

It Might as Well Be Spring (with Ben Lewis)

Anna O'Byrne

The things I used to like
I don't like anymore.
I want a lot of other things
I've never had before.
It's just like mother says,
I sit around and mope.
Pretending I am wonderful.
And knowing I'm a dope.

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 am starry-eyed and vaguely 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 heard
From a man I've yet to meet.
From a girl I've yet to meet.

I'm as busy as a spider spinning daydreams,
I'm as giddy as a baby on a swing.
Giddy as a baby on a swing.
I haven't 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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Walking down a strange, new street.
Hearing words that I have never heard
From a man I've yet to meet.

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Lyrics Submitted by Hanna

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