

The Manhattan Transfer, My Foolish Heart

(Ned Washington & Victor Young)

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
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

His lips are much too close to mine
Take care, my foolish heart
But should our eager lips combine
Then let the fires start

For this time it isn't fascination
Or a dream that will fade and fall apart
This time it's love
This time it's love, my foolish heart

For this time it isn't fascination
Nor a dream that will fade and fall apart
This time it's love
This time it's love, my foolish heart