

Four Seasons

"And That Reminds Me"

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Oh, oh, oh...

I hear the sound of music
Your favorite kind of music
And that reminds me
Girl, of you

I see the summer roses
Your favorite shade of roses
And that reminds me
Too, of you

If I could hear no music
If there could be no roses
No summer nights to make
Me dreams as I do

I still would not forget you
One thing would still be true
My heart reminds me
I love you
Baby, you know I hear the sound
I hear the sound surrounding me

I see the summer roses
Your favorite shade of roses
And that reminds me
Too, of you, girl

If I could hear no music
If there could be no roses
No summer nights to make
Me dreams as I do

I still would not forget you
One thing would still be true
My heart reminds me
I love you

I hear the sound
Your kind of music

Sweet music
Your kind of music
Sweet music
Your kind of music
Sweet music...

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