

# These Foolish Things

[Billie Holiday](#)

A cigarette that bares a lipstick's traces  
An airline ticket to romantic places  
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, 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 but who's to answer  
Oh, how the ghost of you clings  
These foolish things remind me of you

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