

Sinatra Frank

"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 I were someone else
Walking down a strange new street
And hearing words that I've never head
>From a girl I've yet to meet
I'm as busy as spider spinning daydreams
Spinning spinning daydreams
I'm as giggy 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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