John Denver, 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 fac'try 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 th fac'try 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!

And the dream goes on!