

Linda Eder, You Never Remind Me

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
King Midas touch, not much next to you
'Cause if the truth be known
When we're alone
Than 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--vis
You raise the heat repeatedly
So if I forget to recall
Remind me again, that's all