

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND / FLOWERS NEVER BEND

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

When the sun came shining, and I was strolling
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.

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.

— ~ —

Through the corridors of sleep, Past shadows dark and deep
My mind dances and leaps in confusion.
I don't know what is real, I can't touch what I feel
And I hide behind the shield of my illusion.

So I'll continue to continue... to pretend
My life will never end, And flowers never bend,
With the rainfall.

The mirror on my wall, Casts an image dark and small
But I'm not sure at all its my reflection.
I'm blinded by the light, of God and truth and right
And I wander in the night without direction.

So I'll continue to continue... to pretend
My life will never end, And flowers never bend

With the rainfall.

Its no matter if you're born, To play the king or pawn
For the line is thinly drawn 'tween joy and sorrow,
So my fantasy, becomes reality
And I must be what I must be and face tomorrow.

So I'll continue to continue... to pretend
My life will never end, And flowers never bend
With the rainfall.

— ~ —

As I went walking, I saw a sign And on that sign it said, "No Trespassing." But on the
other side, it didn't say an-y-thing, That side was made for you and me.

In the squares of the city, In the shadows of the steeple; In the immigration prisons, I
saw our people. As they sat there crying, I stood up calling, Is this land made for you
and me?

Nobody living can ever stop us, As we go walking that freedom highway; Nobody
living can make us turn back 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. (x2)