

The Girl I'll Never Know

The Four Seasons

I hear the sound of music
Your favorite kind of music
And that reminds me dear, of you

I see the summer roses
Your favorite shade of roses
And that reminds me too of you dear

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

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