

# 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