

# This land is your land

(Woodie Guthrie)

G<sup>7</sup>

R. 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.

1) 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.

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

3) When the sun came shining, then 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.

4) In the squares of the city by the shadow of the steeple,  
near the relief office I saw my people,  
and some were stumbling and some were wond'ring  
if this land was made for you and me.

5) As I went rambling that dusty highway, I saw a sign that said private property,  
but on the other side it didn't say nothing. This land was made for you and me.

6) 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.