

City And Colour - The Grand Optimist

Intro: C Em Am C Em Am Fm I fear I'm dying of 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

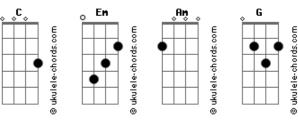
I'm like a jack of all trades

Who's a master of none

Then there's my father

He's always looking on the bright side

Acordes



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 buttons sometimes And he will escape unscarred I guess I take after my mother

I used to be quite resilient Gain no strength from counting the beads on a rosary Now the wound has begun to turn Another lesson that has gone unlearned But this is not a cry for pitty or for sympathy

I guess I take after my mother