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 .

I guess I take after my mother. I guess I take after my mother.

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.

I guess I take after my mother. I guess I take after my mother. I guess I take after my mother. I guess I take after my mother.