

The 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'll 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.
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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