

My Heart Reminds Me

Dean Martin

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 still would not forget you
One thing would still be true
My heart reminds me I love you

I still would not forget you
One thing would still be true
My heart reminds me I love you