

Ella Fitzgerald, I Got The Spring Fever Blues

I feel so lazy, can't do a thing
My mind is hazy just like a smoke ring
I think of nothing but lying in the hay
I got the spring fever blues

The sun is shining right in my room
I feel like I was the man in the moon
I'm riding high on the clouds way above us
I got the spring fever blues

I wish that spring were back again
To satisfy my lazy yen
I miss those days of dreaming
If birds were nestlin' in the trees
And leaves were swayin' with the breeze
My heart would keep on beaming, who-o-oh

I hope the south wind blows past my door
And leaves me someone whom I can adore
I think of nothing but love and romance
I've got the spring fever blues, I mean
I've got the spring fever blues