

# Big Rock Candy Mountain

*Burl Ives*

Intro in C

<sup>C</sup>  
One evening as the sun went down, and the jungle fires were  
burning, <sup>C</sup>down the track came a ho-bo hiking. And he said "Boys I'm not  
turning. I'm <sup>F</sup>headed for a <sup>C</sup>land that's <sup>F</sup>far <sup>C</sup>a-way <sup>F</sup>be-side the crystal  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>fountains. So come with me we'll go and see the Big Rock Candy Mountains."

<sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
In the Big Rock Can-dy Moun-tains. There's a land that's fair and bright,  
Where the <sup>F</sup>hand-outs grow on <sup>C</sup>bushes and you <sup>F</sup>sleep out every <sup>C</sup>night.  
Where the <sup>C</sup>box-cars all are empty and the <sup>F</sup>sun shines every-day.  
On the <sup>F</sup>birds and the <sup>C</sup>bees, and the <sup>F</sup>cigarette <sup>C</sup>trees, the <sup>F</sup>lemonade <sup>C</sup>springs,  
where the <sup>F</sup>blue <sup>C</sup>bird sings in the <sup>G</sup>Big Rock Candy <sup>C</sup>Mountains.

<sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains, all the cops have wooden legs  
and the <sup>F</sup>bull-dogs all have <sup>C</sup>rubber teeth and the <sup>F</sup>hens lay soft-boiled eggs  
The <sup>G</sup>farmer's trees are full of fruit and the <sup>F</sup>barns are full of hay.  
Oh, I'm <sup>F</sup>bound to go where there ain't no <sup>C</sup>snow, where the <sup>F</sup>rain don't <sup>C</sup>fall,  
the <sup>F</sup>wind don't <sup>C</sup>blow in the <sup>G</sup>Big Rock Candy <sup>C</sup>Moun-tains.

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains. You nev - er change your socks.  
and the lit-tle streams of al-cohol come a trick-ling down the rocks.  
The brakemen have to tip their hats and the rail-road bulls are blind.  
There's a lake of stew and of whiskey too, you can pad-dle all round'em in a big canoe  
in the Big Rock Can-dy Moun-tains

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  
I'm gonna stay where you sleep all day, where they hung the jerk  
who invented work in the Big Rock Can-dy Moun-tains  
I'll see you all this coming fall, in the Big Rock Candy Moun-tains.