

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