

Bing Crosby, Feudin And Fightin

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!