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.

As I was walking that ribbon of highway
I saw above me that endless skyway.
I saw below me, that golden valley
this land was made for you and me.

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

When the sun came shining and I was strollin
And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling
A voice was chanting, as the fog was lifting...
this land was made for you and me.