

These Foolish Things

Bryan Ferry

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.