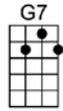
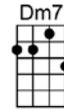
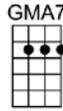
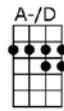
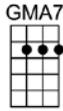
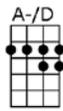
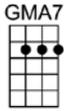
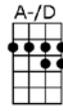
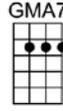
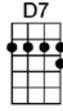
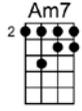
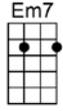
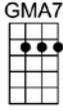
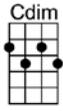
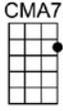


# IT MIGHT AS WELL BE SPRING w. Oscar Hammerstein m. Richard Rodgers

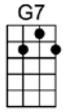
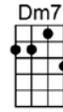
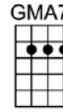
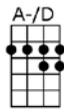
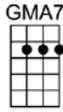
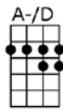
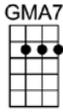
4/4 1...2...123



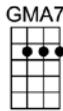
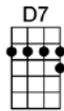
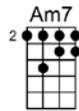
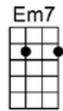
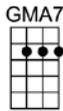
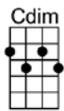
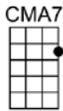
I'm as restless as a willow in a wind-storm, I'm as jumpy as a puppet on a string



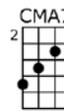
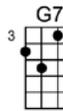
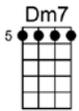
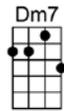
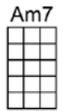
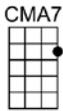
I'd say that I had spring fever, but I know it isn't spring.



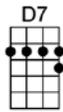
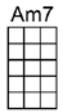
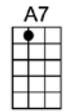
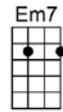
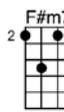
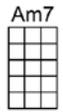
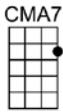
I am starry eyed and vaguely discontented, like a nightingale without a song to sing.



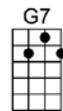
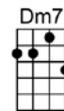
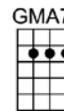
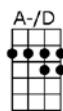
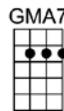
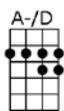
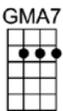
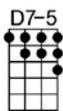
Oh, why should I have spring fever when it isn't even spring?



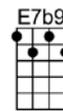
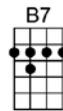
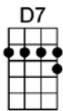
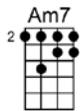
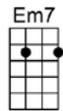
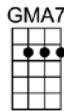
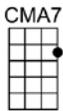
I keep wishing I were somewhere else, walking down a strange new street



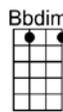
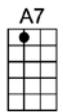
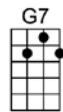
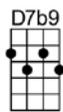
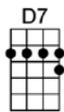
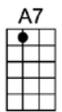
Hearing words that I have never heard from a girl I've yet to meet



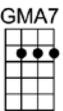
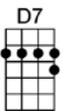
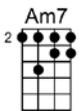
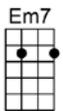
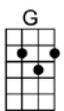
I'm as busy as a spider spinning day-dreams, I'm as giddy as a baby on a swing.



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

GMA7 A-/D GMA7 A-/D GMA7 Dm7 G7  
I'm as restless as a willow in a wind-storm, I'm as jumpy as a puppet on a string

CMA7 Cdim GMA7 Em7 Am7 D7 GMA7 A-/D  
I'd say that I had spring fever, but I know it isn't spring.

GMA7 A-/D GMA7 A-/D GMA7 Dm7 G7  
I am starry eyed and vaguely discontented, like a nightingale without a song to sing.

CMA7 Cdim GMA7 Em7 Am7 D7 GMA7 G7b9  
Oh, why should I have spring fever when it isn't even spring?

CMA7 Am7 Dm7 Dm7 G7 CMA7  
I keep wishing I were somewhere else, walking down a strange new street

CMA7 Am7 F#m7 B7b9 Em7 A7 Am7 D7  
Hearing words that I have never heard from a girl I've yet to meet

D7b5 GMA7 A-/D GMA7 A-/D GMA7 Dm7 G7  
I'm as busy as a spider spinning day-dreams, I'm as giddy as a baby on a swing.

CMA7 Cdim GMA7 Em7 Am7 D7 B7 E7b9  
I haven't seen a crocus or a rosebud, or a robin on the wing,

A7 D7 D7b9 G7 A7 Bbdim  
But I feel so gay in a melancholy way that it might as well be spring

G Em7 Am7 D7 GMA7  
It might as well be spring.