

Frank Sinatra, These Foolish Things

A cigarette that bears 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 stumbling 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 make 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
The smile of Turner 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