

## 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