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-
curiously 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

go. But ev'ry 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-
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.