

Spirit Of The West, Far Too Canadian

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, I am so defenseless,

I am far too Canadian,
I am far too Canadian,

I pick the bones of what's been done,
and I'll lick them clean with a cautious tongue,
in dim lit rooms, I'll spill my guts,
I'm the revolution when the doors are shut,
I bite the hand that slaps me senseless,
but my patience it 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, shaken badly,
can't straighten up at all,
I watch the spine of my country,
bend and break,
I'm in a sorry state,

I scratch the walls to mark the days,
with my coup-de-tete, I am locked away,
with mother Jones, pots of tea,
the kitchen poster, anarchy,
I never march in demonstration,
I hold my breath for arbitration,
I am far too Canadian,
I am far too Canadian,

I am the face of my country,
expressionless and small,
weak at the knees, shaken badly,
can't straighten up at all,
I watch the spine of my country,
bend and break,
I'm in a sorry state,
I am a sorry state,
won't you welcome to the sorry state,

weak at the knees, shaken badly,
can't straighten up at all,
can't straighten up at all,
straighten up at all,
all.