

Marylin Monroe, A Fine Romance

A fine romance my good fellow.
You take romance, I'll take jello.
You're calmer than the seals in the Arctic Ocean,
at least they flap their fins to express emotion.
A fine romance with no quarells,
with no insults and all morals,
I've never mussed the crease in your blue serge pants,
I never get the chance; this is a fine romance!
A fine romance with no kisses,
a fine romance my friends this is,
to lack half the thrills that a healthy crime has,
we don't have half the thrills that the march of time has.
A fine romance with no clinches,
a fine romance with no flinches,
you're just as hard to land as the Ile de France,
I haven't got a chance.
My heart isn't made of plastic, you're the reason I'm
sarcastic; 'cause this is a fine fine romance!