

**Kristofferson Kris****"The Best Of All Possible Worlds"**

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I was runnin' thru the summer rain, try'n' 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  
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 alot 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

