

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 spring I'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 wing But I feel so gay in a melancholy way

That it might as well be spring

Yes, it might, might as well be spring Oh, 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 wing My, 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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