

The Big Rock Candy Mountain

Introduction:

C G7 C G7
One evening as the sun went down
C G7 C
And the jungle fires were burning,
G7 C
Down the track came a hobo hiking.
G7 C
He said "Boys I'm not turning;
F C F C
I'm heading for a land that's far away
F G7
Beside that crystal fountain.
C G7 C G7
I'll see you all this coming fall
C G7 C
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain."
C
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains,
F C
It's a land that's fair and bright,
F C
The handouts grow on bushes
Dm7 G7
And you sleep out ev'ry night;
C
The box-cars are all empty
F C
And the sun shines ev'ry day
F C F C
I'm bound to go where there ain't no snow
F C
Where the sleet don't fall
F C
And the wind don't blow,
G7 C
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain

Chorus:

C
Oh the buzzing of the bees in the cigarettes trees,
F C
By the soda water fountains,
G7 C
By the lemonade springs where the bluebird sings,
G7 C
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains
You never change your socks,
Little streams of alky-hol
Comes trickling down the rocks.

Oh the shacks all have to tip their hats,
And the railroad bulls are blind,
There's a lake of stew and gingerale too,
And you can paddle all around it
In a big Canoe,
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains
The cops have wooden legs,
The bull-dogs all have rubber teeth
And the hens lay soft-boiled eggs.
The Box-cars all are empty
And the sun shines every day.
I'm bound to 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.

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains
The jails are made of tin,
You can slip right out again
As soon as they put you 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 Mountain.