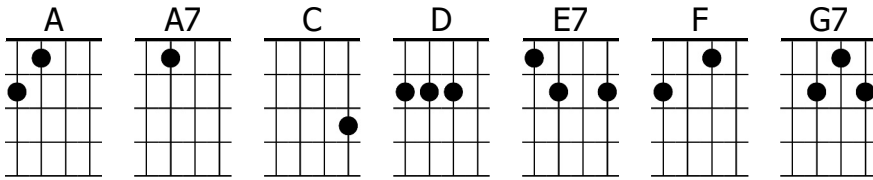


Big Rock Candy Mountain

Harry McClintock



One **A** evening as the | sun went down
And the **A**↓↓ jungle **E7**↓↓ fire was **A** burning |
Down the | track came a | hobo hikin'
And he **A**↓↓ said, "Boys, **E7**↓↓ I'm not **A** turnin'"
I'm **D**↓↓ headin' for a **A**↓↓ land that's **D**↓↓ far a **A**↓↓ way
Be **D** side the crystal **E7** fountains
So **A** come with me, | we'll go and see
The **A**↓↓ Big Rock **E7**↓↓ Candy **A** Mountains

In the **A** Big Rock Candy **A7** Mountains
There's a **D** land that's fair and **A** bright
Where the **D** handouts grow on **A** bushes
And you **D** sleep out every **E7** night
Where the **A** boxcars all are **A7** empty
And the **D** sun shines every **A** day
On the **D**↓↓ birds and the **A**↓↓ bees, and the **D**↓↓ cigarette **A**↓↓ trees
The **D**↓↓ lemonade **A**↓↓ springs, where the **D**↓↓ bluebird **A**↓↓ sings
In the **E7** Big Rock Candy **A** Mountains **A**

In the **A** Big Rock Candy **A7** Mountains
All the **D** cops have wooden **A** legs
And the **D** bulldogs all have **A** rubber teeth
And the **D** hens lay soft boiled **E7** eggs
The **A** farmers' trees are **A7** full of fruit
And the **D** barns are full of **A** hay

Oh I'm **D** bound to **A** go, where there **D** ain't no **A** snow
Where the **D** rain don't **A** fall, the **D** wind don't **A** blow
In the **E7** Big Rock Candy **A** Mountains **A**

In the **A** Big Rock Candy **A7** Mountains
You **D** never change your **A** socks
And the **D** little streams of **A** alcohol
Come a-**D**tricklin' down the **E7** rocks
The **A** brakemen have to **A7** tip their hats
And the **D** railroad bulls are **A** blind
There's a **D** lake of **A** stew and of **D** whiskey **A** too
You can **D** paddle all a **A** round 'em in a **D** big ca **A** noe
In the **E7** Big Rock Candy **A** Mountains **A**

In the **A** Big Rock Candy **A7** Mountains
The **D** jails are made of **A** tin
And **D** you can walk right **A** out again
As **D** soon as you are **E7** in
There **A** ain't no short-handled **A7** shovels
No **D** axes, saws, or **A** picks
I'm a-**D**going to **A** stay, where you **D** sleep all **A** day
Where they **D** hung the **A** jerk, that in **D** vented **A** work
In the **E7** Big Rock Candy **A** Mountains **A**

Whistle

In the **A** Big Rock Candy **A7** Mountains
The **D** jails are made of **A** tin
I'm a-**D**going to **A** stay where you **D** sleep all **A** day
I'll **D** see you **A** all this **D** coming **A** fall
In the **E7** Big Rock Candy **A** Mountains