

Reminds Me Of You

Electric Light Orchestra

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

They're all that remind me of you

Two seperate people, two seperate 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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