

Tom Waits, The Big Rock Candy Mountain

On the Big Rock Candy Mountain
The cops have wooden legs
The bulldogs all have rubber teeth
And the hens lay soft-boiled eggs

(...edit...)

On the Big Rock Candy Mountain
You never change your socks
And little streams of alcohol
Come trickling down the rocks

I'm bound to go
Where the wind don't blow
On the big rock Candy Mountain

On the big rock Candy Mountain
It's a land that's fair and bright
Handouts grow on bushes
And you sleep out every night

I'm bound to go
Where the wind don't blow