# 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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