

Emmy Rossum

"These Foolish Things"

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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 swing
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 ring, but whose to answer?
Oh, how the ghost of you clings
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 ring, but whose to answer?
Oh, how the ghost of you clings
These foolish things remind me of you
Remind me of you
Remind me of you
They remind me of you

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