

Frank Sinatra**"Dick Haymes, Dick Todd And Como"**

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I'll soon become a wreck

They're breathin' on my neck

Dick Haymes, Dick Todd, and Como

They're really coming fast

Who knows I may be passed

By Dick Haymes, Dick Todd, and Como

The fact that girlies scream

They say will cause me grief

But if they ever stop

I'll find that I'm back on relief

It'll mean the end of me

Good news for Tommy D

And Dick Haymes, Dick Todd, and Como

Why should it get their goat

Each time I bend a note

Dick Haymes, Dick Todd, and Como

At my pictures, they throw rocks

They're both at Twentieth Fox

Not Dick Todd, but Dick Haymes, and Como

They say that I need weight

I'm just a mass of joints

I'd like to put on weight
But where the heck can I get points
If at RKO I pout, they look at me and shout,
"Dick Haymes, Dick Todd, and Como"
Everytime I sing,
I'm compared with Bing
by Dick Haymes, Dick Todd, and Como
Bing's four boys are sublime
But they won't give me time
Dick Haymes, Dick Todd, and Perry
(that's the other guy's first name)
I'll never sing like Bing
I know I don't compare
I'll grant them he's got voice
If they'll grant me, that I've got hair
But then why all this fuss
There's room for all of us
Dick Haymes, Dick Todd, and Como
There's just one Crosby
There's room for all of us

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