Summerwine

Demis Roussos

Strawberries, cherries and an angel kissing spring
My summer wine is really made from all these things

I walked in town on silver spurs that jingled to
A song that I had only sing to just a few
She saw my silver spurs and said let's pass some time
And I will give to you, summer wine
Oh, oh, oh, summer wine

Strawberries, cherries and an angel kissing spring
My summer wine is really made from all these things
Take off your silver spurs and help me pass the time
And I will give to you, summer wine
Oh, summer wine

My eyes grew heavy and my lips they could not speak
I tried to get up but I couldn't find my feet
She reassured me with the unfamiliar line
And then she gave to me, more summer wine
Whoa, whoa, oh, summer wine

Strawberries, cherries and an angel kissing spring
My summer wine is really made from all these things
Take off your silver spurs and help me pass the time
And I will give to you, summer wine
Mm, summer wine

When I woke up, the sun was shining in my eyes
My silver spurs were gone, my head felt twice its size
She took my silver spurs, a dollar and a dime
And left me craving for, more summer wine
Oh, oh, summer wine

Strawberries, cherries and an angel kissing spring
My summer wine is really made from all these things
Take off those silver spurs, help me pass the time
And I will give to you my summer wine
Oh, oh, summer wine

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