One evening, as the sun went down, and the jungle fires were burning, down the track came a hobo hammering. And he said, "Boys, I'm not legs and the bull dogs all have rubber teeth and the hens lay soft boiled socks. And the little streams of alcohol come trickling down the tin. You can bust right out again as soon as your put

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I'm headed for a land that's far away. The farm er's trees are full of fruit and the barns are full of eggs. The shack all have to tip their hats and the railroad bulls are

I'll see you all this coming fall, in the Big Rock Candy Mountains. Hay. Oh, I'm bound to go where there ain't no snow, in the Big Rock Candy Mountains. Blind. There's a lake of stew and whiskey too, you can paddle round in a picks. I'm going to stay where you sleep all day, where they boiled in oil the

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Moun-tains in the Big Rock Can-dy Moun-tains, There’s a
big canoe in the Big Rock Can-dy Moun-tains.
Inventor of toil in the Big Rock Can-dy Moun-tains.

land that’s fair and bright, where the hand-outs grow on bush-ess and you
sleep out ev-ry night. Where the box-cars all are emp-ty, and the

sun shines ev-ry day. Oh, the birds and the bees and the cig-a-rette trees, the
rock-rye springs where the whang doo-dle sing In the Big Rock Can-dy Moun-tains.

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