

Big Rock Candy Mountains

first recorded by Harry McClintock (1928)

D A7 D A7 D A7 D D
 One evening as the sun went down And the jungle fires were burning,
D A7 D A7 D A7 D A7 D D
 Down the track came a hobo humming and he said: "Boys I'm not turning."
G D G D G G A A
 "I'm headed for a land that's far away, beside the crystal fountains.
D A7 D A7 D A7 D D
 I'll see you all this comin' fall in the Big Rock Candy Mountains."

D D D D G G D D
 In the Big Rock Candy Mountains, there's a land that's fair and bright.
G G D D G G A A
 Where the handouts grow on bushes and you sleep out ev'ry night.
D D D D G G D
 Where the boxcars are all empty and the sun shinges ev'ry day.

G D G D
 Oh the birds and the bees and the cigarette trees,
G D G D
 The rock rye springs where the whang doodle sings
A7 A7 D D
 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 farmer's trees are full of fruit
 And the barns are full of hay.

O 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 Mountains.

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains,
 You never change your socks,
 And the little streams of alkyhol
 Come trickling down the rocks.
 The shacks all have to tip their hats

And the railroad bulls are blind,
 \There's a lake of stew and of whiskey, too,
 And you can paddle all around 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 bust right out again,
 As soon as they put you in.
 There ain't no shorthanded shovels
 No axes, saws or picks-

I'm a-going to stay, where you sleep all day
 Where they boiled in oil the inventor of toil
 In the Big Rock Candy Mountains