A COCKEYED OPTIMIST

from South Pacific

Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Con anima

When the sky is a bright canary yellow

I forget every cloud I've ever seen

call me a cock-eyed optimist, immature and in-
cur-a-ble green! I have heard people rant and rave and

below That we're done and we might as well be dead

But I'm only a cock-eyed optimist And I

can't get it into my head I hear the human
race is falling on its face And hasn't very far to

goto. But every whip-poor-will Is selling me a

bill And telling me it just ain't so. I could

say life is just a bowl of jello. And appear more in-
telling 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.