

## 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  
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I guess I take after my mother.  
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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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