IT MIGHT AS WELL BE SPRING w. Oscar Hammerstein

m. Richard Rodgers

4/4 1…2…123

I’m as restless as a willow in a wind-storm,
I’m as jumpy as a 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 discon-tented,
like a nightingale without a song to sing.

Oh, why should I have spring fever
when it isn’t even spring?

I keep wishing I were somewhere else, walking down a strange new street
Hear-ing words that I have never heard from a girl I’ve yet to meet

I’m as busy as a spider spinning day-dreams,
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.
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Intro: D A7sus D A7sus D A7sus D A7sus (X3)

D          A7sus          D          A7sus          D          A7sus          D          Am7          D7
I’m as restless as a willow in a wind-storm,   I’m as jumpy as a puppet on a string

GM7        Gdim        D          Bm7        Em7        A7          D          A7sus
I’d say that I had spring fever,   but I know it isn’t spring.

D          A7sus          D          A7sus          D          A7sus          D          Am7          D7
I am starry eyed and vaguely discontented,   like a nightingale without a song to sing.

GM7        Gdim        D          Bm7        Em7        A7          D          D7
Oh, why should I have spring fever   when it isn’t even spring?

GM7        Em7        Am7                             D7        GM7        G6
I keep wishing I were somewhere else, walking down a strange new street

Em        Em7        C#m7        F#7b9        Bm7        E7        Em7        A7
Hearing words that I have never heard from a girl I’ve yet to meet

A7#5        D          A7sus          D          A7sus          D          Am7          D7
I’m as busy as a spider spinning day-dreams,   I’m as giddy as a baby on a swing.

GM7        Gdim        D          Bm7        Em7        A7          F#7          B7b9
I haven’t seen a crocus or a rosebud,   or a robin on the wing,

E7        A7        A7b9        D7        E7        F dim
But I feel so gay in a melancholy way that it might as well be spring

D          Bm7        Em7        A7          D
It might as well be spring.