

# THESE FOOLISH THINGS

-- Eb --

Jack Strachey & Harry Link

**A** *Med. Ballad*  
Gmaj<sup>7</sup> Em<sup>7</sup> Am<sup>9</sup> D<sup>7</sup> Gmaj<sup>7</sup> Em<sup>7</sup> A<sup>9</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

A cig - a - rette that bears a lip - stick's tra - ces, An air - line tick - et to ro - man - tic pla - ces,

5 G<sup>9</sup><sub>sus</sub> G<sup>9</sup> (C<sup>9</sup>(#11)) Cmaj<sup>7</sup> B<sup>7</sup>(#5) E<sup>7</sup>(#5) A<sup>9</sup> Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

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

9 Gmaj<sup>7</sup> Em<sup>7</sup> Am<sup>9</sup> D<sup>7</sup> Gmaj<sup>7</sup> Em<sup>7</sup> A<sup>9</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

A tink - ling pia - no in the next a - part - ment Those stumb - ling words that told you what my heart meant,

13 G<sup>9</sup><sub>sus</sub> G<sup>9</sup> (C<sup>9</sup>(#11)) Cmaj<sup>7</sup> B<sup>7</sup>(#5) E<sup>7</sup>(#5) A<sup>9</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>6</sup> C<sup>#m</sup>7(b5) F<sup>#7</sup>

A fair - ground's paint - ed swings, — These fool - ish things re - mind me of you.

**B**

17 Bm G<sup>#m</sup>7(b5) C<sup>#m</sup>7(b5) F<sup>#7</sup> Bm Bm(maj<sup>7</sup>) Bm<sup>7</sup> E<sup>9</sup> A<sup>13</sup>

You came, you saw, you con - quered me;

21 Dmaj<sup>7</sup> Bm<sup>7</sup> Em<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>#dim</sup> Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

When you did that to me, I knew some - how this had to be.

**C**

25 Gmaj<sup>7</sup> Em<sup>7</sup> Am<sup>9</sup> D<sup>7</sup> Gmaj<sup>7</sup> Em<sup>7</sup> A<sup>9</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

The winds of March that make my heart a danc - er, A tel - e - phon that rings but who's to an - swer?

29 G<sup>9</sup><sub>sus</sub> Cmaj<sup>7</sup> G<sup>9</sup> (C<sup>9</sup>(#11)) B<sup>7</sup>(#5) E<sup>7</sup>(#5) A<sup>9</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>6</sup> (Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>)

Oh, how the ghost of you clings. These fool - ish things re - mind me of you.