

## Tragically Hip "Wheat Kings"

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Sundown in the Paris of the prairie  
Wheat kings have all treasures buried  
And all you hear are the rusty breezes  
Pushing around the weather vane Jesus

In his Zippo lighter, he sees the killer's face  
Maybe it's someone standing in a killer's place  
Twenty years for nothing, well that's nothing new  
Besides, no one's 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 in it 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's no way that you're gonna  
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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