

# 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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