

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

