

# 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