

## City and Colour

### "Grand Optimist"

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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, I guess I take after my  
mother

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

I guess I take after my mother, I guess I take after my  
mother  
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mother

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