

# At The Hundredth Meridian

## The Tragically Hip

Me debunk an American myth?  
And take my life in my hands?  
Where the great plains begin,  
At the hundredth meridian.  
At the hundredth meridian,  
Where the great plains begin

Driving down a corduroy road,  
Weeds standing shoulder high  
Ferris wheel is rusting off in the distance  
At the hundredth meridian where the great plains begin

Left alone to get gigantic;  
Hard, huge and haunted  
A generation so much dumber than it's parents came  
Crashing through the window.  
A raven strains along the line of the road,  
Carrying a muddy, old skull.  
The wires whistle their approval,  
Off down the distance.  
At the hundredth meridian where the great plains begin

I remember, I remember Buffalo and I remember Hengelo  
It would seem to me I remember every  
Single fucking thing I know

If I die of vanity, promise me, promise me,  
They bury me someplace I don't want to be,  
You'll dig me up and transport me, unceremoniously,  
Away from the swollen city-breeze, garbage-bag trees,  
Whispers of disease and the acts of enormity  
And lower me slowly, sadly and properly  
Get Ry Cooder to sing my eulogy,  
At the hundredth meridian where the great plains begin.

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