

These foolish things

transposé une 4te ↓

Tiré de la comédie musicale « Spread it abroad » (1935). Texte et musique : Jack Strachey, Holt Marvel & Harry Link

Oh! will you nev · er let me be?

f Fa7 *p* Sib Lab9

5

Oh! will you nev · er set me free? The ties that bound us, are still a · round us,

Sib Solm Do9 Fa7 Sib9 Mi7

10

there's no es · cape that I can see. And still those lit - tle things re -

Lab9b Re7b Do7 Fa7 Fam7 Sib7

- main, that bring me hap - pi - ness or pain

Dom Solm Do7 Fa7

15

A cig - a - rette that bears a lip - stick's tra - ces, an air - line tick - et to ro -
 First daf · fo · dil and long ex - cit - ed ca - bles, and can - dle lights on lit - tle
 Gar · de nia per fume ling - 'ring on a pil - low, wild straw · b'ries on - ly sev - en

Sib Solm Dom Fa7 Sib Solm

20

- man - tic pla · ces, and still my heart has wings. — These fool - ish things re - mind me of
 cor - ner ta · bles, and still my heart has wings. — These fool - ish things re - mind me of
 francs a ki - lo, and still my heart has wings. — These fool - ish things re - mind me of

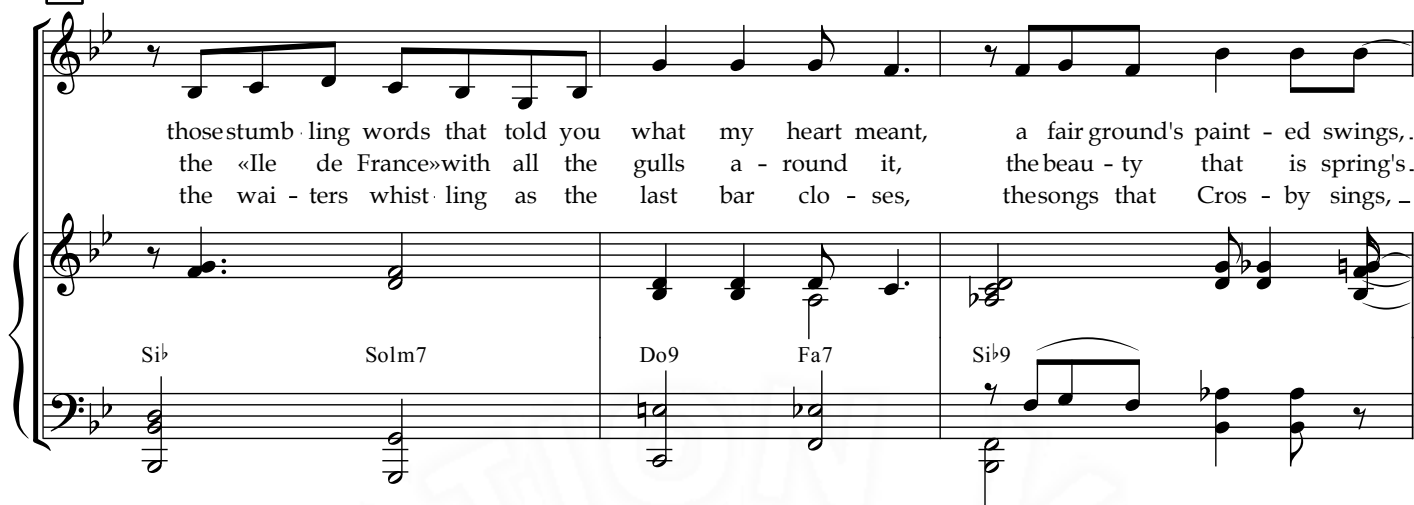
Do9 Fa7 Sib9 Mi♭ Sol7 Do9

you. A tink - ling 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,

Dom Fa7 Sib Solm Dom Fa7

25

those tumb - ling 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 wai - ters whist - ling as the last bar clo - ses, the songs that Cros - by sings, -



Si♭ Solm7 Do9 Fa7 Si♭9

30

— these fool - ish things re - mind me of you. You came,
 — these fool - ish things re - mind me of you. I know,
 — these fool - ish things re - mind me of you. How strange,



Mi♭ Sol7 Do9 Fa7 Si♭ Ré♯

35

you saw, — you con - quer'd me; When you did that to me, I
 that this — was bound to be; These things have haunt - ed me, for
 how sweet, — to find you still; These things are dear to me, they



Solm La9 Ré♯ Sol9 Fa Ré♯ Si♭ Do7

knew some how this had to be. The winds of March that make my heart a dan - cer
 you've en - tire ly en chant - ed me. The sigh of mid - night trains in emp - ty sta - tions,
 seem to bring you near to me. The scent of smould'ring leaves, the wails of stea - mers,

Fa7 FaDim Dom Fa7 Sib Solm Dom Fa7

a tel - e - phone that rings but who's to an - swer? Oh, how the ghost of you
 silk stock ings thrown a - side, dance in vi - ta - tions. Oh, how the ghost of you
 two lo - vers on the street who walk like drea - mers, Oh, how the ghost of you

Sib Solm Do9 Fa7 Sib9

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

Mib Sol7 Do9 Fa7 Sib Sib

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.

First daffodils and long excited cables
And candlelight on little corner tables
And still my heart has wings
These foolish things
Remind me of you

The park at evening when the bell has sounded
The Ile de France with all the girls around it
The beauty that is spring
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 smould'ring leaves, the wail of steamers
Two lovers on the street who walk like dreamers
Oh, how the ghost...

Gardenia perfume ling'ring on a pillow
Wild strawb'ries only seven francs a kilo
And still my heart has wings
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

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...

Oh, ne me laisseras-tu jamais exister ?
Oh, ne me laisseras-tu jamais libre ?
Les liens qui nous liaient sont toujours autour de nous
Il n'y a pas d'échappatoire que je puisse voir
Et ces petites choses, qui restent
Cela m'apporte le bonheur ou la douleur

Une cigarette avec des traces de rouge à lèvres
Un billet d'avion vers des destinations romantiques
Et toujours mon coeur a des ailes
Ces petites choses
Me font penser à toi

Un piano murmurant dans l'appartement voisin
Ces mots maladroits qui t'ont révélé les sentiments de mon coeur
Une balançoire peinte à la foire
Ces petites choses
Me font penser à toi

Tu es venue, tu as vu, tu m'as conquis
Lorsque vous avez fait cela pour moi, j'ai su que ça devait arriver
Les vents de mars qui font danser mon cœur
Un téléphone qui sonne - Mais qui va répondre ?
Oh, comment ton fantôme tient
Ces petites choses
Me font penser à toi

Les premières jonquilles et des longs câbles excités
Et les bougies sur les tables d'angle
Et toujours mon coeur a des ailes
Ces petites choses
Me font penser à toi

Le parc le soir quand la cloche a sonné
L'Ile de France avec toutes les filles autour de lui
La beauté du printemps
Ces petites choses
Me font penser à toi

Comme c'est étrange, comme c'est doux de vous trouver encore
Ces choses me sont chères
Qui semblent vous amener si près de moi
L'odeur des feuilles qui infusent, le bruit des vapeurs
Deux amoureux dans la rue qui marchent en rêvant
Oh, comment ton fantôme...

Le parfum du gardenia qui imprègne un oreiller
Des framboises sauvages à seulement sept francs le kilo
Et toujours mon coeur a des ailes
Ces petites choses
Me font penser à toi

Le sourire de Garbo et le parfum des roses
Les serveurs qui sifflent quand ferme le dernier bar
La chanson que Crosby chante
Ces petites choses
Me font penser à toi

Je sais que ça ne pouvait être
Que ces choses m'ont hanté
Aussi entièrement que vous m'avez enchanté.
Le soupir des trains de minuit dans les stations désertes
Des bas de soie lancés en invitation à danser
Oh, comment ton fantôme...