Della Reese "And That Reminds Me"

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I hear the sound of music Your favorite kind of music And that reminds me dear of you I see the summer roses Your favorite shade of roses And that reminds me to of you dear

If I could hear no music
If there should be no roses
No summer nights to make me dream as I do
Perhaps I might forget you
But in my heart I know
That I need no reminder to miss you so

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