

Zounds, This Land

This land is your land and this land is my land
From the dirty water of the river Thames
To the rusting cranes of the tee another tyne
The land that's choking with wires and plugs
Strangles with fences and stuck with knives
Was this land made for you and me?

This town is your town and this town is my town
From the derelict slums that are dirty and grey
To the house on the hill in the private estate
The places nice kids would never go
To the places no-one else has the right to go
Was this land made for you and me?
Made for you and me

This street is your street and this street is my street
From the broken phone box where the gangs all meet
To the glass on the path that cuts your feet
To the neighbors next door who refuse to speak
??? To the cope in the hunter doing its bleak ???
Was this land made for you and me?

It's your world too you can do what you want
It's your world too, it's your world too...