

# Spring, Spring, Spring

Bing Crosby

Well now, the barnyard is busy, in a regular tizzy  
And the obvious reason is because of the season  
Ma Nature's lyrical with her yearly miracle  
Spring, spring, spring

All the henfolk are hatchin', while their menfolk are scratchin'  
To ensure the survival of each brand new arrival  
Each nest is twittering, they're all babysittering  
Spring, spring, spring

Why, it's a beehive of budding son and daughter life  
Every family has plans in view  
Even down in the brook, the underwater life  
Is forever blowin' bubbles too

Little skylarks are larking, see them all double-parking  
Cuddled up, playin'possum, they're behind ev'ry blossom  
Even the bubble-ink is merrily wobble-ink  
Spring, spring, spring

In his hole, though the gopher seems a bit of a loafer  
The industrious beaver puts it down to spring fever  
While there's no antelope who feels that he can't elope  
Spring, spring, spring

Each cocoon has a tenant, so they hung out a pennant  
Don't disturb please, keep waiting, we're evacuating  
This home's my mama's isle, soon have my own domicile  
Spring, spring, spring

Even out in Australia, the kangaroos  
Lay off butter fat and all French fries  
If their offspring are large, it might be dan-ga-roos  
Why, they've just got to keep them pocket-size

Even though, to detract, spring is more like a habit  
Not withstanding, the fact is they indulge in the practice  
Why, each day is Mother's Day the next day some other's day  
Spring, spring, spring

To itself, each amoeba softly glows [unverfied]  
While the proud little termite fills his life as a worm might  
Old papa dragonfly is makin' his wagon fly  
It's spring, spring, spring

And from his eerie, the eagle with his eagle eye  
Gazes down across his eagle beak  
And a-fixing his lady with a legal eye  
Screams, "Suppose we set the date this week"

Ah, yes siree, spring discloses, if it's all one supposes  
Wagging tails, rubbing noses, but it's no bed of roses  
And if for the stork you pine, consider the porcupine  
Who longs to cling keeping comp'ny is tricky, it can get pretty sticky  
In the spring, spring, spring