The Big Rock Candy Mountains

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains, There's a land that's fair and bright, Where the hand-outs grow on bushes, And little streams of lemon-ade and you sleep out ev'ry night, Where the box-cars are all empty and their fires all burn.

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains, You never change your socks, And the people there are friendly and the sun shines ev'ry day, Oh, I'm bound to go where there ain't no snow, Where the rain don't fall and the wind don't blow, In the Big Rock Candy

Mountains. Oh, the buzzin' of the bees in the peppermint trees 'Round the soda water fountains, Where the lemon-ade springs and the bluebird sings In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

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