Camper Van Beethoven, The History Of Utah

He was the river boat gambler
He was the son of the chief of police
He drove around in a Rambler
He had a message from the chief
He drove around in a Rambler
He had a message from the chief
He was the river boat gambler
He was the son of the chief of police
He was the river boat gambler
He was the son of the chief of police
And old Joe
Did and said as he would
Took all the shopping carts from the mall
And took them to Utah
Which was Zion
He built an empire out of the desert
Out of the dust and the sand, just like Las Vegas
But he never took the rap that the Mafia did
And he thought the Indians were some lost thirteen dudes
But he didn't treat them any better
And they were never on his side
They drove their pick-up trucks out into the desert
Into a ditch along the side of the road
And acted like they were drunk
All the time
And old Joe had thirteen beady-eyed babies
One of whom I used to go to school with
He'd drive his car at a hundred ten down the alley way
Throwing cinder blocks at trash cans
And I declare on this occasion
I've never seen this heaven or this place any differently
But now and then I dream of the flying saucers and they're coming to take us away