

## Salt Lake City 1973

Shawn Mullins

Ok Salt Lake City in 1973  
Mormon's are everywhere  
Battalions of bicycling bachelors  
With dark suits and well cropped hair  
We're Mormons too have been since '72

I'm riding between my brother and sister  
In the back seat of a '67 Buick station wagon  
With red vinyl seats and we stick by each other and to those seats  
We've been eating cheese and bacon sandwiches  
Our mother made for thirteen days straight in the August heat

And both my sibilings are walkin' on those eggshells  
As I soon will learn how to do myself  
They play their quiet silly games with their peashooters  
As I sip luke-warm Sprite from a tin can  
Sold to me by a hunchback silly bastard old woman  
A hundred miles back  
Who is probably the only person with good sense  
In this part of the country

I still don't know what to do with this  
God-awful bacon and cheese sandwich  
But your body is your temple God tells us so  
So drink up your milk and reap what you sow  
I mold the cheese and bacon sandwich into a ball in my hand  
It kind of reminds me of play dough  
I look around to see who is watchin'  
And stuff it between the red vinyl seats no one will find it  
At least not for a couple of weeks

We're in this big place now  
It's kind of like one half of an blue plastic Easter eggshell  
And there's a hole in the top where the sun cuts through  
And lights up the room and I hear all these male voices  
Telling me that black people are inferior  
And it's ok to have more than one wife  
And as the dry, dry breath of the Utah sun warms me

I stand before a statue of Jesus that is far too big  
And has held these folks hostage for so, so long  
And I gaze up at the nostrils of the sandstone savior  
And wonder if it can smell all this bullshit  
'Cause I sure can and I'm only 5 years old  
In Salt Lake City in 1973