

# « The Big Rock Candy Mountain »

Wallace Stegner



One evening as the sun went down  
And the jungle fires were burning,  
Down the track came a hobo hiking,  
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 winds 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 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 them  
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 nor picks,  
I'm bound 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.