

Spring Can Really Hang You Up The Most

Ella Fitzgerald

Once I was a sentimental thing,
Threw my heart away each Spring;
Now a Spring romance hasn't got a chance
Promised my first dance to Winter;
All I've got to show's a splinter for my little fling!

Spring this year has got me feeling like a horse that never left the post;
I lie in my room staring up at the ceiling,
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Morning's kiss wakes TREES and flowers,
And to them I'd like to drink a toast;
I walk in the park just to kill lonely hours,
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All afternoon those birds twitter twit,
I know the tune, "This is love, this is it!"
Heard it before and I know the score,
And I've decided that Spring is a bore!

Love seemed sure around the New Year,
Now it's April, love is just a ghost;
Spring arrived on time, only what became of you, dear?
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Spring is here, there's no mistaking
Robins building nests from coast to coast;
My heart tries to sing so they won't hear it breaking,
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College boys are writing sonnets,
In the "Tender passion" they're engrossed;
But I'm on the shelf with last YEAR's Easter bonnets,
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Love came my way, I hope it would last;
We had our day, now that's all in the past!
Spring came along a season of SUN,
Full of sweet promise but SOMETHING wrong!

Doctors once prescribed a tonic,
"Sulphur and MOLASSES" was the dose;
Didn't help a bit, my condition must be chronic,
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All alone, the party's over,
Old man Winter was a gracious host;
But when you keep praying for snow to hide the clover
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