

## **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 I 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.**