

## Stacey Kent "It Might As Well Be Spring"

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(1945) richard rodgers, oscar hammerstein ii  
The things I used to like, I dont like any more,  
I want a lot of other things Ive never had before,  
Its just like my mamma says, I sit around and mourn  
Pretending that I am so wonderful and knowing Im  
adored  
Im as restless as a willow in a windstorm,  
Im as jumpy as a puppet on a string,  
Id say that I had spring fever,  
But I know it isnt spring.  
Im as starry eyed and gravely discontented,  
Like a nightingale without a song to sing.  
Oh, why should I have spring fever,  
When it isnt even spring?  
I keep wishing I were somewhere else,  
Walking down a strange new street,  
Hearing words I have never never heard,  
From a man Ive yet to meet.  
Im as busy as a spider spinning daydreams,  
Im as giddy as a baby on a swing,  
I havent seen a crocus or a rosebud,  
Or a robin or a bluebird on the wing,  
But I feel so gay in a melancholy way,  
That it might as well be spring,  
It might as well be, might as well be,  
It might as well be spring.

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