

# It Might As Well Be Spring

Keith Textor

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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