

Wheat Kings

The Tragically Hip

Sundown in the Paris of the prairies
Wheat Kings have all their treasures buried
All you hear are the rusty breezes
Pushing around the weather vane Jesus

In a zippo lighter you sees the killer's face
Maybe it's someone standing in the killer's place
Twenty Years for nothing well that nothing new
Besides no one is 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 is dead and stark
It's a museum and we're all locked up and after dark up in it and after dark
Where the walls are lined all yellow gray 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 is no way you are 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

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