

# My Foolish Heart

Al Jarreau

The night is like a lovely tune  
Beware, my foolish heart  
So white the ever-constant moon  
Take care, my foolish heart

There's a line between love and fascination  
It's hard to see on an evening such as this  
For they both give the very same sensation  
When you're lost in the magic of a kiss

Your lips are much too close to mine  
Beware, my foolish heart  
But should our eager lips combine  
Then let the fires start

For this time it isn't fascination  
Or a dream that will fade and fall apart  
It's love  
This time it's love, my foolish heart

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