

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