

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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