

## 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