

Grand Optimist

City and Colour

I fear I'll die from complications
Complications due to things that I've left undone
That all my debts will be left unpaid
Feel like a cripple without a cane
I'm like a jack of all trades who's a master of none

Then there's my father he's always looking on the bright side
Saying things like "Son life just ain't that hard"
He is the grand optimist
I am the world's poor pessimist
You give him burdens sometimes and he will escape unscarred

I guess I take after my mother
I guess I take after my mother

But I used to be quite resilient
Gained no strength from counting the beads on a rosary
And now the wound has begun to turn
Another lesson that has gone unlearned
But this is not a cry for pity or for sympathy

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