

These Foolish Things

John Pizzarelli

A cigarette that bares a lipstick's traces
An airline ticket to romantic places
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 fair ground 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