

Jane Monheit, My Foolish Heart

The night is like a lovely tune
Beware my foolish heart
How white the ever constant moon
Take care my foolish heart
There's a line between love and fascination
That's hard to see on an evening such as this
'Cause they all give the very same sensation
When you're lost in the magic of a kiss

His lips are much too close to mine
Beware my foolish heart
But should our eager lips combine
Then let the fire start
'Cause this time it isn't fascination
Or a dream that will fail and fall apart
It's love this time
It's love my foolish heart