These Foolish Things

Nat King Cole

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 youA 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 youYou came, you saw
You conquered me
When you did that to me
I knew somehow this had to beThe winds of March that made my heart a dancer
A telephone that rings and who's to answer?
Oh, how the ghost of you clings
These foolish things remind me of youFirst daffodil and long excited cables
And candle lights on little corner tables
And still my heart has wings
These foolish things remind me of youThe park at evening when the bell has sounded
The 'Ile-De-France' with all the gulls around it
The beauty that is springs
These foolish things remind me of youHow strange, how sweet
To find you still
These things are dear to me
They seem to bring you near to meThe 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
These foolish things remind me of you

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