

Love (makes Me Do Foolish Things)

[Diana Ross](#)

Love, love, love makes me do foolish things
Sitting on by the phone
A phone that never rings
Hoping to hear you say you love me still
Knowing you never will

Love, love, love has made a fool of me
Got me doing things
Things that shouldn't be
Listening for the sound of your knock on my door
Knowing that sweet sound would be no more

Funny how precious memories linger on
So long after you're gone
Oh, precious memories that all make me cry
But I keep holding on
Oh, why should I?

All because love, love, love has made a fool of me
Speak your name softly each night
While holding your picture tight
When you took my heart, you took my soul
And it's far beyond control

Funny how precious memories linger on
So long, long after you're gone
Oh, precious memories that all make me cry
But I keep holding on
Oh, why should I?

All because love, love, love makes me do these things
Love, love, love, love has made a fool of me
Love, love, love makes me do foolish things

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