

Big Rock Candy Mountains

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 Im not turning
Im headed for a land thats 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 theres a land thats fair and bright

Where the handouts grow on bushes and you sleep out everynight
Where the boxcars are all empty and the sun sicknes everyday
and the birds and the bees and the cigarette trees the lemonade
springs where the bluebirds sing all sorts of different fuckin
g 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 Im bound to go where there aint no snow where the rain dont
fall and the wind dont 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 alkyhol come trickling down the rocks
The breakmen have to tip their hats and the railroad bulls are
blind

Theres 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
Im gonna stay where you sleep all day where they hung the jerk
that invented work and Ill see you all this coming fall in the
Big Rock Candy Mountain room for all - now fuck off!