

# These Foolish Things

Bryan Ferry

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 lipstick's 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 fairground's 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 seven 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, dance invitations  
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 smouldering 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.