

Aga Zaryan, It might as well be spring

The thing I used to like,
I don't like anymore.
I want a lot of other things
I've never had before.
It's just like my mama says,
I sit around and mourn.
Pretending that I am so wonderful
And knowing I'm adored.
I'm as restless as a willow in a windstorm,
I'm as jumpy as a puppet on a string.
I'd say that I have spring fever,
But I know it isn't even spring.
I'm as starry eyed and vaguely discontented,
Like a nightingale without a song to sing.
Oh, why should I have spring fever,
When I know it isn't spring.
I keep wishing I were somewhere else,
Walking down a strange new street,
Hearing words that I have never heard
From a man I'm yet to meet.
I'm as busy as a spider spinning daydreams.
I'm as giddy as a baby on a swing.
I haven't seen a crocus or a rose bud
Or a robin on the wing.
But I feel so gay in a melancholy way,
That it might as well be spring,
I might as well be spring!