

Spring Can Really Hang You Up The Most

Norah Jones

Once I was a sentimental thing
Threw my heart away each Spring
But now a Spring romance hasn't got a chance
Promised my first dance to Winter
And all I've got to show's
A splinter for my little fling
Spring this year has got me feeling
Like a horse that's never left the post
I lie in my room staring up at the ceiling
Spring can really hang you up the most

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
Spring can really hang you up the most

All winter long those birds they twitter twit
I know the song, "This is love, this is it!"
Heard it before and I know the score
And I've decided that Spring is a bore

Doctors once prescribed a tonic
Sulphur and molasses was the dose
That didn't help a bit, my condition must be chronic
Spring can really hang you up the most

I'm all alone, the party is over
Old man Winter was a gracious host
But when you keep praying for snow to hide the clover
Spring can really hang you up the most