These Foolish Things

Jack Strachey

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 thinking 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 conquer'd 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
Oh, how the ghost of you clings! These Fool-ish Things re-mind me of you.