Bruce Hornsby "Candy Mountain Run"

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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

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