

# BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAINS

John Hodgman variant • see *The Areas of My Expertise*, paperback edition

C  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains  
F C  
there's a land that's fair and bright  
F C  
And the handouts grow on bushes,  
F C G  
and you sleep out every night  
C  
The boxcars are all empty  
F C  
and the sun shines every day  
F C F C  
On the birds and the bees and the cigarette trees  
F C F C  
The lemonade springs where the bluebird sings  
G C  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains you never change your socks  
And the little streams of alcohol come trickling down the rocks  
So your socks get good and stinky and you're always good and drunk  
It's the bestest time that you ever had  
You won't miss your friends or your Mom and Dad  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains there's a hole that's full of treats  
And the rocks all taste like sugar drops, and the dirt is nice and sweet  
You can eat some as you work the mines to bring me precious gems  
There's a hobo shed and some paint made of lead  
You know you're done a paintin' when you wake up dead  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

I love the tender crisp bacon cheddar ranch, the breasts there grow on trees  
And streams of bacon ranch dressing flow right up to your knees  
There's tumbleweeds of bacon, and cheddar paves the streets  
You get to veg all day, all the lotto tickets paid  
There's a king who wants you to have it your way  
At the tender crisp bacon cheddar ranch  
The tender crisp bacon cheddar ranch

