







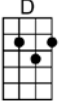



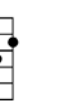

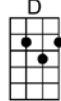

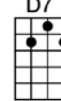


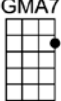
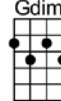
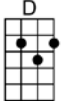
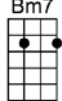
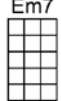
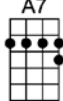
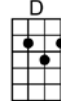
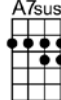
IT MIGHT AS WELL BE SPRING_(BAR)

4/4 1...2...123

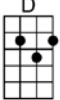

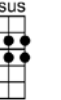






Intro:         (X3)

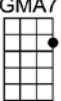
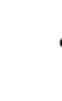

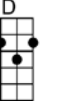
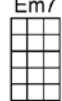
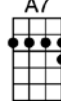
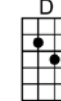
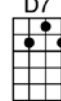
I'm as restless as a willow in a wind-storm, I'm as jumpy as a puppet on a string

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.

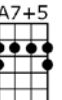
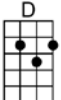
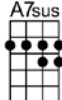
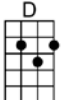
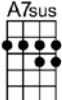
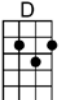
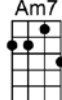
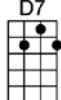
Oh, why should I have spring fever when it isn't even spring?

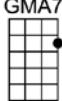
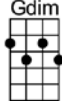
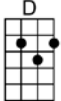
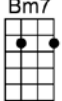

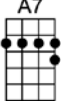
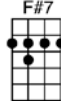
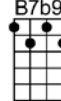
I keep wishing I were somewhere else, walking down a strange new street

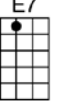
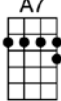
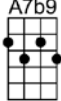
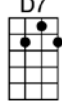
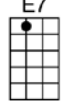

Hear- ing words that I have never heard from a girl I've yet to meet

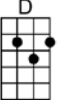
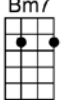
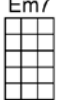
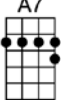
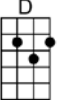
I'm as busy as a spider spinning day-dreams, I'm as giddy as a baby on a swing.

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.

IT MIGHT AS WELL BE SPRING w. Oscar Hammerstein

4/4 1...2...123

m. Richard Rodgers

Intro: D A7sus D A7sus D A7sus D A7sus (X3)

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 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.