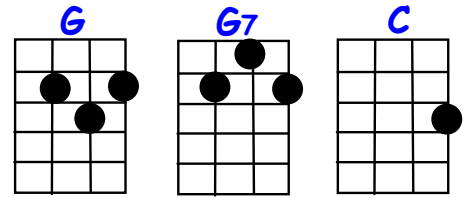


Cotton Fields – This Land is Your Land

When I [G] was a little bitty [G7] baby,

My momma would [C] rock me in the [G] cradle.

In them old, cotton fields back [D] home. [D7]



It was [G] down in Louisi-[G7]-ana

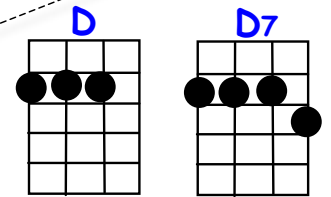
Just about a [C] mile from Texar-[G]-kana,

In them old, [D] cotton fields back [G] home. (outro: [G7] This Land....)

[G7] Oh when them [C] cotton balls get a rotten,

You can't [G] pick very much cotton,

In them old, cotton fields back [D] home. [D7] (Chorus)



[G7] This land is [C] your land, this land is [G] my land

From [D7] California to the New York [G] island [G7]

From the red-wood [C] forest to, the Gulf stream [G] waters.

[D7] This land is made for you and [G] me. (outro: Repeat Chorus and last line 2x)

[G7] As I was [C] walking, that [G] ribbon of highway

I saw a-[D7]-bove me that endless [G] sky way. [G7]

I saw be-[C]-low me that golden [G] valley.

[D7] This land is made for you and [G] me. **Chorus**

[G7] I've roamed and [C] rambled, And I followed my [G] footsteps

To the sparkling [D7] sands of her diamond [G] deserts. [G7]

And all a-[C]-round me, a voice was [G] sounding...

[D7] This land is made for you and [G] me. **Chorus**