A COCKEYED OPTIMIST
from South Pacific

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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cur-a-bley green! I have heard people rant and rave and

bel-low 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 go, 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-

\[A^2 \text{(28 bars)}\]
tel-li-gent 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.