

A Cockeyed Optimist

Nancy Sinatra

When the sky is a bright canary yellow
I forget every cloud I've ever seen
So they call me a cockeyed optimist
Immature and incurably green

I have heard people rant and rave and bellow
That we're done and we might as well be dead
But I'm only a cockeyed optimist
And I can't get it into my head

Now I hear the human race is falling on its face
And hasn't very far to go
But every whippoorwill is selling me a bill
And telling me, well it just ain't so

I could say life is just a bowl of Jello
And appear more intelligent and smart
But I'm stuck like a dope with a thing called hope
And I can't get it out of my heart
Not this heart
Not this heart