

Connie Francis

"These Foolish Things"

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(Jack Strachey - Harry Link - Holt Marvell)

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 swings
These foolish things remind me of you.

You came you saw you conquered me
When you did that to me I knew somehow it 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.

How strange how sweet to find you still
These things are dear to me they seem to bring you
near to me.

The sand the small green leaves the wail of steamers
Two lovers on the street walk like dreamers
Oh how the ghost of you clings
These foolish things remind me of you...

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