

Wichita

The Jayhawks

Come to Wichita
Won't be there in 40 days
This, 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 squatters rights
Don't your cheek get sore
And you mouth get dry
Sevens on your sleeve
Haven't counted days
Then he slouches home
To you loved ones gate

With my pockets torn
By a whirlwind
Man takes what it needs
Turns you inside out

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