

## George Shearing "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 a puppet on a string  
I'd say that I had 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 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 have 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 wing

But I feel so gay in a melancholy way  
That it might as well be spring  
Yes, it might, might as well be spring

Oh, I keep wishing I were somewhere else  
Walking down a strange new street  
Hearing words that I have never, never heard  
From a man I have 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 wing

My, I feel so gay in a melancholy way  
That it might as well be spring  
Yeah, it might, might as well be spring

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