

# Big Rock Candy Mountains

## The Soggy Bottom Boys

One evening as the sun went down,  
And the jungle fire was burning.  
Down the track came a hobo hikin  
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 hand outs 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 blue bird 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 farmer's 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 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 alchohol  
Come trickling down the rocks  
The brake men have to tip their hats  
And the railroad 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 handeled shovels  
No axes, saws, or picks  
I'ma gonna 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.