

You Don't Remind Me

Frank Sinatra

You don't remind me of the iris in spring
Or of dawn on the mountain when the bluebirds starts to sing
You don't remind me of the breeze on the bay
Or of stars in the fountain where the silver fishes play
Through the moon glow in September, you reveal no
resemblance
Of the first snow in November, you're not even a semblance
No, you don't remind me of the world around me
Or behind me for so much thus my love for you blinds me
That, my darling, you only remind me of you, of you, of you

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