

The Idle Race, Reminds Me Of You

A bunch of dead flowers, kept in a vase
And it's all that remind me of you
Why do I keep them, well might you ask

They're all that remind me of you

Two separate people, two separate 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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