

City And Colour - The Grand Optimist

Tom: **C**

Intro: **C** **Em** **Am** **C** **Em** **Am**

C **Em** **Am**
I fear I'm dying of complications

C **Em** **Am**
Complications due to things that I've left undone

C **Em**
That all my debts will be left unpaid

Am
Feel like a cripple without a cane

C **Em**
I'm like a jack of all trades

Am
Who's a master of none

C **Em**
Then there's my father

Am
He's always looking on the bright side

C **Em** **Am**
Saying things like "son life just ain't that hard"

C **Em**
He is the grand optimist

Am
I am the world's poor pessimist

C **Em**
You give him buttons sometimes

Am
And he will escape unscarred

G **Am**
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 pity or for sympathy

I guess I take after my mother

Acordes

