

## 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