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