

Trees, This Land

This Land is your Land
this Land is my Land
from California
to the Boston Harbor
from the Redwood forest
to the Gulf stream waters
this Land was made for you and me
As I went rambling that ribbon of highway
I saw above me a polluted skyway
I saw below me a congested highway
This Land was made for you and me
On Sunday morning in the shadow of the steeple
by the welfare office I see my people
They stood there hungry, I stood there screaming
This Land was made for you and me
Nobody out there can ever stop me
when I go walking that Freedom highway
Nobody out there could ever make me turn
This Land was made for you and me
As I went walking I saw a sign there
and on the sign it
said no trespassing
But on the other side it said nothing
that side was made for you and me!