

The Corrs, Summer Wine

Strawberries, cherries and an angel's kiss in 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 sang 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 summer wine

Strawberries, cherries and an angel's kiss in 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-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 an unfamiliar line
And then she gave to me more summer wine
Oh-oh summer wine

Strawberries, cherries and an angel's kiss in 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-oh summer wine

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