

# 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