

It's The Natural Thing To Do

Bing Crosby

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.