

BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN

In the big Rock Candy Mountain,
There's a land that's fair and bright.
Where the hand outs grow on bushes,
And you sleep out ev'ry night.
Where the box cars all are empty,
And the sun shines ev'ry day.

Oh, I'm bound to go where there isn't any snow,
Where the rain doesn't fall, and the wind doesn't blow
In the big Rock Candy Mountain.

Chorus:

Oh, the buzzin' of the bees in the sycamore trees,
'Round the soda water fountain,
Where the lemonade springs and the blue bird sings,
In the big Rock Candy Mountain.

In the big Rock Candy Mountain,
Where the hobos never beg
And the bull dogs all are toothless
And the hens lay ^{soft} fresh boiled eggs.
All the trees are full of apples.
And the barns are full of hay.
There's a lake of stew and soda pop, too,
You can paddle all around in a big canoe.
In the big Rock, Candy Mountain.

Chorus: