

Soggy Bottom Boys

"Big Rock Candy Mountains"

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One evening as the sun went down,
And the jungle fire was burning.
Down the track came a hobo hikin
And he said boys I'm not turning.
I'm headed for a land that's far away
Beside the crystal fountains.
So come with me,
We'll go and see some birds
The Big Rock Candy Mountains.

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains
There's a land that's fair and bright.
Where the hand outs 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 blue bird 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 farmer's 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 wind 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 alchohol
Come trickling down the rocks
The brake men 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 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, or picks

I'ma gonna stay

Where you sleep all day

Where they hung the jerk

That invented work

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

WHISTLING

I'll see you all

This coming fall

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

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