

A Fine Romance

Bobby Rydell

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've never mussed a crease in your blue serge pants
I never had the 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
You're just as hard to land as the Ile de France
I never get the chance
This is a fine romance