This Land Is Your Land

Counting Crows

Well I roll down that ribbon of highway,
I saw above me the endless sky,
I saw below me the golden valley,
This land was made for you and me.

Well I roamed and rambled and I've followed my footsteps,
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts,
And all around me a voice was callin'
They said this land was made for you and me.

This land is your land, this land is my land,
From California to the New York island,
From the Redwood Forest to the Gulf Stream waters,
This land was made for you and me.

Well the sun was shining, so I went strollin'
And the wheat fields wavin' and the dust clouds rollin'
And a voice was soundin' and the fog was liftin'
The voice said this land was made for you and me.

This land is your land, this land is my land,
From California to the New York island,
From the Redwood Forest to the Gulf Stream waters,
This land was made for you and me.

I said hey Mister President,
I wanna talk about the government,
All about poverty, that's in our souls,
What about the welfare,
Mister seems like you don't care,
I know this land was made for you and me.

I said hey Mister President,
Wanna talk about the government,
And what about the poverty, that's in our souls,
Hey, hey, hey, what about the welfare,
Mister seems like you don't care,
And I know that this land was made for you and me.

Hey, hey, hey, hey Mister President,
I wanna talk about the government,
Oh now what about the poverty, that's deep inside our souls,
No now tell me don't you give a damn about the welfare,
'Cause Mister it seems like you just don't care,
I know this land was made for you and me.

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