

John Williams, America : The Dream Goes On

America, America, and the dream goes on !
America, America, and the dream goes on !

There's a song in the dust of a county road
On the wind it comes to call,
And it sings in the farms and the factory towns
Where you think there'd be no song at all.

And the words are the words that our fathers heard
As they whistled down the years,
And the name of the song is the name of the dream
And it's music to our ears.

America, America, and the dream goes on !
America, America, and the dream goes on !

And the words that we read on the courthouse walls
And the words that make us free
And the more we remember the way we began
The closer we get to the best we can be.

Was there ever a time we forgot it's worth
All the struggles and the scars
If we leave to the children a sky full of hope
And a flag that's filled with stars.

America, America, and the dream goes on !

Remember the voice of Jefferson
And the sound of Thomas Paine,
Lincoln sang at Gettysberg about America.
Listen well to the wind and you can hear
From Oregon to Maine,

America, America !

There's a song in the dust of a country road
It's a song we must recall
And it sings in the farms and the factory towns
And where you think there'd be no song at all.

And the words are the words that our fathers heard
As they whistled down the years,
And the name of the song is the name of the dream
And it's music to our ears.

America, America, and the dream goes on !

Think of Roosevelt and Kennedy
And of Martin Luther King
And the way they sang a song about America
Listen well to the wind, its always there
And it's asking us to sing,

America, America !

Though the voices are changing,
The song's the same as it sings from sea to sea,
And as long as the music is strong and clear
We'll know that tomorrow will always be free.

America, and the dream goes on !
America, and the dream goes on !

America, America, America, America, and the dream goes on !