

Big Rock Candy Mountain

Burl Ives

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Oh the buzzin' of the bees in the cigarette trees
The soda water fountain where the lemonade springs
And the bluebird sings in that Big Rock Candy Mountain On a summer day
In the month of May
A burly bum came ahiking
Down a shady lane
Through the sugar cane
He was looking for his liking
As he strolled along
He sang a song
Of the land of milk and honey
Where a bum can stay
For many a day
And he won't need any money Oh the buzzin' of the bees in the cigarette trees
The soda water fountain where the lemonade springs
And the bluebird sings in that Big Rock Candy Mountain In the Big Rock Candy Mountain
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
The barns are full of hay
I want to go where there ain't no snow
Where the sleet don't fall and the wind don't blow
In that Big Rock Candy Mountain 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 Oh the buzzin' of the bees in the cigarette trees
The soda water fountain where the lemonade springs
And the bluebird sings in that Big Rock Candy Mountain 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 Oh the buzzin' of the bees in the cigarette trees
The soda water fountain where the lemonade springs
And the bluebird sings in that Big Rock Candy Mountain 1. One evening as the sun went down
And the jungle fires were burning,
Down the track came a hobo hiking,
He said, "Boys, I'm not turning
I'm heading for a land that's far away
Beside the crystal fountain
I'll see you all this coming fall
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain
Chorus: In the Big Rock Candy Mountain,
It's a land that's fair and bright,
The handouts grow on bushes
And you sleep out every night.
The boxcars all are empty
And the sun shines every day
I'm bound to go
Where there ain't no snow
Where the sleet don't fall
And the winds don't blow
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain.
Chorus: 3. In the Big Rock Candy Mountain
You never change your socks
And little streams of alkyhol
Come trickling down the rocks
O the shacks all have to tip their hats
And the railway bulls are blind
There's a lake of stew
And ginger ale too
And you can paddle

All around it in a big canoe
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain Oh the buzzin' of the bees in the cigarette trees
The soda water fountain where the lemonade springs
And the bluebird sings in that Big Rock Candy Mountain In the Big Rock Candy Mountain
The cops have wooden legs
The bulldogs all have rubber teeth
And the hens lay soft-boiled eggs
The box-cars all are empty
And the sun shines every day
I'm bound to go
Where there ain't no snow
Where the sleet don't fall
And the winds don't blow
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain. Oh the buzzin' of the bees in the cigarette trees
The soda water fountain where the lemonade springs
And the bluebird sings in that Big Rock Candy Mountain In the Big Rock Candy Mountain,
The jails are made of tin.
You can slip right out again,
As soon as they put you in.
There ain't no short-handled shovels,
No axes, saws nor picks,
I'm bound to stay
Where you sleep all day,
Where they hung the jerk
That invented work
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain.
Chorus:

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