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

So they call me a cock-eyed optimist, immature and in-

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I have heard people rant and rave and

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

But ev'ry whip-poor-will Is selling me a

telling me it just ain't so. I could

say life is just a bowl of jello, And appear more in-
te-lig-ent 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.