

Benny Goodman

"These Foolish Things"

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These Foolish Things (Remind Me Of You)

Tony Bennett

Words by Holt Marvell

Music by Jack Strachey and Harry Link

This version did not chart but

In 1936, five versions did: Benny Goodman (# 1),

Teddy Wilson with Billie Holiday (# 5), Nat

Brandywynne (# 6), Carroll Gibbons (# 8), and Joe

Sanders (# 17)

Then in 1947 Red Ingles, who perfected his novelty
vocals with Spike Jones, charted a

humorous version, "Them Durn Fool Things" at # 26.

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 stumblin' 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

How strange, how sweet, to find you still

These things are dear to me

They seem to bring you near to me

The sigh of midnight trains in empty stations

Silk stockings thrown aside, dance invitations

Oh, how the ghost of you clings

These foolish things remind me of you

Other Version

These Foolish Things
Benny Goodman
(Marvell/Strachey/Link)
(Brian Ferry, 1973)

oh will you never let me be
oh will you never set me free
the ties that bound us
are still around us
there's no escape that I can see
and still those little things remain
that bring me happiness or pain

a cigarette that bears a lipsticks 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 fairgrounds painted swings
these foolish things
remind me of you

you came
you saw
you conquered me
when you did that to me I somehow knew 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

gardenia perfume lingering on a pillow
wild strawberries only 7 francs a kilo
and still my heart has wings
these foolish things
remind me of you

I know
that this
was bound to be
these things have haunted me for you=B9ve entirely
enchanted me

the sigh of midnight trains in empty stations
silk stockings thrown aside, dance invitations
oh how the ghost of you clings
these foolish things
remind me of you

the smile of Garbo 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

how strange
how sweet
to find you still
these things are dear to me; they seem to bring you so
near to me

the scent of smould'ring leaves the wail of steamers
two lovers on the street who walk like dreamers
oh how the ghost of you clings
these foolish things
remind me of you
just you

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