

One (D)evening, (A7) as the (D) sun went (A7)down  
And the (D) jungle (A7) fires were (D)burning,  
Down the track came a (A7) hobo, (D) hamming,  
And he said, "Boys, (A7)I'm not (D) turning.  
I'm (G)headed for a (D) land that's (G) far a-(D)way  
Be-(G)side the crystal (A)fountains.  
I'll (D)see you (A7) all this (D)coming (A7) fall  
In the (D)Big Rock (A7) Candy (D)Mountain.

Verses:

In the (D)Big Rock Candy Mountains  
There's a (G)land that's fair and (D)bright,  
Where the (G)handouts grow on (D)bushes  
And you (G)sleep out ev'ry (A)night,  
Where the (D)boxcars are all empty,  
And the (G) sun shines ev'ry (D)day  
O the (G)birds and the (D)bees  
And the (G)cigarette (D)trees,  
The (G)rock rye (D) springs  
Where the (G) whang doodle (D) sings  
In the (A7)Big Rock Candy (D)Mountains.

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.  
O I'm bound to go, where there ain't no snow,  
Where the sleet don't fall and the wind don't blow  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains,  
You never change your socks,  
And the little streams of alkyhol  
Come trickling down the rocks.  
The shacks all have to tip their hats  
And the railroad bulls are blind,  
There's a lake of stew and of whiskey, too,  
And you can paddle all around in a big canoe  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains,  
The jails are made of tin,  
And you can bust right out again,  
As soon as they put you in.  
There ain't no shorthanded shovels  
No axes, saws or picks-  
I'm a-going to stay, where you sleep all day  
Where they boiled in oil the inventor of toil  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.