

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