

These Foolish Things

Dinah Washington

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 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 knew somehow 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

You came and you saw
Are you conquered me
When you did that to me
Don't you know I knew somehow it 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
These foolish things remind me of you