It Might As Well Be Spring

Debby Boone

I'm as restless as a willow in a windstorm
I'm as jumpy as puppet on a string
I'd say that I had spring fever
But I know it isn't springI am starry eyed and vaguely 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 someone else
Walking down a strange new street
And hearing words that I have never heard
From a girl, I've yet to meetI'm as busy as 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 that's on the wingBut I feel so gay in a melancholy way
That it might as well be spring
It might as well be springI keep wishing I were someone else
Walking down a strange new street
And hearing words that I have never heard
From a girl, I've yet to meetOh, I'm as busy as 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 that's on the wingBut I feel so gay in a melancholy way
That it might as well be spring
It might as well be spring

Songwriters
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