

## It Might as Well Be Spring

Frank Sinatra

I'm as restless as a willow in a windstorm, I'm as jumpy as 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  
O why should I have spring fever, when it isn't even spring  
I keep I were someone else, walking down a strange new street  
And hearing words that I've never heard from a girl I've yet to meet  
I'm as busy as spider spinning daydreams, spinning 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.