

# This Land Is Your Land

Billy Bragg

This land is your land,  
This land is my land,  
From the coast of Cornwall,  
To the Scottish Highlands.  
From the sacred forests,  
To the holy islands,  
This land was made for you and me.

As I walked out through  
The homeless counties,  
The traffic raging,  
Raging all around me.  
I closed my eyes and,  
Dreamed how it could be,  
This land was made for you and me.

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So I am going,  
No one can stop me,  
Where the wild flowers growing,  
Clean rivers flowing.  
Fresh winds are blowing,

And the tall trees whispering,  
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I saw a sign there,  
When I was walking,  
And on the sign it,  
Said "No Trespassing".  
But on the other side,  
It didn't say nothing,  
This side was made for you and me.

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As the clouds went rolling,  
And the church bells ringing,  
I heard the songs that,  
The birds were singing.

As night came falling,  
They went on calling,  
This land was made for you and me.

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From the teeming city,  
I made my escape,  
To find my place in,  
The mystic landscape.  
I'm not the first here,  
Nor am I the last here,  
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