Frank Sinatra, 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 balloon.
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!