

This land is your land;
 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.

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

When the sun came shining, and I was strolling,
And the wheat fields waving,
 and the dust clouds rolling,
A voice was chanting, as the fog was lifting,
“This land was made for you and me.”