

# These Foolish Things

## Frank Sinatra, Alex Stordahl and His Orchestra

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 stumblin' 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 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

The scent of smouldering leaves the wail of steamers  
Two lovers on the street who walk like dreamers  
Oh how the ghost of you clings  
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 so 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  
Remind me of you  
Remind me of you

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