

James Bonamy

"These Foolish Things"

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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 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 makes my heart a dancer
A telephone rings
No doggone one to answer

The ghost of you clings
These foolish things
Remind me of you
I'm hurt, I'm hurt

You came, you saw
You conquered me, baby
When you did that to me
I knew somehow this had to be

The winds of March that
Makes my heart a dancer
A telephone rings

No doggone one to answer

Oh, how the ghost of you clings
These foolish things
Remind me of you

(These foolish things
Remind of me of you)
Baby, sing it
(These foolish things
Remind of me of you)

Tell me, show and tell
(These foolish things
Remind of me of you)
Show and tell, baby
(These foolish things
Remind of me of you)

Hey, hey, hey
(These foolish things
Remind of me of you)
My baby
(These foolish things
Remind of me of you)

I miss your lips
(These foolish things
Remind of me of you)
Foxy, foxy...

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