

Frankie Lymon "These Foolish Things"

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a cigarette that has
lipstick traces
an airline ticket to
the magic 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!
our fairgrounds
painted swings
all these foolish things
remind me of you
you came
you saw
you conquered me
when you did that to me
i knew, some how
this had to be
the winds of march that make
my heart a dancer
a telephone that rang
but whos 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 rang
but who's to answer?
oh, how the ghost of you clings
these foolish things
remind me of you!

these foolish things
remind me
of you!

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