

My Foolish Heart

Astrud Gilberto

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

There's a line between love and fascination
That's hard to see, how many names such as this
For they both have the very same sensation
When you're locked in the magic of a kiss

Her lips are much too close to mine
Beware my foolish heart
But should our eager lips combine
Then let the fire 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