

Bruce Hornsby, Candy Mountain Run

Candy Mountain Run

Rollin' and a-tumblin'
Take me to the mountain
Fly closer to the sun
Wailin' and a-rumblin', I'm movin' not stumblin'
Come, come with me on my Candy Mountain
Candy Mountain run

Dropping lots of little ones from up high
Gumdrops, lemondrops rainin' from the sky
Come on riding close to the sun
Come on riding with me on my
Candy Mountain run

Rollin' and a-tumblin'
Take me to the mountain
Fly closer to the sun
Wailin' and a-rumblin', I'm movin' not stumblin'
Come, come with me on my Candy Mountain
Candy Mountain run

Movin' to the high ground, wish you could come
Maybe they'll let me drop the big one
All the little children hands up high
Waitin' for the sugar plums fallin' from the sky
Movin' to the high ground, to the sugar mine
Movin' to the secret so clandestine
World of fantasy wish you could come
Mama's little baby on a Candy Mountain run

Rollin' and a-tumblin', place me on the mountain
Fly closer to the sun
Wailin' and a-rumblin', my fantasy crumblin'
Come, come with me on my Candy Mountain
Candy Mountain run

Come on riding with me close to the sun
Mama keep telling me not to come
Used to be a mouse, now I can roar
Tomorrow I'll give myself a little bit more
Forget about tomorrow live for today
No guarantee I'll make it anyway
My special candy tastes good now
Every day I die a little, a little anyhow

Rollin' and a-tumblin'
Take me to the mountain
Fly closer to the sun
Wailin' and a-rumblin', I'm movin' not stumblin'
Come, come with me on my Candy Mountain
Candy Mountain run