

Astrud Gilberto, ...And Roses ...And Roses

Every day I sent another present
Just to let her know how very much I care
I wrote a little love note with each present
But it didn't seem to get me anywhere

My poor worried heart was almost certain
That this love affair would never be
Then I sent a dozen yellow roses and
From that moment she belonged to me

Roses, roses, roses
I thank all the roses that bloom in the spring
Love is a wonderful thing
The rest of my life I will bring her
Roses and roses and roses of love

Roses, roses, roses
I thank you for saying what I couldn't say
Oh, what a wonderful way
To tell her "I love you" each day
With roses and roses and roses of love

Roses, roses, roses
I thank all the roses that bloom in the spring
Love is a wonderful thing
The rest of my life I will bring her
Roses and roses and roses of love