

Spirit Of The West "Far Too Canadian"

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i'm so content, to stand in line
wait and see, pass the time
talk a streak, fall asleep, wake up late, whine and weep
i kiss the hand that slaps me senseless
i'm so accepting, so defenseless
i am far too Canadian
far too Canadian
i pick the bones, of what's been done
lick them clean, with a cautious tongue
in dim lit rooms, i spill my guts
i'm the revolution when the doors are shut
i'd bite the hand that slaps me senseless
but my patience is too relentless
i am far too Canadian
i am far too Canadian
i am the face of my country
expressionless and small
weak at the knees, shaking badly
can't straighten up at all
i watch the spine of my country bend and break
i'm a sorry state
i scratch the walls, to mark the days
with my coup d e (tÃªte), i'm locked away
with Mother Jones, pots of tea
the kitchen poster, anarchy
i never march in demonstrations
i hold my breath for arbitration
i am far too Canadian
i am the face of my country
expressionless and small
weak at the knees, shaking badly
can't straighten up at all
i watch the spine of my country bend and break
i'm a sorry state

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