

# Candy Mountain Run

Bruce Hornsby

Rollin' and a-tumblin'  
Take me to the mountain  
Fly closer to the sun  
Wailin' and a-rumblin'  
I'm movin' not stumblin'  
Come, come with me  
On my candy mountain  
Candy mountain run

Dropping lots of little ones from up high  
Gumdrops, lemon drops rainin' from the sky  
Come on riding close to the sun  
Come on riding with me on my candy mountain run

Rollin' and a-tumblin'  
Take me to the mountain  
Fly closer to the sun  
Wailin' and a-rumblin'  
I'm movin' not stumblin'  
Come, come with me  
On my candy mountain  
Candy mountain run

Movin' to the high ground, wish you could come  
Maybe they'll let me drop the big one  
All the little children hands up high  
Waitin' for the sugar plums fallin' from the sky

Movin' to the high ground, to the sugar mine  
Movin' to the secret so clandestine  
World of fantasy wish you could come  
Mama's little baby on a candy mountain run

Rollin' and a-tumblin'  
Place me on the mountain  
Fly closer to the sun  
Wailin' and a-rumblin'  
My fantasy crumblin'  
Come, come with me  
On my candy mountain  
Candy mountain run

Come on riding with me close to the sun  
Mama keep telling me not to come  
Used to be a mouse, now I can roar  
Tomorrow I'll give myself a little bit more

Forget about tomorrow live for today  
No guarantee, I'll make it anyway  
My special candy tastes good now  
Everyday I die a little, a little anyhow

Rollin' and a-tumblin'  
Take me to the mountain  
Fly closer to the sun  
Wailin' and a-rumblin'  
I'm movin' not stumblin'

Come, come with me  
On my candy mountain  
Candy mountain run