

Marty Robbins, The Red Hill Of Utah

How green are the valleys
How tall are the trees
How cool are the rivers
How soft is the breeze
If it's just like my dreams
Then I must go and see
For the red hills of Utah are callin' me

So long I have waited
Since I was a child
Merely the thought keeps
My heart runnin' wild
I've waited so long
Now it's hard to believe
The red hills of Utah at last I will see

How pretty are flowers
That bloom in the spring
How sweet are the songs
The mockin'birds sing
If it's just like my dreams
Then I must go and see
For the red hills of Utah are callin' me