

# Tragically Hip, Wheat Kings

Sundown in the Paris of the prairies  
Wheat Kings have all their treasures barried  
All you hear are the rusty breezes  
Pushing around the weather vane Jesus  
In a zippo lighter you see the killer's face  
Maybe it's someone standing in the killers 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,  
Lets 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 al 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,  
Lets just see what the tomorrow brings  
Late breaking story on the CBC,  
A nation whispers &quot;we always know he'd go free&quot;  
They add &quot;you can't be fond of living in the past,  
Cause if you are then there is no way you are going to last&quot;  
Wheat Kings and pretty things,  
Lets just see what the morning brings  
Wheat Kings and pretty things,  
Thats what tomorrow brings