

# Dixie Chicks, Strawberry Wine

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.  
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.