

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