

# Melody Gardot & Philippe Powell, This Foolish Heart

This foolish heart could love you  
This foolish heart could oh so easily fall  
For in the instant that our eyes should ever happen t'intertwine  
Or should your hand fall ever sweetly  
Into the precipice of mine

Take care with all the words you tell me  
Take care with what your eyes may seem to say  
You know poetry and prose are far too easy to compose  
And then I'll start believing there's the slightest chance  
For some romance  
For this foolish heart

Wonderous is what the moment brings  
Wonderful, the song the songbird sings  
But even though it's wonderful  
The evening there, yeah, I should know  
There is about to be an end to everything I see

For no sheer amount of moonlight  
No sheer amount of stars that shine above  
Could sweetly cast a light upon your face  
Or ever offer an embrace  
This story ends as only friends  
With such a foolish heart