

Della Reese, And That Reminds Me

I hear the sound of music,
Your special kind of music.
And that reminds me dear of you.
I smell the summer roses,
Your favorite kind of roses
And that reminds me to of you, dear

If there could be no music,
If there could 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.