

“ISN’T LOVE (What It Use To Be?)”
Quasimodo’s song during Parade of Fools

Music and Lyrics © 2012 Stephen Marra

Isn’t Love, like hanging from a single thread?
Isn’t Love, sleeping in a single bed?
Doesn’t Love, always come to those who wait?
Doesn’t Love, always seem to show up late?

Everyone says Love is happenstance.
But everyone hopes for half a chance at romance.

Isn’t Love what it use to be?
Isn’t it matches to kerosene?
Isn’t Love what it use to be?
Hope it’s not too late, too late for me.

Wasn’t I showing some sincerity?
Wasn’t I honing in on honesty?
Doesn’t this mean that opposites attract?
Would a kiss sign and seal our contract?

Anyone can play a game of chance.
But anyone would pay for one dance with romance.

Isn’t Love what it use to be?
Isn’t it filling the inbetween?
Isn’t Love what it use to be?
I hope it’s not too late, too late for me.