They Say It's Spring

Blossom Dearie

When I was young I lived in a world of dreams
Of moods and myths and illusionary schemes
Though now I'm much more grown up
I fear that I must own up
To the fact that I'm in doubt of
What the modern cynics shout ofThey say it's spring
This feeling light as a feather
They say this thing
This magic we share together
Came with the weather tooThey say it's May
That's made me daft as a daisy
It's May, they say
That gave the whole world this crazy
Heavenly, hazy hueI'm a lark
On the wing
I'm the spark of a firefly's flingYet to me
This must be
Something more than a seasonal thingCould it be spring
Those bells that I can hear ringing
It may be spring
But when the robins stop singing
You're what I'm clinging to
Though they say it's spring
It's youIf poets sing
That when a hard sympathetic
It's merely spring
Then poets plights are pathetic
Though I'm poetic tooThey say it's spring
For lovers, there's where the lure is
That evil thing
For which September the cure is
This, they are sure is trueThough I know
That it's so
That my fancy may turn in the springWith the right
One in sight
One can find a perpetual thingDid I need spring
To bring the ring that you bought me
Though it was spring
That wondrous day that you caught meDarling I thought we knew

That it wasn't spring
'Twas you

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