It's funny how those memories they last

**Like strawberry wine, seventeen, the hot July moon, saw everything  
My first taste of love, was bittersweet, the green on the vine  
Like strawberry wine.**

Well I still remember when thirty was old  
My biggest fear was September when **he had to go**  
A few cards and letters and one long distance call  
We drifted away like the leaves in the fall  
But year after year I come back to this place  
Just to remember the taste

**Of strawberry wine, seventeen, the hot July moon, saw everything  
My first taste of love, oh bittersweet, the green on the vine  
Like strawberry wine.**

The fields have grown over now  
Years since they've seen the plow  
There's nothing time hasn't touched.  
Was it really him or the loss of my innocence  
**I've been missing so much**

Yeaaaaaaah

**Strawberry wine, seventeen, the hot July moon, saw everything  
My first taste of love, was bittersweet, the green on the vine**

**Like strawberry wine, seventeen, the hot July moon, saw everything  
My first taste of love, was bittersweet, the green on the vine  
Like strawberry wine.**

**Strawberry wine**

Oh

Strawberry wine

Ooh