

Big Rock Candy Mountain

The Restarts

One evening as the sun went down and the jungle fires were burning
Down a 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 fountain
So come with me and well go see the Big Rock Candy Mountain

In the Big Rock Candy Mountain there's a land that's fair and bright
Where the handouts grow on bushes and you sleep out every night
Where the boxcars are all empty and the sun shines everyday
and the birds and the bees and the cigarette trees the lemonade
springs
where the bluebirds sing all sorts of different fucking things
in the Big Rock Candy Mountain

In the Big Rock Candy Mountain all the cops have wooden legs
The bulldogs all have rubber teeth and the hens lay soft boiled
eggs
The farmers 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
and the wind don't blow where the grass plants grow and the nihilists
go
in the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

In the Big Rock Candy Mountain you never change your socks
and the little streams of alcohol come trickling down the rocks
The breakmen have to tip their hats and the railroad bulls are
blind
There's a lake of stew and whisky too, you can paddle all around
em in a big canoe
You can do whatever you want to do in the Big Rock Candy Mountain

In the Big Rock Candy Mountain all the jails are made of tin
and you can walk right out again as soon as you are in
There no short handled shovels no axes saws or picks
I'm gonna stay where you sleep all day where they hung the jerk
that invented work and I'll see you all this coming fall
in the Big Rock Candy Mountain room for all - now fuck off!