

A Fine Romance

Margaret Whiting

A fine romance, with no kisses
A fine romance, my friend this is
We should be like
A couple of hot tomatoes
But you're as cold as
Yesterday's mashed potatoes
A fine romance, you won't nestle
A fine romance, you won't wrestle
I might as well play bridge
With my old maid aunt
I haven't got 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 with no quarrels
With no insults and all morals
I've never mussed the crease
In your blue serge pants
I never get the chance
This is a fine romance

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