

Lena Horne

"A Fine Romance"

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A fine romance with no kisses

A fine romance, my friend, this is

We should be like a couple of hot tomatoes (to-mah-toes, dear)

But you're as cold as yesterday's mashed po-tah-toes (potatoes)

A fine romance, you won't nestle

A fine romance, you won't even wrestle

You've never mussed the crease in my blue serge pants

You never take 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, my dear Duchess

Two old fogies, we really need crutches

You're just as hard to land as the Ile de France! (Fronce)

I haven't got a chance (chance), this is a fine romance

A fine romance, my good woman

My strong, aged-in-the-wood woman

You never give those orchids I send a glance

They're just like cactus plants, (oh boy)

This is a fine romance!

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