

## Pay

### Cross Canadian Ragweed

My dad, he had a friend, lowdown till the end  
Everything he did, it came out wrong  
No matter how hard he tried  
He never cheated, he never lied  
Had a shotgun in his hand when he died

Everybody's got their own way, tomorrow's another day  
Make of it what you will, as you're climbing up that hill  
Always be prepared to pay

I know a man, a guitar in his hand  
Taught me things I never thought I'd know  
But the pills and the crystal meth took him to his death  
All he ever wanted was a song and a sing along

Everybody's got their way, tomorrow's another day  
Make of it what you will, don't forget to get your thrills  
Always be prepared to pay

Don't forget where you're from, stick to your guns  
Always be good to your fellow man  
Bow your head and pray, every single day  
Life don't always turn out like you plan