

# Bing Crosby, It's The Natural Thing To Do

When a bird young and free  
Hangs around a certain tree  
Singing serenades that tell his love is true  
That's because it's the natural thing to do.

And when a cat on a fence  
Keeps his darling in suspense  
And he's brave enough to face a well-aimed shoe  
That's because it's the natural thing to do.

And you know every dove  
Has its heart set on love,  
Rabbits, too, pet and pat,  
And there's nothin' wrong with that!

When a boy such as I  
Tries so hard to qualify  
With a very lovely lady such as you.  
Can't you see it's the natural thing to do?

And then the girl she acts demure  
The boy he feels proud and sure  
So proud and sure that he impulsively suggests a rendezvous.  
Fine thing!  
That's because it's the natural thing to do.

But the girl she just won't agree.  
She whimpers and she simpers  
And he begs on bended knee.  
But she runs away because she knows full well he'll pursue.  
The chump!  
That's because it's the natural thing to do.

Then the boy in despair  
Waves his arms, tears his hair.  
Stamps his feet and he acts like mad  
Then you know that he's got it bad.

Then the girl she oughta fall  
If she's got a heart at all.  
She should take him in her arms  
And kiss him too.  
Oh! Oh! Just the natural thing to do.