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
behind the crystal fountain. So come with me we'll go and see the Big Rock Candy Mountain. In the Big Rock Candy Mountains there's a land that's fair and bright, where the handouts grow on
bushes, and you sleep out every night. Whether the box cars are all empty and the sun shines every day on the birds and the bees and the cigarette trees, the lemonade springs whether the blue bird sings in the Big Rock Candy Mountains.