

They Say It's Spring

Erin McKeown

when i was young, i lived in a world of dreams
of moods and myths and illusionary schemes
though now i am much more grown up
i fear that i must own up
to the fact that i'm in doubt of
what the modern cynics shout of

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, thats made me daft as a daisy
its may they say, that gave the whole world this crazy
heavenly hazy hue

i'm a lark on a 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 too

though they say it's spring
it's you

if poets sing, that when a heart sympathetic
it's merely spring, then poets plights are pathetic
though i'm poetic too

they say its 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 its 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

it wasnt spring
it was you