

C
 One evening as the sun went down
 F
 And the jungle fires were burning,
 C
 Down the track came a hobo hiking,
 F
 And he said, "Boys, I'm not turning
 F C F C
 I'm headed for a land that's far away
 C G
 Besides the crystal fountains
 C
 So come with me, we'll go and see
 G C
 The Big Rock Candy Mountains

C
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains,
 F C
There's a land that's fair and bright,
 F C
Where the handouts grow on bushes
 F G
And you sleep out every night.
 C
Where the boxcars all are empty
 F C
And the sun shines every day
 F C
And the birds and the bees
 F C
And the cigarette trees
 F C
The lemonade springs
 F C
Where the bluebird sings
 G C
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 it
 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 work
 In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

same chords for whistling

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