

My Foolish Heart

[Billy Eckstine](#)

The night is like a lovely tune, beware my foolish heart
How white the ever constant moon, take care, my foolish heart
There's a line between love and fascination
That's hard to see on an evening such as this
For they give the very same sensation
When you are lost in the passion of a kiss
Your lips are much too close to mine, beware my foolish heart
But should our eager lips combine, then let the
fire start
For this time it isn't fascination, or a dream that will fade and fall apart
It's love this time, it's love, my foolish heart

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