

## Frank Sinatra

# "The House I Live In"

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[Intro:]

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 by my side  
The little town or 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 in the churchyard, the laughter and the tears  
The dream that's been a-growin' for a hundred and 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  
But especially the people  
That's America to me

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