

## 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