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 ev'ry cloud I've ever seen

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

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cur-a-ibly green! I have heard peo-ple rant and rave and

bel-low That we're done and we might as well be dead

But I'm on-ly a cock-eyed op-ti-mist And I
can't get it in-to my head. I hear the hu-man
race  Is  falling  on  its  face  And  hasn't  very  far  to  

a tempo

go.  But  ev'ry  whip-poor-will  Is  sell-ing  me  a  

a tempo

bill  And  tell-ing  me  it  just  ain't  so.  I  could  

say  life  is  just  a  bowl  of  jel-lo,  And  ap-pear  more  in-
tell- ing 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.