

The Soggy Bottom Boys, Big Rock Candy Mountains

One evening as the sun went down,
And the jungle fire was burning.
Down the track came a hobo hikin
And he said boys I'm not turning.
I'm headed for a land that's far away
Beside the crystal fountains.
So come with me,
We'll go and see some birds
The Big Rock Candy Mountains.

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains
There's a land that's fair and bright.
Where the hand outs grow on bushes
And you sleep out every night.
Where the boxcars all are empty
And the sun shines every day
On the birds and the bees,
And the cigarette trees,
The lemonade springs where the blue bird sings.
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 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
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 alchohol
Come trickling down the rocks
The brake men 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 around them 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 handeled shovels
No axes, saws, or picks
I'ma gonna stay
Where you sleep all day
Where they hung the jerk
That invented work
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

WHISTLING

I'll see you all
This coming fall
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.