

Lemonade stands and memories
Of innocence and purity
And the noonday sun at ninety degrees
The things I carry with me

The ice cream man at four or five
How'd we flag him down and ask for rides
And evenings when we'd sit outside
And name the cloud shapes in the sky

Those days are gone now and we must carry on
But I will not forget the things I learned on your front lawn

And how we rode those dusty trails
On Huffys and Schwinn's from Christmas sales
Made forts out of crates with rusty nails
And only came home when our stomachs failed

Those days are gone now and we must move forward still
But I will not forget the things I understood at your window sill

I walked your street again last night
And laughed to dull the sting of spite
But your door was dark and it made me cry
Cause mother always kept you shining bright

But things they change and people grow
And move in step with the green paper flow
But deep inside I wonder or maybe I already know
They they never really find the answers