

## Spring Is Here

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Once there was a thing called spring,  
When the world was writing verses  
Like yours and mine.  
All the lads and girls would sing  
When we sat at little tables  
And drank May wine.  
Now April, May and June  
Are sadly out of tune.  
Life has stuck the pin in the balloon.

Spring is here!  
Why doesn't my heart go dancing?  
Spring is here!  
Why isn't the waltz entrancing?  
No desire,  
No ambition leads me.  
Maybe that's because  
Nobody needs me.  
Spring is here!  
Why doesn't the breeze delight me?  
Stars appear!  
Why doesn't the night invite me?  
Maybe it's because  
Nobody loves me,  
Spring is here  
Spring is here  
Spring is here, I hear!

Spring is here