

Spring Is Here

Bill Evans

Once there was a thing called spring
When the world was writing verses like yours and mine
All the boys and girls would sing
As we sat at little tables and drank May wine
Now April, May and June seem sadly out of tune
Life has stuck a pin in the balloon Spring is here, why doesn't my heart go dancing?
Spring is here, why isn't the waltz entrancing?
No desire, no ambition leads me
Maybe it's because nobody needs me Spring is here, why doesn't the breeze delight me?
Stars appear, why doesn't the night invite me?
Maybe it's because nobody loves me
Spring is here, spring is here, spring is here, I hear

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