

These Foolish Things

Benny Goodman

Oh will you never let me be
Oh will you never set me free
The ties that bound us
Are still around us
There's no escape that I can see
And still those little things remain
That bring me happiness or pain

A cigarette that bears a lipsticks traces
An airline ticket to romantic places
And still my heart has wings
These foolish things
Remind me of you

A tinkling piano in the next apartment
Those stumbling words that told you what my heart meant
A fairgrounds painted swings
These foolish things
Remind me of you

You came
You saw
You conquered me
When you did that to me I somehow knew that this had to be

The winds of March that make my heart a dancer
A telephone that rings but who's to answer
Oh how the ghost of you clings
These foolish things
Remind me of you

Gardenia perfume lingering on a pillow
Wild strawberries only 7 francs a kilo
And still my heart has wings
These foolish things
Remind me of you

I know
That this
Was bound to be
These things have haunted me for you've entirely enchanted me

The sigh of midnight trains in empty stations
Silk stockings thrown aside and sin-vitations
Oh how the ghost of you clings
These foolish things
Remind me of you

The smile of Garbo and the scent of roses
The waiters whistling as the last bar closes
The song that Crosby sings
These foolish things
Remind me of you

How strange
How sweet
To find you still

These things are dear to me that seem to bring you so near to me

The scent of smoking leaves the wail of steamers
Two lovers on the street who walk like dreamers
Oh how the ghost of you clings
These foolish things
Remind me of you
Just you