

# Bing Crosby, A Fine Romance (1963 Version)

A fine romance with no kisses  
A fine romance, my friend, this is  
We should be like a couple of hot tomatoes (to-mah-toes, dear)  
But you're as cold as yesterday's mashed po-tah-toes (potatoes)

A fine romance, you won't nestle  
A fine romance, you won't even wrestle  
You've never mussed the crease in my blue serge pants  
You never take a chance, this is 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, my dear Duchess  
Two old fogies, we really need crutches  
You're just as hard to land as the Ile de France! (Fronce)  
I haven't got a chonce (chance), this is a fine romance

A fine romance, my good woman  
My strong, aged-in-the-wood woman  
You never give those orchids I send a glance  
They're just like cactus plants, (oh boy)  
This is a fine romance!