

Bryan Ferry, These Foolish Things (Remind Me C

Oh will you never let me be?
Oh will you never set me free?
The ties that bound us are still around us
Theres no escape that I can see
And still those little things remain
That bring me happiness or pain

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 fairgrounds painted swings
These foolish things
Remind me of you

You came, you saw, you conquered me
When you did that to me, I somehow knew that this had to be

The winds of March that make my heart a dancer
A telephone that rings - but whos to answer?
Oh, how the ghost of you clings
These foolish things
Remind me of you

Gardenia perfume lingering on a pillow
Wild strawberries only seven francs a kilo
And still my heart has wings
These foolish things
Remind me of you

The park at evening when the bell has sounded
The Isle de France with all the gulls around it
The beauty that is spring
These foolish things
Remind me of you

I know that this was bound to be
These things have haunted me
For youve entirely enchanted 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

First daffodils and long excited cables
And candlelight on little corner tables
And still my heart has wings
These foolish things
Remind me of you

The smile of Garbo and the scent of roses
The waiters whistling as the last bar closes
The song that crosby sings
These foolish things
Remind me of you

How strange, how sweet to find you still
These things are dear to me

That seem to bring you so near to me

The scent of smouldring leaves, the wail of steamers
Two lovers on the street who walk like dreamers
Oh, how the ghost of you clings
These foolish things
Remind me of you, just you