

And That Reminds Me

The Four Seasons

I hear the sound of music
Your favorite kind of music
And that reminds me girl of you
I see the summer roses
Your favorite shade of roses
And that reminds me too of you

If I could hear no music
If there could be no roses
No summer nights to make me
Dream as I do
I still would not forget you
One thing would still be true
My heart reminds me I love you

Baby you know I hear the sound
I hear the sound surrounding me
I see the summer roses
Your favorite shade of roses
And that reminds me too of you

If I could hear no music
If there could be no roses
No summer nights to make me
Dream as I do
I still would not forget you
One thing would still be true
My heart reminds me I love you

I hear the song
Your kind of music
Sweet music
Your kind of music
Sweet music
Your kind of music
Sweet music
Your kind of music
Sweet music