

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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