

## **Chris Edwards**

### **"Flaxen Memories"**

Visit "[Flaxen Memories](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

I remember summer afternoons with you  
And back-porch evenings too.  
We'd sit around and laugh among ourselves  
And a light breeze  
Came to touch us every now and then.

Now I'm left to hold  
The memories of the times we spent.

Flaxen memories are just like gold,  
For even if you wanted to, you couldn't let go.

Peruse a magazine and stay awhile,  
Those back-porch meetings, they bring a smile.  
Watchin' the children and the cars go by,  
Someday again, I hope we'll meet,  
Some day in the sky I know we'll meet,  
And rustle up for us another  
Another back-porch seat.

Flaxen memories are just like gold,  
For even if you wanted to, you couldn't let go.  
Flaxen memories, they're just like gold,  
Even if you wanted to, you couldn't let go.

Let go  
No matter how hard you try,  
You just can't let go.

Oh, I remember summer afternoons with you,  
And back-porch evenings too.  
Back in the day when we didn't have a thing to do.

Visit [Chris Edwards](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.