

Tragically Hip, The "At The Hundredth Meridian"

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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 its' 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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