

Roxy Music

"These Foolish Things"

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Oh, will you never let me be?
Oh, will you never set me free?
The ties that bound us are still around us
There's no escape that I can see

And still those little things remain
That bring me happiness or pain
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 somehow knew that this had to be
The winds of March that make 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

Gardenia perfume lingering on a pillow
Wild strawberries only seven francs a kilo
And still my heart has wings
These foolish things remind me of you

I know that this was bound to be
These things have haunted me
For you've entirely enchanted me

The sigh of midnight trains in empty stations
Silk stockings thrown aside, dance invitations
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 whistling as the last bar closes
The song that Crosby sings
These foolish things remind me of you

How strange, how sweet to find you still
These things are dear to me
That seem to bring you so near to me

The scent of smouldering leaves, the wail of steamers
Two lovers on the street who walk like dreamers
Oh, how the ghost of you clings
These foolish things remind me of you, just you

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