

# Canadian Ten

**Butch Walker**

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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  
But I feel like there's no place I haven't been to  
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

Lyrics provided by

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