

# THESE FOOLISH THINGS

(Remind Me Of You)

Words and Music by  
MARVELL, STRACHEY, LINK

Slowly

VOICE



Oh! will you nev-er let me

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be?

Oh! will you nev-er set me free?

The ties that bound us,



Are still a-round us,

There's no es-cape that I can see.

These Foolish Things - 4 - 1

Bb mi Eb 7 F mi C mi F 7 Bb 7

And still those lit-tle things re- main, That bring me hap-pi-ness or pain.

CHORUS Eb C mi F mi Bb 7 Eb C mi

1. A cig - a-rette that bears a lip-stick's tra-ces, An air-line tick-et to ro-  
 2. First daf-fo-dils and long ex - cit - ed ca-bles, And can-dle lights on lit - tle  
 3. Gar-de-nia per-fume ling-'ring on a pil - low, Wild straw-bries on-ly sev-en

F 9 Bb 7 Eb 9 Ab C 7

man - tic pla-ces, And still my heart has wings. — THESE FOOL-ISH  
 cor - ner ta-bles, And still my heart has wings. — THESE FOOL-ISH  
 francs a ki - lo, And still my heart has wings. — THESE FOOL-ISH

**F9** **F mi** **Bb7** **Eb** **C mi**

THINGS re-mind me of you. A tink-ling pia-no in the  
 THINGS re-mind me of you. The park at eve-ning when the  
 THINGS re-mind me of you. The smile of Gar-bo and the

*R.H.*

**F mi** **Bb7** **Eb** **C mi** **F9** **Bb7**

next a-part-ment, Those stumb-ling words that told you what my heart meant,  
 bell has sound-ed, The "Ile de France" with all the gulls a-round it,  
 scent of ro-ses, The wait-ers whist-ling as the last bar clo-ses,

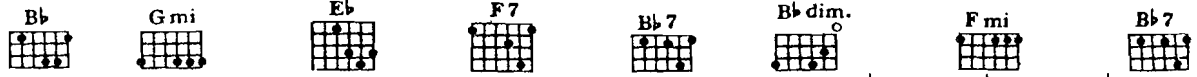
*R.H.*

**Eb9** **Ab** **C7** **F9** **Bb7**

A fair-grounds paint-ed swings, — THESE FOOL-ISH THINGS re-mind me of  
 The beau-ty that is Springs, — THESE FOOL-ISH THINGS re-mind me of  
 The song that Cros-by sings, — THESE FOOL-ISH THINGS re-mind me of

**Eb** **D7** **G mi** **C mi** **D9** **G mi** **C9**

you. You came, you saw, you con-quer'd me;  
 you. How strange, how sweet, to find you still;  
 you. How strange, how sweet, to find you still;



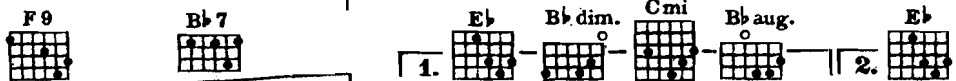
When you did that to me, I knew some-how this had to be.  
 These things are dear to me, They seem to bring you near to me.  
 These things are dear to me, They seem to bring you near to me.



The winds of March that make my heart a danc-er, A tel-e-phone that rings but  
 The sigh of mid- night trains in emp-ty sta-tions, Silk stock-ings thrown a-side, dance  
 The scent of smould-ring leaves, the wail of steam-ers, Two lov-ers on the street who



who's to an-swer? Oh, how the ghost of you clings! THESE FOOL-ISH  
 in - vi - ta - tions. Oh, how the ghost of you clings! THESE FOOL-ISH  
 walk like dream-ers. Oh, how the ghost of you clings! THESE FOOL-ISH



THINGS re-mind me of you. you.  
 THINGS re-mind me of you. you.  
 THINGS re-mind me of you. you.