

Canter

Gerry Cinnamon

This is the beginning of the rest of your life
You better start movin' like you're running out of time
The realisation coming over your mind
That it should be a canter
If you could just find the answer
You know it could be a canter
If you were just a wee bit less of a wanker
More than half of the time

This is the beginning of the rest of your life
You better start grafting cause you're running out of time
The roof is on fire and it's raining outside
But it should be a canter
If you could just find the answer
You know it could be a canter
If you were just a wee bit less of a wanker
More than half of the time

Because the hardest part of the game
Isn't even playing the game
It's caring enough to care about the things that you're doing
Oh it's a wee crying shame
Here comes the rain

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You better start grafting cause you're running out of time
The roof is on fire and it's raining outside
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They tell you it's no easy
They tell you that it's hard
They tell you it's impossible to mend a broken heart
The lead role in a tragedy pretending that it's art
It's hard to see the finish when you don't know where to start

I coulda write a stanza and put you in a song
Detail all the times when you were right and I was wrong
Flashbacks to the only place I felt like I belonged
You'll never be a king when you're acting like a pawn

Because the hardest part of the game
Isn't even playing the game
It's caring enough to care about playing the game
Oh it's a wee crying shame
Here comes the rain