

You Don't Bring Me Flowers (with Neil Diamond)

Barbra Streisand

You don't bring me flowers
You don't sing me love songs You hardly talk to me anymore
When I come through the door at the end of the day I remember when
You couldn't wait to love me
Used to hate to leave me
Now after lovin' me late at night When it's good for you, babe
And you're feeling alright Well, you just roll over
And turn out the light
And you don't bring me flowers anymore It used to be so natural (used to be)
To talk about forever
But used-to-bes don't count anymore
They just lay on the floor 'til we sweep them away Baby, I remember
All the things you taught me I learned how to laugh
And I learned how to cry Well, I learned how to love
And I learned how to lie So you'd think I could learn
How to tell you goodbye You don't bring me flowers anymore Well, you'd think I could learn
How to tell you goodbye You don't say you need me And you don't sing me love songs You don't bring me
flowers anymore

Songwriters

ALAN BERGMAN, MARILYN BERGMAN, NEIL DIAMOND Published by

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