

Marty Robbins, Red Hills 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 calling me
So long I have waited since I was a child
Merely the thought keeps my heart running 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 mockingbirds sing
If it's just like my dreams then I must go and see
For the Red Hills of Utah are calling me