

Nothing About Her Reminds Me Of You

Gene Watson

She doesn't have raven black hair
Her eyes aren't sparkling blue
But I think we can make it simply because
Nothing about her reminds me of you

Her arms never hold me the way that your's did
But she doesn't leave like you do
And she's making her own special place in my heart
'Cause nothing about her reminds me of you

Her kisses don't always take my breath away
Her lips aren't like sweet morning dew
But God must have made her especially for me
'Cause nothing about her reminds me of you

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