

# Dick Haymes, It Cant Be Wrong

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