

Nothing In Common

Bing Crosby, Joe Lilley And His Orchestra and Bob

We've got nothin', got nothin' in common just nothin' in common
My darling, at all
I love the opera, I detest the best pop
Can't stand the opera, I like music that bops
We're not fated, not Heaven-created
We're really mis-mated, our chances are small
Let's part, be real smart and not start with this romance
'Cause outside of both having stars in our eyes
And outside of sighing the same kind of sighs
We've got nothin' in common at all
We've got nothin', got nothin' in common just nothin' in common
It never could last
I love Picasso, he's all style and he's all flair
I've seen Picasso and I think he's a square
Our two goals are apart as the poles are
As lovers our roles are completely miscast
Let's make a clean break and not take any chances
'Cause outside of thinking, you're something divine
And outside of wanting your lips close to mine
We've got nothin' in common
We've got nothin' in common at all

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