

Best of All Possible Worlds

Kris Kristofferson

I was runnin' through the summer rain, try'n' to catch that evenin' train
And kill the old familiar pain weavin' through my tangled brain
When I tipped my bottle back and smacked into a cop I didn't see
That police man said, "Mister Cool, if you ain't drunk, then you're a
fool."

I said, "If that's against the law, then tell me why I never saw
A man locked in that jail of yours who wasn't 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 I'd 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 couldn't 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 there's 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 I'd be leavin' town if I knew what was good for me

I said, "It's nice to learn that ev'rybody's so concerned about my
health."

(They were obsessed with it)

I said, "I won't be leavin' no more quicker than I can

'Cause I've enjoyed about as much of this as I can stand

And I don't need this town of yours more than I never needed nothin'
else."

'Cause there's still a lot of drinks that I ain't drunk

And lots of pretty thoughts that I ain't thunk

And lord there's still so many lonely girls

In this best of all possible worlds.

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