

Spring Is Here

Frank Sinatra

Once there was a thing called spring
When the world was writng verses
Like yours and mine.

All the lads and girls would sing
When we set a little tables
And drank May wine.

Now April May and June
Are sadly out of tune
Life has stuck the pin in the baloon.

Spring is here!
Why doesn't my heart go dancing ?
Spring is here!
Why isn't the waltz entrancing?
No desire, no ambition leads me,
Maybe it's because nobody needs me.

Spring is here!
Why doesn't the breeze delight me?
Stars appear,
Why doesn't the night invite me?
Maybe it's because nobody loves me.
Spring is here I hear