

# 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 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 this had to be  
The 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 you  
First daffodil and long excited cables  
And candle lights on little corner tables  
And still my heart has wings  
These foolish things remind me of you  
The 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 you  
How strange, how sweet  
To find you still  
These things are dear to me  
They seem to bring you near to 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  
These foolish things remind me of you

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