

Strawberry Fields

Jess Glynne

In '98 used to pick berries
Over and over just to clean my mind
And now the strawberry fields, they wait for me
Without you there we lose time

That was your thing, so I
But now I need to find mine
Need the dry air to let me breathe
To find a way just to be me

Take me back to strawberry fields
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Take me back to...