

Harry McClintock

"In the Big Rock Candy Mountains"

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One evening as the sun went down
And the jungle fires were burning,
Down the track came a hobo hiking,
And he said, "Boys, I'm not turning
I'm headed for a land that's far away
Besides 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 handouts 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 bluebird 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 farmers' 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 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 trickling down the rocks

The brakemen have to tip their hats

And the railway 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-handled shovels,

No axes, saws nor picks,
I'm bound to stay
Where you sleep all day,
Where they hung the jerk
That invented the work
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

....

I'll see you all this coming fall
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

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