

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Down in Utah

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While the workmen stopped in Denver, a fellow came to me
Said he, Are you from Utah, and why are you so free?
I smiled and said Young fellow, unless you break my jaw,
I'm a Mormon man with residence in Utah.

Well, we had it hot and heavy, we both were getting sick
My eyes were getting black and blue, my lips were getting thick
But I stayed with my young smarty, 'til he was working (?) raw
And the battle fell in favor of old Utah.

cho: So if you are from Utah, they'll often question you
All about the hated Mormons, and really what they do
Some have a bad opinion, while others pick a flaw
They think we live on carrots down in Utah.

Well I know I was a-sweating, and looking rather blue
When a cop comes stepping up to me and says I'm onto you
I smiled and looked upon him as he held me with his claw,
And the battle fell in favor of old Utah.

We rode along together, down to the City Hall
There I met that feller, I scarcely knew at all
The cop he said young fellow, to you I'll read the law
And the battle fell in favor of old Utah.

Adapted from a recording by Job Porter of Victor, Idaho, 1957

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