**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 water,
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.

CHORUS

I roamed and I rambled and I followed my footsteps
O'er the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts,
While all around me a voice was sounding, saying**

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

As I went walking, I saw a sign there;
On the sign it said NO TRESPASSING,
But on the other side it didn't say nothing--
That side was made for you and me!**