

Kris Kristofferson, The Best Of All Possible Worlds

I was runnin thru the summer rain, tryn to catch that evenin train
And kill the old familiar pain weavin thru my tangled brain
When I tipped my bottle back and smacked into a cop I didnt see
That police man said, mister cool, if you aint drunk, then youre a
Fool.

I said, if thats against the law, then tell me why I never saw
A man locked in that jail of yours who wasnt neither black or poor as
Me?

Well, that was when someone turned out the lights
And I wound up in jail to spend the night
And dream of all the wine and lonely girls
In this best of all possible worlds.

Well, I woke up next mornin feelin like my head was gone
And like my thick old tongue was lickin something sick and wrong
And I told that man Id sell my soul for something wet and cold as that
Old cell.

That kindly jailer grinned at me, all eaten up with sympathy
Then poured himself another beer and came and whispered in my ear,
If booze was just a dime a bottle boy, you couldnt even buy the smell
I said, I knew there was something I liked about this town.
But it takes more than that to bring me down, down, down.
cause theres still a lot of wine and lonely girls
In this best of all possible worlds

Well, they finally came and told me they was a gonna set me free
And Id be leavin town if I knew what was good for me
I said, its nice to learn that evrybodys so concerned about my
Health.

(they were obsessed with it)

I said, I wont be leavin no more quicker than I can
cause Ive enjoyed about as much of this as I can stand
And I dont need this town of yours more than I never needed nothin
Else.

cause theres still alot of drinks that I aint drunk
And lots of pretty thoughts that I aint thunk
And lord theres still so many lonely girls
In this best of all possible worlds.