

Al Jarreau, My Foolish Heart

The night is like a lovely tune
Beware, my foolish heart
So white the ever-constant moon
Take care, my foolish heart
There's a line between love and fascination
It's hard to see on an evening such as this
For they both give the very same sensation
When you're lost in the magic of a kiss
Your lips are much too close to mine
Beware, my foolish heart
But should our eager lips combine
Then let the fires 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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