

They say it's spring

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 so 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 is spring...
It's you

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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
It wasn't spring
That it wasn't spring
'Twas you!