

Michael Bublé

"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

I know that this was bound to be
These things have haunted me
For you, my dear, enchanted me
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

The smile of Garbo
And the scent of roses
The waiters' whistlin' as the last bar closes
The songs that Crosby sings
These foolish things remind me of you

Babe, these things remind me of you

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