If He Were Straight and I Were Young Words by Francesca Blumenthal Music by Ronny Whyte

If he were straight and I were young And both by Cupid's arrow stung What movie magic spun by fate! If I were young and he were straight.

If he were straight our eyes would meet And linger for a longer beat. When he admired the clothes I wear He wouldn't hope that we would share.

Still it's just a fantasy
He's who he is, and I am me.
But that's not where this story ends
There's that old line: Can't we be friends?

But if I were young as once before And hung my hopes around his door What fervent flings we might have flund If he were straight and I were young

I can't explain this sudden hunger He can't get straight, I can't get younger But oh, what love songs might be sung If he were straight, and I were young.



