

# 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...