

## It Might as Well Be Spring

Andy Williams

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 am 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 girl 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