

# THESE FOOLISH THINGS

(Remind Me of You)

Words by HOLT MARVELL  
 Music by JACK STRACHEY

Slowly

E $\flat$ 6/B $\flat$



B7 $\flat$ 5



B $\flat$ 7



E $\flat$ 6



Cm7



A cig - a-rette that bears a  
 First daf - fo-dils and long ex -  
 Gar - de - nia per - fume ling - ring

Fm7



B $\flat$ 7



E $\flat$ 6



Cm7



F9



B $\flat$ 7



lip - stick's tra - ces, An air - line tick - et to ro - man - tic pla - ces,  
 cit - ed ca - bles, And can - dle lights on lit - tle cor - ner ta - bles,  
 on a pil - low, Wild straw - b'ries on - ly sev - en francs a ki - lo,

E $\flat$ 9



A $\flat$



C7



F7



And still my heart has wings — These fool - ish things re - mind me of  
 And still my heart has wings — These fool - ish things re - mind me of  
 And still my heart has wings — These fool - ish things re - mind me of

Fm7/Bb      Bb7      Eb6      Cm7      Fm7      Bb7

you.      A tin - kling pia - no in the next a - part - ment.  
 you.      The park at eve - ning when the bell has sound - ed.  
 you.      The smile of Gar - bo and the scent of ro - ses.

R.H.

Eb6      Cm7      F-9      Bb7      Eb9

Those stum - bling words that told you what my heart meant,      A fair - ground's paint - ed swings —  
 The "Ile de France" with all the gulls a - round it,      The beau - ty that is Spring's —  
 The wait - ers whis - tling as the last bar clos - es,      The song that Cros - by sings. —

R.H.

Ab      C7      F9      Bb7      Eb      D7

—      These fool - ish things re - mind me of you.  
 —      These fool - ish things re - mind me of you.  
 —      These fool - ish things re - mind me of you.

Gm6      Cm6/D      D9      Gm

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

C9 Bb/F Gm7/F F9sus F9

me: still: still: When you did that to me, I  
 These things are dear to me. They  
 These things are dear to me. They

Bb7 Bbdim7 Fm7/Bb Bb7 Eb6 Cm7

knew some-how this had to be. The winds of March that make my  
 seem to bring you near to me. The sigh of mid-night trains in  
 seem to bring you near to me. The scent of smould-ring leaves, the

Fm7 Bb7 Eb6 Cm7 F9 Bb7 Eb9

heart a danc-er, A tel-e- phone that rings but who's to an-swer? Oh, how the ghost of you  
 emp-ty sta-tions, Silk stock-ings thrown a-side, dance in-vi-ta-tions. Oh, how the ghost of you  
 wail of steam-ers. Two lov-ers on the street who walk like dream-ers. Oh, how the ghost of you

Abmaj7 C7 F9 Bb7

1,2	3
Eb6 Bbdim7 Bb13 Bb7#5	Eb

clings! These fool-ish things re-mind me of you.  
 clings! These fool-ish things re-mind me of you.  
 clings! These fool-ish things re-mind me of you.