

It Might As Well Be Spring

Astrud Gilberto

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 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.

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by HAMMERSTEIN, OSCAR II / RODGERS, RICHARD
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>