This Land Is Your Land by Woody Guthrie

This land is your land, this land is my land
From the California to the New York island,
From the Redwood Forest, to the gulf stream waters:
This land was made for you and me.

As I went walking that ribbon of highway
I saw above me that endless skyway,
I saw below me that golden valley:
This land was made for you and me.

I roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts,
And all around me a voice was sounding:
This land was made for you and me.

There was a big high wall that tried to stop me
A sign was painted, said: No Trespassing,
But on the back side it didn’t say nothing:
That side was made for you and me.

In the shadow of the steeple I saw my people,
By the relief office I seen my people;
As they stood there hungry, I stood there asking
Is this land made for you and me?

When the sun came shining and I was strolling
And wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling;
As the fog was lifting a voice was chanting:
This land was made for you and me.

This land is your land ’n this land is my land,
From California to the New York island,
From the redwood forest, to the gulf stream waters:
This land was made for you and me.