

# These Foolish Things (06-30-36)

## Billie Holiday

A cigarette that bears a lipstick's traces,  
An airline ticket to romantic places,  
A fairgrounds painted swings,  
These foolish things remind me of you. A tinkling piano in the next apartment,  
Those stumbling words that told you what my heart meant,  
And still my heart has wings.  
These foolish things remind me of you. You came, you saw, you conquered me.  
When you did that to me, I knew somehow  
It 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 thought of you clings.  
These foolish things remind me of you.

Songwriters

JACK STRACHEY, HOLT MARVELL Published by

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