

Rosemary Clooney, It Might As Well Be Spring

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 had spring fever
but i know it isn't spring
i am starry eyed and vaguely discontented
like a nightingale without a song to sing
why should i have spring fever
when it isn't even 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've 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 rosebud
or a robin on the wind
but i feel so gay
in a melancholy way
that it might as well be spring
it might as well be spring