

Jonathan Coulton

"Big Rock Candy Mountain"

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In the Big Rock Candy Mountain
You never change your socks
And little streams of alcohol
Come dripping down the rocks
So your socks get good and stinky
And you're always good and drunk
It's the best of times that you've ever had
You're gonna miss your friends, or your mom and dad
at
the Big Rock Candy Mountain

In the Big Rock Candy Mountain
There's a hole that's full of treats
And the rocks all taste like sugardrops
And the dirt is nice and sweet
You can eat some as you work the mines
To bring me precious gems
There's a hobo shed and some paint made of lead
And you know you're done a-paintin' When you wake up
dead
At the Big Rock Candy Mountain

I love the Tender Crisp Bacon Cheddar Ranch
The rest there grow on trees
And streams of bacon ranch dressin's
Come right up to your knees
There's tumbleweeds of bacon
And cheddar paves the streets
You can veg all day all the laundry gets paid(?)
there's a king and a pool and an aperture ray
at the Tender Crisp Bacon Cheddar Ranches

Tender Crisp Bacon Cheddar Ranches...

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