It Might as Well Be Spring

Stacey Kent

(1945) richard rodgers, oscar hammerstein iiIm 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 vaguely 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 that I have never never heard,
From a man Ive yet to meet.Im as busy as a spider spinning daydreams,
Im as giddy as a baby on a swing,
I havent seen a crocus or a rosebud,
Or a robin on the wing,
But I feel so gay in a melancholy way,
That it might as well be spring,
It might as well be spring.

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