

# Chris Rea, Little Blonde Plaits

Sweet September, I remember  
Eyes of August deepest blue  
While the lazy town was sleeping  
Strangest love that I ever knew  
Feel the wind blow, see the shadows  
Kiss the breeze of a sudden shore  
Of my life's loves and fascinations  
The only one who left me wanting more  
Little blonde plaits  
Drink to you love, drink to me love  
Sun burned feet on a dusty track  
Evening waves that turned in twilight  
Caught forever those little blonde plaits