

Frank Sinatra "House I Live In, The"

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What is America to me
A name, a map, or a 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 in the playground
The faces that I see
All races and religions
That's America to me

The place I work in
The worker at my side
The little town, the city
Where my people lived and died

The howdy and the handshake
The air of feeling free
And 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 growing
For a hundred and fifty years

The town I live in
The street, the house, the room
The pavement of the city
Or the garden all in bloom

The church the school the clubhouse
The millions lights I see

But especially the people
That's America to me

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