Big Rock Candy Mountain
by Unknown (bef. 1906) (as sung by Harry "Mac" McClintock - 1928)

Intro: C . . . | . G C .
(sing g c)
C . . . . . . . . . | . G C .
One evenin' as the sun went down and the jungle fire was burnin'
F\ C\ F\ C\ F\ C\ G .
Down the track came a hobo hikin' and he said, "Boys I'm not turnin'
C . . . . . . . . | . G C .
I'm headed for a land that's far a—way be—sides the crystal fountain
So come with me we'll go and see the Big Rock Candy Mountains
C . . . . . . . . | F . C .
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains there's a land that's fair and bright
The handouts grow on bushes and you sleep out every night
C . . . . . . . . | F . C .
Where the boxcars all are empty and the sun shines every day
F\ C\ F\ C\ F\ C\ G .
On the birds and the bees, the cigarette trees, the lemonade springs
F\ C\ G . | C .
Where the bluebird sings in the Big Rock Candy Mountains
C . . . . . . . . | F . C .
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
C . . . . . . . . | F . C .
The farmer's trees are full of fruit and the barns are full of hay
F\ C\ F\ C\ F\ C\ G .
Oh I'm bound to go where there ain't no snow, where there ain't no fall
F\ C\ G . | C .
And 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 a tricklin' down the rocks
The brakemen 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 a-round
Them in a big ca—noe 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 handle shovels no axes, saws or picks
I'm gonna stay where you sleep all day. Where they hung the jerk
That in-vented work, In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

Whistle: C . . . | F . C . | F\ C\ F\ C\ G . C . C\ C\ I'll see you all this comin' fall in the Big Rock Candy Mountains”