It Might As Well Be Spring

Shirley Jones

The things I used to like, I dont like any more,
I want a lot of other things Ive never had before,
Its just like my mamma says, I sit around and mourn
Pretending that I am so wonderful and knowing Im adoredIm as restless as a willow in a windstorm,
Im as jumpy as a puppet on a string,
Id say that I had spring fever,
But I know it isnt spring.Im as starry eyed and gravely discontented,
Like a nightingale without a song to sing.
Oh, why should I have spring fever,
When it isnt even spring?I keep wishing I were somewhere else,
Walking down a strange new street,
Hearing words I have never never heard,
From a man Ive yet to meet.

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