

Freedom – To Me

[In honor of the people who preserved our National, State, County and local Parks.]

Fresh steps in the snow.
No one's watching where we come and go.
Not a house anywhere, not a car as far as we can see,
That's Freedom – Freedom – Freedom – to me.

Majestic forests, roaring oceans,
Mountains so tall and deserts that sprawl,
Lands that we've preserved belong to you and me.
They're Freedom – Freedom – Freedom – to me.
They're Freedom – Freedom – Freedom – to me.

*In summer, someone's playing music,
Someone's planting a tree,
Someone's flying model airplanes, Someone's dreaming a dream –*

Of Freedom – Freedom – Freedom – to me.
Of Freedom – Freedom – Freedom – to me.

Fresh steps in the snow.
Birds and deer are watching where we go.
I walk along and I see:
The things that matter are still here – for you and me
And they're still free.

That's Freedom – Freedom – Freedom – to me.
That's Freedom – Freedom – Freedom – to me.

Yes, Freedom – Freedom – Freedom – to me.