Spring, Spring, Spring

Johnny Mercer

Oh, the barnyard is busy in a regular tizzy,
And the obvious reason is because of the season
Ma Nature's lyrical, with her yearly miracle
Spring, Spring, Spring.

All the hen-folk are hatchin'
While their men-folk are scrathin'
To ensure the survival of each brand new arrival.
DORCAS:
Each nest is twitterin',
They're all baby-sitterin',
Spring, Spring, Spring.

It's a beehive of buddin' son and daughter life,
Every family has plans in view.
Even down in the brook the underwater life
Is forever blowin' bubbles too.

Every field wears a bonnet
With some spring daisies on it,
Even birds of a feather show their clothes off together.

Sun's gettin' shinery, to spotlight the finery,

Spring, Spring, Spring.

From his eerie, the eagle with his eagle eye
Gazes down across his eagle beak
And a'fixin' his lady with the legal eye
Screams "suppose we fix the date this week!"

Yes, siree, spring disposes
That it's all one supposes
It's a real bed of roses
Waggin' tails, rubbin' noses.

Each day is Mother's Day
The next is some other's day
When all is King

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