

# Strawberry Wine

Deana Carter

He was working through college on my grandpa's farm  
I was thirsting for knowledge and he had a car, yeah,  
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,  
its funny how those memories they last

Like strawberry wine, seventeen  
The hot July moon saw everything  
My first taste of love, whoa bittersweet  
Green on the vine  
Like strawberry wine

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, whoa bittersweet  
Green on the vine  
Like strawberry wine

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

Strawberry wine, and seventeen  
The hot July moon saw everything  
My first taste of love, whoa bittersweet  
but green on the vine

Like strawberry wine, and seventeen  
The hot July moon saw everything  
My first taste of love, whoa bittersweet  
Green on the vine  
Like strawberry wine

Strawberry wine

woah oh  
Strawberry wine