

Let America Be Outdoors Again

By Pippa Smith

Let America be a wild green frontier again
Let it be fields of flower-speckled grass nestled into forest floors
Let it be towering pines and stout oaks waiting to be climbed
Let us seek a new adventure in this world just outside our doors

(America is a white-walled prison of 9-to-5s and 8-to-4s)

Let America be the dream the dreamers dream
Let it be a land of fragrant sage and lush grass
Where nature is never dictated by corporate decree
And the mossy portal opens for more than just the upper class

(The doors never opened for me)

Oh, let my land be land where freedom is crowned
Above power, glory, deception, and greed
And doors fling open to where nature is found
Where the sky is blue and brilliant sunsets come free

(There's never been a key handed to me)

I am the city kid with street lights for stars
I am the young man climbing to corporate Mars
I am the builder putting concrete on sand
I am the dreamer who dreams to see land
We find only a locked metal door
Gatekeeping nature that begs to be explored

Yet, I'm the one who dreams this wild dream
Yes, me, a servant to a CEO king
Let us burst through the portals that hold us inside
And run through the forests to see what we find

Let us make America outdoors again!