

from Citizens by Jon Guerra

I have a heart full of questions
Quieting all my suggestions
What is the meaning of Christian
In this American life?
I'm feeling awfully foolish
Spending my life on a message
I look around and I wonder
Ever if I heard it right
Coming to you 'cause I'm confused
Coming to you 'cause I feel used
Coming to weep while I'm waiting
Tell me you won't make me go
I need to know there is justice
That it will roll in abundance
And that you're building a city
Where we arrive as immigrants
And you call us citizens
And you welcome us as children home

The House I Live In, Sung by Josh White

... What is America to me?
A name, a map, the flag I see
A certain word democracy
What is America to me?
... The house I live in, the friends that I have found
The folks beyond the railroad, and the people all around
The farmer and the worker, the sailor on the sea
The men who built this country, that's America to me
... The house I live in, my neighbors white and black
The people who just came here, or from generations back
The town hall and the soapbox, the torch of liberty
A home for all God's children, that's America to me
... The words of old Abe Lincoln, of Jefferson and Paine
Of Washington and Jackson, and the task that still remains
Our little bridge at Concord, where freedom's fight began
Our Gettysburg and Midway, and the story of the tan
... The house I live in, the goodness everywhere
A land of wealth and beauty, with enough for all to share
A land that we call freedom, the home of liberty
With its promise for tomorrow, that's America to me