

**I roamed and rambled and followed my footsteps  
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts  
And all around me, a voice was sounding  
This land was made for you and me**

**There was a big high wall there that tried to stop me  
A sign was painted said: Private Property  
But on the back side it didn't say nothing  
This land was made for you and me**

**When the sun come shining, then I was strolling  
In wheat fields waving and dust clouds rolling  
The voice was chanting as the fog was lifting  
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**

**Songwriters: Woody Guthrie**