

## It Might As Well Be Spring

Sarah Vaughan

I'm as restless as a willow in a windstorm,  
I'm as jumpy as a puppet on a string.  
I'd say that I had spring fever,  
But I know it isn't spring.  
I'm starry-eyed and vaguely discontented  
Like a nightingale without a song to sing.  
Oh, why should I have spring fever  
When it isn't even spring?

I keep wishing I were somewhere else,  
Walking down a strange new street.  
Hearing words that I have never heard  
From a man I've yet to meet.

I'm as busy as a spider spinning daydreams,  
I'm as giddy 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.