

Big Rock Candy Mountain

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