

# 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  
It's funny how those memories they last Like strawberry wine and seventeen  
The hot July moon saw everything  
My first taste of love, oh, bittersweet  
The 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 and 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 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, oh, bittersweet  
And green on the vine Like strawberry wine and seventeen  
The hot July moon saw everything  
My first taste of love, oh, bittersweet  
The green on the vine like strawberry wine Strawberry wine  
Strawberry wine

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