

Frank
Sinatra
or

The House I Live In

What is America to me? →

A name, a map, the flag I see? —

A certain word, "Democracy"? —

What is America to me? →

The house I live in, a plot of earth, a street,
The grocer and the butcher, and the people that I meet, —
The children on the playground, the faces that I see,
All races, all religions, that's America to me. →

The place I work in, the worker by my side,
The little town or city where my people lived and died, —
The "howdy" and the handshake, the air of feeling free, —
The right to speak my mind out, that's America to me. →

The things I see about me, the big things and the small,
The little corner newsstand and the house a mile tall,
The wedding and the churchyard, the laughter and the tears,
The dream that's been a growin' for a hundred fifty years. —

The town I live in, the street, the house, the room,
The pavement of the city, or a garden all in bloom,
The church, the school, the clubhouse,
The millions lights I see,

② But especially the people, that's America to me. —