

Far Too Canadian

Spirit of the West

I'm so content, to stand in line
Wait and see, pass the time
Talk a streak, fall asleep, wake up late, whine and weep
I kiss the hand that slaps me senseless
I'm so accepting, so defenseless
I am far too Canadian
Far too Canadian
I pick the bones, of what's been done
Lick them clean, with a cautious tongue
In dim lit rooms, I spill my guts
I'm the revolution when the doors are shut
I'd bite the hand that slaps me senseless
But my patience is too relentless
I am far too Canadian
I am far too Canadian
I am the face of my country
Expressionless and small
Weak at the knees, shaking badly
Can't straighten up at all
I watch the spine of my country bend and break
I'm a sorry state
I scratch the walls, to mark the days
With my coup d e (tête), I'm locked away
With Mother Jones, pots of tea
The kitchen poster, anarchy
I never march in demonstrations
I hold my breath for arbitration
I am far too Canadian
I am the face of my country
Expressionless and small
Weak at the knees, shaking badly
Can't straighten up at all
I watch the spine of my country bend and break
I'm a sorry state