

## These Foolish Things

Frank Sinatra

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