These Foolish Things

Mary Coughlan

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.The 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 spring's...
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 tossed aside, dance invitations.
Oh, how the ghost of you clings!
These foolish things remind me of you...These foolish things remind me of you.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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