

The Band, Strawberry Wine

I would try my finger and I would try my hand
At any fool game in this man's land
But don't you talk about this-a friend of mine,
I ain't never been let down and you'd be wastin' time.

I would scratch and steal, I would maim a man,
I would even run the bounty across the other country,
So don't you talk about this here friend of mine,
I gave it all of my money, but it makes me feel fine.

Yeah, I know you won't give me no peace of mind,
Try to understand I just wanna feel good all the time.
Don't you talk about a dear old friend of mine,
Well, I know that you are sweet and more than double fine.
Everybody said you oughta marry that rich man down the line,
But if I had to make a choice I wouldn't change my mind.
Honey, you just ain't as sweet as my strawberry wine.

Yeah, You caught me when I's down a-sleepin' in the park,
Climbin' up the walls and laughin' in the dark.
But I heard you been talkin' about a dear old friend of mine,
Never tasted anything as sweet as my strawberry wine.