

Ray Price, In The Summer Of My Life

When the winter winds blow cold and I start to know I'm old
I remember things we did in the summer of my life
Things we thought and things we dreamed how one likely they've all seemed
Yet they warm the days I live in the summer of my life
Laughing crying each to each tender hands can easy reach
Private things we used to say I still recall today
Now those golden days're gone still my love goes on and on
Love I shared with you when love was there so new what happened to we two
In the summer of my life