

What If

Frankie Cosmos

What we do, for our kids
When we don't know who
Or what it is
What we do, for young love

What if? What if?
What is What If?

I'd be down to break my fall
Using my guitar
Sunlight on the subway pole
Fur against a turnstile

So last minute
Oh, to be in it

When you're young, you're too young
When you're old, you're too old
Too few ideas, or too many
I'm reminded of a dance party

When you walk into the rest stop
I'm fluttery, you got me feeling so clean