

# They Say It's Spring

Blossom Dearie

When I was young I lived in a world of dreams  
Of moods and myths and illusionary schemes  
Though now I'm much more grown up  
I fear that I must own up  
To the fact that I'm in doubt of  
What the modern cynics shout of

They say it's spring  
This feeling light as a feather  
They say this thing  
This magic we share together  
Came with the weather too

They say it's May  
That's made me daft as a daisy  
It's May, they say  
That gave the whole world this crazy  
Heavenly, hazy hue

I'm a lark  
On the wing  
I'm the spark of a firefly's fling

Yet to me  
This must be  
Something more than a seasonal thing

Could it be spring  
Those bells that I can hear ringing  
It may be spring  
But when the robins stop singing  
You're what I'm clinging to  
Though they say it's spring  
It's you

If poets sing  
That when a hard sympathetic  
It's merely spring  
Then poets plights are pathetic  
Though I'm poetic too

They say it's spring  
For lovers, there's where the lure is  
That evil thing  
For which September the cure is  
This, they are sure is true

Though I know  
That it's so  
That my fancy may turn in the spring

With the right  
One in sight  
One can find a perpetual thing

Did I need spring  
To bring the ring that you bought me

Though it was spring  
That wondrous day that you caught me

Darling I thought we knew  
That it wasn't spring  
'Twas you