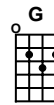
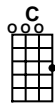
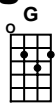
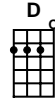
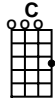
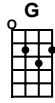
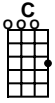


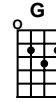
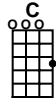
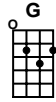
Big Rock Candy Mountain - Harry McClintock



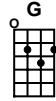
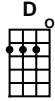
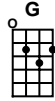
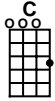
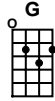
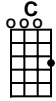
One evening as the sun went down and the jungle fires were burning,



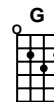
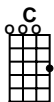
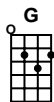
Down the track came a hobo hiking and he said, "Boys, I'm not turning"



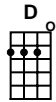
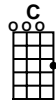
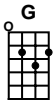
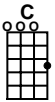
I'm headed for a land that's far away, be - side the crystal fountain.



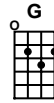
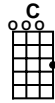
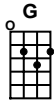
So come with me, we'll go and see the Big Rock Candy Mountain



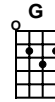
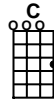
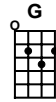
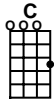
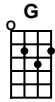
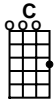
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain there's a land that's fair and bright.



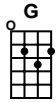
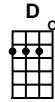
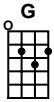
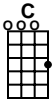
The handouts grow on bushes and you sleep out every night.



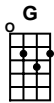
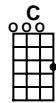
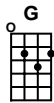
Where the boxcars all are empty, and the sun shines every day



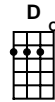
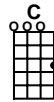
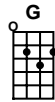
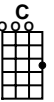
on the birds and the bees, the cigarette trees, the lemonade springs where the



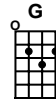
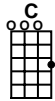
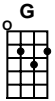
bluebird sings in the Big Rock Candy Mountain



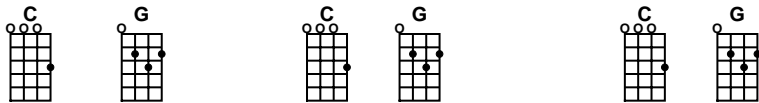
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain all the cops have wooden legs,



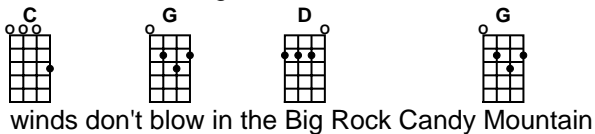
and the bulldogs all have rubber teeth and the hens lay soft boiled eggs.



The farmers' trees are full of fruit and the barns are full of hay.



Oh, I'm bound to go where there ain't no snow, where there ain't no fall, and the



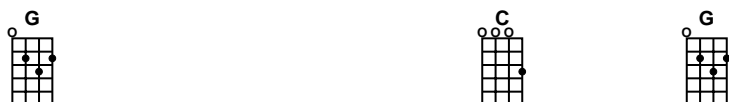
winds don't blow in the Big Rock Candy Mountain



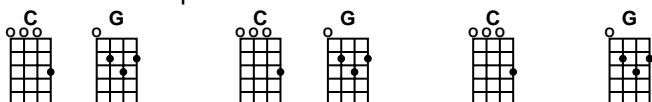
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain you never change your socks,



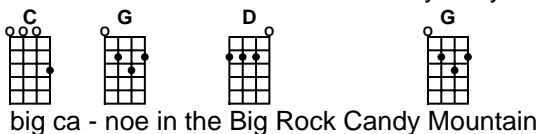
and little streams of alcohol come a tricklin' down the rocks.



The brakemen have to tip their hats and the railroad bulls are blind.



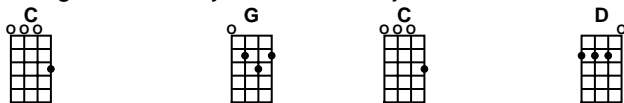
There's a lake of stew and of wiskey too you can paddle all around them in a



big ca - noe in the Big Rock Candy Mountain



In the Big Rock Candy Mountain the jails are made of tin,



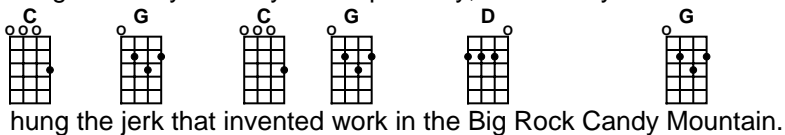
and you can walk right out again as soon as you are in.



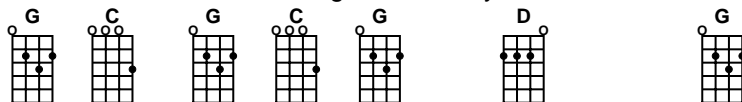
There ain't no short handled shovels, no axes, saws, or picks



I'm gonna stay where you sleep all day, where they



hung the jerk that invented work in the Big Rock Candy Mountain.



(slowly) ...I'll see you all this comin' fall... in the Big Rock Candy Mountain