

Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most

[Ella Fitzgerald](#)

Once I was a sentimental thing
Threw my heart away each spring
Now a spring romance hasn't got a chance
Promised my first dance to winter
All I've got to show's a splinter for my little fling
Spring this year has got me feeling
Like a horse that never left the post
I lie in my room staring up at the ceiling
Spring can really hang you up the most
Morning's kiss wakes trees and flowers
And to them I'd like to drink a toast
I walk in the park just to kill lonely hours
Spring can really hang you up the most
All afternoon those birds twitter twit
I know the tune, "This is love, this is it"
Heard it before and I know the score
And I've decided that spring is a bore
Love seemed sure around the New Year
Now it's April, love is just a ghost
Spring arrived on time, only what became of you, dear?
Spring can really hang you up the most
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Spring is here, there's no mistaking
Robins building nests from coast to coast
My heart tries to sing so they won't hear it breaking
Spring can really hang you up the most
College boys are writing sonnets
In the tender passion they're engrossed
But I'm on the shelf with last years Easter bonnets
Spring can really hang you up the most
Love came my way, I hope it would last
We had our day, now that's all in the past
Spring came along a season of son
Full of sweet promise but something went wrong
Doctors once prescribed a tonic
"Sulphur and molasses" was the dose
Didn't help a bit, my condition must be chronic
Spring can really hang you up the most
All alone, the party's over
Old man winter was a gracious host
But when you keep praying for snow to hide the clover
Spring can really hang you up the most

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