

Big Rock Candy Mountain

First recorded by Harry McClintock in 1928, is a folk music song about a hobo's idea of paradise, a modern version of the medieval concept of Cockaigne. It is a place where "hens lay soft boiled eggs" and there are "cigarette trees." McClintock claimed to have written the song in 1895, based on tales from his youth hoboing through the United States, but some believe that at least aspects of the song have existed for far longer.

C G7
One evening as the sun went down, and the jungle fires were
burning, down the track came a hobo hiking. 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 the Big Rock Candy Mountains."

C F C
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 box-cars all are empty and the sun shines every day.
Oh the birds and the bees, and the cigarette trees, the lemonade springs,
where the bluebird sings in the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

C F C
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.

C F C
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains. You never change your socks.
And the little streams of alcohol come a trickling down the rocks.
The brakemen 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 'em
In a big ca-noe in the Big Rock Candy Mountains

C F C
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains, the jails are made of tin.
And you can walk right out again, just as soon as you are in.
There ain't no short-handled shovels. No axes, saws or picks.
I'm gon-na stay where you sleep all day,
Where they hung the jerk who invented work
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

F C F C G7 C
I'll see you all this coming fall, in the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

