

The Best Of All Possible Worlds

Roger Miller

I was runnin' through the summer rain tryin' to catch that even
in' train
And kill that old familiar pain weevin' through my tangled brai
n
But when I tipped my bottle back I smacked into a cop I didn't
see
That policeman said Mr Cool if you're ain't drunk then you're a
fool
I said well if that's against the law then tell me why I never
saw
A man locked in that jail of yours who wadn't just as lowdown p
oor as me
Well that was when someone turned out the lights
And I wound up in jail to spend the nights
And dream of all the wine and lonely girls in this best of all
possible worlds
Well I woke up next morning feelin' like my head was gone
And like my thick old tongue was lickin' somethin' sick and wro
ng
And I told that man I'd sell my soul if somethin' wet and cold
is that old cell
That kindly jailer just grinned at me all eaten up with sympath
y
Then he bought himself another beer and came and whispered in m
y ear
That booze was just a dime a bottle boy you couldn't even buy t
he smell
I said I knew there was somethin' I liked about this town
But it takes more than that to bring me down down down down
But there's still a lot of wine and lonely girls in this best o
f all possible worlds
Well they finally came and they told me they was a gonna set me
free
And I'd be leavin' town if I knew what was good for me
I said it's nice to learn that everybody's so concerned about m
y health
I said I won't be leavin' no more quicker than I fastly can
Cause I've enjoyed about this much of this as I can stand
And I don't need this town of yours more than I never needed no
thin' else
Ha ha cause there's still a lotta drinks that I ain't drunk
Lots of pretty thoughts that I ain't never thought oh yeah
Lord there's still so many lonely girls in this best of all pos
sible worlds