

Big Rock Candy Mountain



On a sum-mer day in the month of May a bur-ly bum came
hi-king. Down a sha-dy lane through the su-gar cane, he was
loo-king for hin li-king. as he roamed a-long he
sang a song of the land of milk and ho-ney where a
bum can stay for ma-na a day and he won't need a-ny
mo-ney. Oh, the buz-zin' of the bees in the ci-ca-ratte trees near the
so-da wa-ter foun-tain at the le-mon-ade springs where the
blue-bird sings on the big rock can-dy moun-tain.

2. There's a lake of gin we can both jump in
and the handouts grow on bushes.
In the new-mown hay we can sleep all day
and the bars all have free lunches.
Where the mail train stops and there ain't no cops
and the folks are tender-hearted.
Where you never change your socks
and you never throw rocks
and your hair is never parted.

3. Oh, a farmer and his son, they were on the run
to the hay field they were bounding.
Said the bum to the son, "Why don't you come
to that big rock candy mountain?"
So the very next day they hiked away
the mileposts they were counting
but they never arrived at the lemonade tide
on the big rock candy mountain.