

## **Sinatra Frank**

### **"The House I Live In"**

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Writers: Robinson/Allen

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  
Or 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 the city  
Where my people lived and died

The howdy and the handshake  
The air a feeling free  
And the right to speak your mind out  
That's America to me

The things I see about me  
The big things and the small  
That little corner newsstand  
Or the house a mile tall

The wedding and the churchyard  
The laughter and the tears  
And the dream that's been a growing  
For more than two hundred 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  
- Yes especially the people That's America to me

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