Big Rock Candy Mountain

authorship in dispute

1st recorded by Harry (Haywire Mac) McClintock, 1928

C C C - G7 C
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C G7 C
One evening, as the sun went down, and the jungle fire was burning,

G7 C
Down the track came a hobo hiking, and he said, 'Boys, I'm not turning.

F C F C F G7
I'm headed for a land that's far a-way, be-side the crystal fountains.

C G7 C
So come with me, we'll go and see, the big rock candy mountains.

C C7 F C
In the big rock candy mountains, there's a land that's fair and bright,

F C F G7
Where the handouts grow on bushes, and you sleep out ev'ry night,

C C7 F C
Where the boxcars all are empty, and the sun shines ev'ry day

F C F C
On the birds and the bees and the cigarette trees,

F C F C
The lemonade springs where the bluebird sings

G7 C
In the big rock candy mountains.

C C7 F C
In the big rock candy mountains, all the cops have wooden legs,

F C F G7
And the bulldogs all have rubber teeth, and the hens lay soft-boiled eggs.

C C7 F C
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 and 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 alcohol come a-trickling down the rocks.
The brakemen 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 a-round 'em in a big ca-noe
In the big rock candy mountains.

1) 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.

4) I'm a-going to stay, where you sleep all day
Where they hung the jerk that in-vented work
In the big rock candy mountains.

*Whistle lines 1 & 4 above:*

I'll see you all this coming fall - In the big rock candy mountains.