

## Wheat Kings

### The Tragically Hip

Sundown in the Paris of the prairies  
Wheat kings have all treasures buried  
And all you hear are the rusty breezes  
Pushing around the weathervane Jesus

In his Zippo lighter he sees the killer's face  
Maybe it's someone standing in a killer's place  
Twenty years for nothing, well, that's nothing new  
Besides, no one's interested in something you didn't do

Wheat kings and pretty things  
Let's just see what the morning brings

There's a dream he dreams where the high school's dead and stark  
It's a museum and we're all locked up in it after dark  
Where the walls are lined all yellow, grey and sinister  
Hung with pictures of our parents' prime ministers

Wheat kings and pretty things  
Wait and see what tomorrow brings

Late breaking story on the CBC  
A nation whispers, "We always knew that he'd go free"  
They add, "You can't be fond of living in the past  
'Cause if you are then there's no way that you're going to last  
"

Wheat kings and pretty things  
Let's just see what tomorrow brings  
Wheat kings and pretty things  
Oh that's what tomorrow brings