

Dandelion Wine

Ron Sexsmith

And when I think of her
It's with the warmest thoughts
I took so much from her
I really learned a lot

How to dust off my heart
How to make it shine
How to take a field of dandelions
And make dandelion wine

Such sweet and simple days
Though bitter tasted the wine
We drank it anyway
For love had made it fine

When the world was young
When the road was bright
And the morning poured its golden light
Like dandelion wine

Oh, I believed in us
Long before deceit and lust
Had lost the trust
Forgive me, girl, forgive me, girl

Now when I sing to you
It's with a heavy heart
I took a love that was true
And tore it all apart

How can I let go
Of all those times?
With this memory of her hand in mine
And dandelion wine and dandelion wine

When I sing to you
Oh, it's with a heavy heart
I took a love that was true
And tore it all apart

How can I let go
Of all those times?
With this memory of her hand in mine
And dandelion wine and dandelion wine