

# Big Rock Candy Mountain

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One evening as the sun went down  
And the jungle fires were burning  
Down the track came a hobo humming  
And he said, "Boys, I'm not turning  
I'm headed for a land that's far away  
Beside the crystal fountain  
I'll see you all this coming fall  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain

In the Big Rock Candy Mountain  
There's a land that's fair and bright  
Where the handouts grow on bushes  
And you sleep out every night  
Where the boxcars all are empty  
And the sun shines every day  
O the birds and the bees and the sycamore  
trees  
The rock-rye springs where the whang-doodle  
sings  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain

In the Big Rock Candy Mountain  
You never change your socks  
And the little streams of lemonade  
Come trickling down the rocks  
Where the shacks all have to tip their hats  
And the railroad bulls are blind  
There's a lake of stew and ice cream too  
And you paddle all around in a big canoe  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain

In the Big Rock Candy Mountain  
The cops have wooden legs  
And the bulldogs all have rubber teeth  
And the hens lay soft boiled eggs  
And the farmer's trees are full of fruit  
And the barns are full of hay  
Yes, I wanna go where there ain't no snow  
Where the sleet don't fall and the wind don't  
blow  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain