

Aaron Neville, These Foolish Things

(Holt Marvell, Jack Strachey, Harry Link)

A 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 fairground painted swing
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 make my heart a dancer
A telephone that rings, but who's to answer
How the ghost of you clings
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 you