

# Aaron Neville, These Foolish Things

(Holt Marvell, Jack Strachey, Harry Link)

A cigarette that bears a lipsticks 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