

# Barbra Streisand, A Cockeyed Optimist

When the skies are bright canary yellow  
I forget every cloud I've ever seen  
So they call me a cockeyed optimist  
Immature and incurably green  
I have heard people rant and rave and bellow  
That we're done and we might as well be dead  
But I'm only a cockeyed 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 whippoorwill is selling me a bill  
And telling me it just ain't so  
Now I could say life is just a bowl of Jello  
And appear more intelligent and smart  
But I'm stuck like a dope with a thing called hope  
And I can't, no, I won't get it out of my heart  
Not this heart