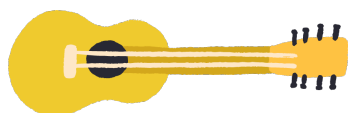


LYRIC SHEET



“Spring Song”

(Claudia Robin Gunn)

Buds are blooming in the green and golden kōwhai
In the valley and it's covered up
In ten or maybe twenty noisy Tūi
And they're singing like there's no tomorrow
And no room for sorrow
Cos it's really truly nearly almost spring
And there's nothing to do but sing

My heart is leaping like an instrumental melody
It beats like a drum
Keeping time with the sun
And I'm singing with abandon
Like there's no tomorrow
And no more room for sorrow
Cos it's really truly nearly almost spring
And there's nothing to do but sing

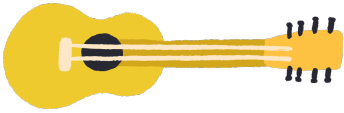
CHORUS

Nobody can deny, spring is nigh
Summertime's just around the corner
You can't be glum in lovely weather
Nobody can ignore
What spring is for, it's winter no more
Back behind the curtain
Something so great about every season

Spring, there's nothing like spring (spring)
And there's nothing to do but sing

My feet are tapping with impatience
Cos I cannot wait to start
For it's time for treading a brand new path
And I'm singing with the feeling
Like there's no tomorrow
And no room for sorrow
Cos it's really truly nearly almost spring
And there's nothing to do but sing

LYRIC SHEET



claudia
robin
gunn

CHORUS

Spring, there's nothing like spring
And there's nothing to do but sing
There's nothing like spring

It's really truly nearly almost actually and quite sincerely
Really truly nearly positively actually quite sincerely
Really truly nearly if I'm honest I think it's finally spring

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