

Ella Fitzgerald, Spring Is Here

Once there was a thing called spring
When the world was writing verses like yours and mine,
All the lads and girls would sing
When we sat at little tables and drank May wine.

Now April, May and June
Are sadly out of tune
Life has stuck a pin in the boat.

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, I hear

[Instrumental break]

Maybe it's because nobody loves me
Spring is here, I hear