

# Billie Holiday, THESE FOOLISH THINGS

Jack Strachey / Harry Link / Holt Marvell / Eric Maschwitz

A cigarette that bares a lipstick's traces

An airline ticket to romantic places

Still my heart has wings

These foolish things remind me of you.

A tinkling piano in the next apartment

Those stumblin' words

That told you what my heart meant

A fair ground painted swings

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 made my heart a dancer

A telephone that rings but who's to answer

Oh, how the ghost of you clings

These foolish things remind me of you