

Butch Walker

"Canadian Ten"

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Sunshine, you heal as much as you hurt
With regret in my veins and blood on my shirt
Sure must have had myself a personal best
It takes filling my lungs up with smoke
To get things off my chest

Now, I'm crossing the border
Wasted again
With a number
From a Canadian ten

Oh Mother, oh Mother
Why must you complain
I grew up alright
So don't be ashamed
My mouth has been cleaner
And I may have lost all my faith
Til I believe in myself
I can't give my conscience away

And you're home with the dishes
And I'm out with my friends

Placing bets
With a Canadian ten

And North of the border
A sin is a sin
When you pay
With a Canadian ten

I've searched for a reason to not search for you
I feel like there's no place I haven't been through
I told myself 'don't fall in love if you don't know their
name'
But my eyes are straight wired to my heart
And bypass my brain

Sometimes I'm forgetful
So I'll start at the end
And call the number
On this Canadian ten

And call the number
On this Canadian ten

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