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 flung  
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.
IF HE WERE STRAIGHT
AND I WERE YOUNG

Words by Francesca Blumenthal  Music by Ronny Whyte

Moderate Waltz

If he were straight and I were young
And both by Cupid's arrow stung,
What 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 odd 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 flung 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.