

Little Blonde Plaits

Chris Rea

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