

The House I Live In

Frank Sinatra

[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
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But especially the people
That's America to me