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      C          G7     C          G7
One evening, as the sun went down
          C       G7       C
And the jungle fire was burning,
                          G7     C
Down the track came a hobo, hiking,
                        G7      C
And he said, 'Boys, I'm not turning.
    F                C            F      C
I'm headed for a land that's far a-way
     F                    G
Be-side the crystal fountains.
    C             G7        C        G7
So come with me, we'll go and see
      C           G7      C
The Big Rock Candy Mountain.

        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 ev'ry night,
              C
Where the boxcars all are empty,
           F                    C
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
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains,
         F                       C
All the cops have wooden legs,
           F                      C
And the bulldogs all have rubber teeth
           F                        G
And the hens lay soft-boiled eggs.
      C
The farmer's trees are full of fruit
           F                    C
And the barns are full of hay.
         F          C                   F         C
Oh I'm bound to go, where there ain't no snow,
               F          C             F            C
Where the rain don't fall and the wind don't blow
        G7                   C
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

        C
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains,
      F                      C
You never change your socks,
           F                    C
And the little streams of alcohol
            F                       G
Come a-trickling down the rocks.
      C
The brakemen have to tip their hats
           F                    C
And the railroad bulls are blind,
             F        C              F          C
There's a lake of stew and of whiskey,  too,
           F               C                  F        C
You can paddle all a-round ? em in a big ca-noe
        G7                   C
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

        C
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains,
      F                     C
The jails are made of tin,
       F                     C
And you can walk right out again,
     F                    G
As soon as you are in.
         C
There ain't no short-handled shovels
     F                  C
No axes, saws or picks-
        F          C                   F          C
I'm a-going to stay, where you sleep all day
                F          C            F        C
Where they hung the jerk that in-vented work
        G7                   C
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

   F          C        F        C
I'll see you all this comin' fall
        G7                   C
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.
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