

Astrud Gilberto, My Foolish Heart

The scene is set for dreaming
Love is knocking at the door
But on my heart I'm reluctant to start
For we've been fooled before

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 so 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 fire 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