

# These Foolish Things

**Jimmy Smith**

Oh! Will you never let me be?  
Oh! Will you never set me free?  
    The ties that bound us  
        Are still around us  
    There's no escape that I can see  
    And still those little things remain  
That bring me happiness or painA 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 fair ground's painted swings  
    These foolish things remind me of you  
    You came you saw you conquer'd 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 youFirst daffodils 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 thrown aside dance invitations  
        Oh, how the ghost of you clings!  
These foolish things remind me of youGardenia perfume ling'ring on a pillow  
    Wild strawb'ries only seven francs a kilo  
        And still my heart has wings  
    These foolish things remind me of you  
        The smile of Garbo and the scent of roses

The waiters whistling as the last bar closes  
The song that Crosby sings  
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 scent of smould'ring 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

Songwriters

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