

# Strawberry Wine

Mary Duff

He was working through college on my grandpa's farm  
I was thirsting for knowledge and he had a car  
I was caught somewhere between a woman and a child  
When 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  
Green on the vine  
Like strawberry wine

I still remember when thirty was old  
And 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  
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  
Is it really him or the loss of my innocence  
I've been missing so much

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

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