

BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAINS

one evening as the sun went down and the jungle fire was burning
 down the track came a hobo hikin' and he said, "boys I'm not turning
 I'm headed for a land that's far away beside the crystal fountains
 so come with me we'll go and see the Big Rock Candy Mountains"
 in the Big Rock Candy Mountains 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
 on the birds and the bees and the cigarette trees
 the lemonade springs where the bluebird sings in the Big Rock Candy Mountains
 in the Big Rock Candy Mountains all the cops have wooden legs
 and the bulldogs all have rubber teeth and the hens lay soft-boiled eggs
 the farmers' trees are full of fruit and the barns are full of hay
 oh I'm bound to go where there ain't no snow
 where the rain don't fall the wind don't blow in the Big Rock Candy Mountains
 in the Big Rock Candy Mountains you never change your socks
 and the little streams of alcohol come a-trickling down the rocks
 the brakemen have to tip their hats and the railway bulls are blind
 there's a lake of stew and of whiskey too
 you can paddle all around 'em in a big canoe in the Big Rock Candy Mountains
 in the Big Rock Candy Mountains the jails are made of tin
 and you can walk right out again as soon as you are in
 there ain't no short-handled shovels no axes, saws or picks
 I'm a-goin' to stay where you sleep all day
 where they hung the jerk that invented work in the Big Rock Candy Mountains
 I'll see you all this coming fall in the Big Rock Candy Mountains