

Paris Bennett

"These Foolish Things"

Visit "[These Foolish Things](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 and 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 rings, but who's to answer
Or how the ghost of you clings
These foolish things remind me of you

The scent of smoldering leaves
The vail of steamers
Two lovers on their street
Who walk like dreamers
Or 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 so
near to me
The sigh of midnight trains in empty stations,
Silk stockings thrown aside, dance invitations
Or how the ghost of you clings
These foolish things remind me of you

Visit [Paris Bennett](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.