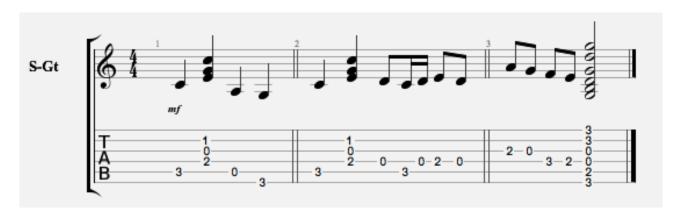
« The Big Rock Candy Mountain »

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.