

## Dick Haymes

# "It Might As Well Be Spring"

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I'm as restless as a willow in a windstorm, I'm as jumpy  
as 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  
O why should I have spring fever when it isn't even  
spring?  
I keep wishing I were someone else, walking down a  
strange new street  
Hearing words that I've never heard from a girl I've yet  
to meet  
I'm as busy as 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  
wing  
But I feel so gay in a melancholy way that it might as  
well be spring  
It might as well be spring

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I'm as giddy as a baby on a swing  
I haven't seen a crocus or a rosebud or a robin on the  
wing  
But I feel so gay in a melancholy way that it might as  
well be spring  
Oh it might as well be spring

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