If I had married JFK
I would have lost my mind
'Cause everybody seemed to know
How he spent his leisure time
Well I guess that things were different then
A wife just turned her head
But do you think she cried
When the president didn't make it home to bed
How did she survive
That kind of life

If I were Jackie
I'd got in one of those black sedans
And left the secret service in the dust
If I were Jackie
I'd of told Marylin - you can keep that man
'Cause he's gonna cheat on you like he cheated on us

She kept on facing forward and she held her head up high Even when she smelled a strange perfume
She stood there by his side
She'd smile and she would wave
Like she had grown accustomed to
The picture of perfection like a debutante would do
Did she ever ask him
Where the hell have you been

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Well, I guess it's easy to sit here today and say what I would do Yeah, but we'll probably never know If it was her weakness or strength That covered up the truth

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