

Ella Fitzgerald, These Foolish Things

A cigarette that bares a lipstick's 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 stumblin' words that told you what my heart meant
A fairground's 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
First daffodils
And long excited cables
And candle lights
A little corner table
And still my heart has wings
These foolish things remind me of you
The park at evening
When the bell has sounded
The pier in France
With all the gulls around it
The beauty that is spring
These foolish things
Remind me of you
How strange,
How sweet,
To find you still,

These things are dear to me
They seem to bring you near to me
The sigh of midnight trains
At empty stations
Silk stockings thrown aside
Dance invitations
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 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

They seem to bring you near to me
The scent of smoldering 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.