

# 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 give him burdens sometimes and he will escape unscarred

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  
And 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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