

# My Foolish Heart

Tom Jones

How white the ever constant moon  
Take care, my foolish heart  
There's a line between love and fascination  
That's hard to see on an evening such as this  
For they give the very same sensation  
When you are lost in the passion of a kiss  
Your lips are much too close to mine  
Beware, my foolish heart  
But should our eager lips combine  
Then let the fire start  
For this time it isn't fascination  
Or a dream that will fade and fall apart, it's love

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