It Might As Well Be Spring

George Shearing & Mel TormÃ©

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 even springI'm as starry eyed and vaguely discontented
Like a nightingale without a song to sing
Oh, why should I have spring fever
When I know it isn't even spring?I keep wishing I were somewhere else
Walking down a strange new street
Hearing words that I have never heard
From a man I have 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 on the wingBut I feel so gay in a melancholy way
That it might as well be spring
Yes, it might, might as well be springOh, 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 have 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 on the wingMy, I feel so gay in a melancholy way
That it might as well be spring
Yeah, it might, might as well be spring
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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