

## Linda Eder "You Never Remind Me"

Visit "[You Never Remind Me](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

You never remind me of Paris in Spring  
A Rembrandt, I find, to my mind you don't bring  
There's no work of art could start to compare  
You never remind me of pricey French wine  
Or tuxedoed gents who have dinner at nine  
Every other man is Vin Ordinaire  
You're so unique I find  
So well-designed  
That every single thing about you  
Reminds me of only you

You never remind me of summers in Spain  
The sun when it's setting, the sound of the rain  
New Years with Dick Clark, or Park Avenue  
You never remind me of Sir Lancelot  
My memory of him is totally shot  
Kind Midas touch, not much next to you  
'Cause if the truth be known  
When we're alone  
Then every single thing about you  
Reminds me of only you You never remind me of gods  
that are Greek  
My dear,  
And though I may hang on each word that you speak  
It's clear  
Ahead and behind me I lose track of all events  
And as a consequence you are my present tense

You never remind me of anyone who  
Reminds me of anyone other than you  
Compare though I will, I still can't equate  
'Cause when you're here with me  
Then vis-À-vis  
You raise the heat repeatedly  
So if I forget to recall  
Remind me again, that's all

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