



C F C  
 4. In the Big Rock Candy Mountains you never change your socks,  
 F C F G  
 And the little streams of alco-hol come a tricklin' down the rocks.  
 C F C  
 The brakemen have to tip their hats and the railroad bulls are blind.  
 F/ C/ F/ C/ F/ C/  
 There's a lake of stew and of whiskey too. You can paddle all a-round  
 F/ C/ G C  
 In a big ca-noe in the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

C F C  
 5. In the Big Rock Candy Mountains the jails are made of tin.  
 F C F G  
 And you can walk right out a-gain as soon as you are in.  
 C F C  
 There ain't no short handled shovels, no axes, saws or picks.  
 F/ C/ F/ C/ F/ C/  
 I'm gonna stay where you sleep all day, where they hung the jerk,  
 F/ C/ G C  
 That in-vented work, in the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

**Whistle or Mouth Trumpet: C /// F / C / F / C / F / C /**

**Outro:** In the Big Rock Candy Mountains. G C C↓