

Spring Fever

Sam Roberts

The river freed from the clutches of ice
The music of bees pollinates the light
The future hangs on the roll of a dice
The whisper of trees gives voice to the night

I'm on my way
Don't know where I'm going but I'm here today

Rumors and lust do a dance on the breeze
Easy conversations saying more than they need
And a mouth full of dust makes it harder to breathe
For all the medication but we still can't see

We're on our way
Don't know where we're going but we're here today
We're on our way
Don't know where we're going but we're here today

Everybody's living underneath the covers
Going off the deep end waiting for the summer
I don't know the answer, I don't know the reason
You become a dancer, I become a demon
Always changing with the seasons
I'm leaving home but I hope you know
That I'll be back before the snows begin
My soul as barren as the soil
But I feel my blood begin to boil again

Listen close and you'll hear the sound
It's boiling up from the underground
Spring fever, spring fever has a hold of this town
The music of bees that was lost is found

We're on our way
Don't know where we're going but we're here today
We're on our way
Don't know where we're going but we're here today