

# Best Of All Possible Worlds

Roger Miller

I was runnin' through the summer rain tryin' to catch that even  
in' train  
And kill that old familiar pain weevin' through my tangled brai  
n  
But when I tipped my bottle back I smacked into a cop I didn't  
see  
That policeman said Mr Cool if you're ain't drunk then you're a  
fool  
I said well if that's against the law then tell me why I never  
saw  
A man locked in that jail of yours who wadn't just as lowdown p  
oor as me  
Well that was when someone turned out the lights  
And I wound up in jail to spend the nights  
And dream of all the wine and lonely girls in this best of all  
possible worlds  
Well I woke up next morning feelin' like my head was gone  
And like my thick old tongue was lickin' somethin' sick and wro  
ng  
And I told that man I'd sell my soul if somethin' wet and cold  
is that old cell  
That kindly jailer just grinned at me all eaten up with sympath  
y  
Then he bought himself another beer and came and whispered in m  
y ear  
That booze was just a dime a bottle boy you couldn't even buy t  
he smell  
I said I knew there was somethin' I liked about this town  
But it takes more than that to bring me down down down down  
But there's still a lot of wine and lonely girls in this best o  
f all possible worlds  
Well they finally came and they told me they was a gonna set me  
free  
And I'd be leavin' town if I knew what was good for me  
I said it's nice to learn that everybody's so concerned about m  
y health  
I said I won't be leavin' no more quicker than I fastly can  
Cause I've enjoyed about this much of this as I can stand  
And I don't need this town of yours more than I never needed no  
thin' else  
Ha ha cause there's still a lotta drinks that I ain't drunk  
Lots of pretty thoughts that I ain't never thought oh yeah  
Lord there's still so many lonely girls in this best of all pos  
sible worlds