

# It Might As Well Be Spring

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The things I used to like, I don?t like any more  
I want a lot of other things, I?ve never had before  
It?s just like my mamma says, I sit around and mourn  
Pretending that I am so wonderful and knowing, I?m adored  
I?m as restless as a willow in a windstorm  
I?m as jumpy as a puppet on a string  
I?d say that I had spring fever  
But I know it isn?t spring  
I?m as starry eyed and gravely discontented  
Like a nightingale without a song to sing  
Oh, why should I have spring fever  
When it isn?t even spring?

I keep wishing I were somewhere else  
Walking down a strange new street  
Hearing words that I have never never heard  
From a man, I?ve yet to meet  
I?m as busy as a spider spinning daydreams  
I?m as giddy as a baby on a swing  
I haven?t seen a crocus or a rosebud  
Or a Robin or a bluebird on the wing  
But I feel so gay in a melancholy way  
That it might as well be spring  
It might as well be, might as well be  
It might as well be spring

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