

Nana Mouskouri**"Love Tastes Like Strawberries"**

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Ai-ai-ai...

Love is fast like fingers flying
Love is soft like years of crying
While the spices interlace
Love's got a fresh strawberry taste

And when the peddler cries strawberries
That's where my heart reap like, strawberries
Love tastes like strawberries

Met my love in the market place
My heart stopped when I saw his face
The very man said won' t you try this
We looked, we bought, we stole a kiss

The berries are gone and spring has pass
But I know my love will always last
For rain has gone with a sudden haste
Love's got a fresh strawberry taste

And when the peddler cries strawberries
That's where my heart reap like, strawberries
Love tastes like strawberries

Ai-ai-ai...

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