

# The Idle Race, Reminds Me Of You

A bunch of dead flowers, kept in a vase  
And it's all that remind me of you  
Why do I keep them, well might you ask

They're all that remind me of you

Two separate people, two separate ways  
And I hope they may pass again  
Withered and dead like, your love for me

And they're all that remind me of you  
Once fresh and green now no, honey for the bee

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