

# Roger Miller, Best Of All Possible Worlds

I was runnin' through the summer rain tryin' to catch that evenin' train  
And kill that old familiar pain weevin' through my tangled brain  
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 poor 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 wrong  
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 sympathy  
Then he bought himself another beer and came and whispered in my ear  
That booze was just a dime a bottle boy you couldn't even buy the 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 of 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 my 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 nothin' 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 possible worlds