



You Don't Bring Me Flowers (with Barbra Streisand)

You don't bring me flowers
You don't sing me love songs
You hardly talk to me anymore
When you 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
And you're feeling alright
Well, you just roll over
And you 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 be's' don't count anymore
They just lay on the floor
'Til we sweep them away
And 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 sing me love songs
You don't bring me flowers anymore

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