

# 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

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