

## **Camper Van Beethoven "The History of Utah"**

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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 route 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

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