Strawberry Wine

Jack Carroll

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

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