

The Grand Optimist

City and Colour

I fear I'm dying of complications
Complications due to things 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 burdensome times
And he will escape unscarred I guess I take after my mother
I guess I take after my mother I used to be quite resilient
Gain 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
I guess I take after my mother
I guess I take after my mother

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