

Nancy Lamott

"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

And hearing words that I've never heard from a girl I've
Yet to meet
I'm as busy as spider spinning daydreams, spinning
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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