

Jayhawks "Wichita"

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(Olson/Louris/Perlman)
come to Wichita
won't be there in forty days
this is an evil land
brings a devil's cloud
take a message
to abide in what you own
and there'll be no more
no more people singing
la la la
in one morning you will be mine
where the fields are smiling
no more people singing
la la la
in one morning you will be mine
where the fields are smiling
where the fields are smiling
there by crook and fire
and the squatter's rights
don't your cheek get sore
and your mouth get dry
sevens on your sleeve
haven't counted days
then he slouches home
to your loved ones gates

la la la
in one morning you will be mine
where the fields are smiling
no more people singing
la la la
in one morning you will be mine
where the fields are smiling
where the fields are smiling
with my pockets torn
by a whirlwind
man takes what it needs
turns you inside out
come to Wichita
won't be there in forty days
this is an evil land
brings a devil's cloud

la la la
in one morning you will be mine
where the fields are smiling
no more people singing
la la la
in one morning you will be mine
where the fields are smiling
where the fields are smiling

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