

This land is your land this land is my land  
from California to the New York Island.

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From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream waters.

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This land was made for you and me.

Well I rode that ribbon highway  
I saw above me that endless skyway,  
I saw below me that golden valley.  
This land was made for you and me.

I've roamed and rambled and followed my footsteps  
through the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts.  
All around me, a voice was calling.  
This land was made for you and me.

In the square of the city, in the shadow of the steeple  
by the relief office I saw my people.  
As they stood there hungry I stood there whistling.  
This land was made for you and me.

Nobody living can ever stop me  
as I go walking my freedom highway.  
Nobody living can make me turn back.  
This land was made for you and me.

Well the sun came shining,  
and I was strolling  
through wheat fields waving  
and dust clouds rolling.

And a voice was sounding  
as the fog was lifting  
saying: This land was made for you and me.