

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Wheat Kings

Par The Tragically Hip

Album : 9:30 Club

Sundown in the Paris of the prairies

Wheat kings have all treasures buried

And all you hear are the rusty breezes

Pushing around the weathervane Jesus

In 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's dead and stark

It's a museum and we're all locked up in it after dark

Where the walls are lined all yellow, grey 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 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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