

## **Keni Thomas**

# **"Flags Of Our Fathers"**

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I remember every holiday  
Our whole town lined the streets  
Waitin' on the big parade  
From the curb in their lawn chair seats  
And one old man always the first to stand  
And snap a sharp salute  
And one by one the crowd around  
Would rise and follow suit

For the streamers flew like eagles  
And the battle banners waved  
For all the ones who fought and died  
To see Old Glory raised  
To each and every hero  
Who has ever come and gone  
The flags of our fathers carry on  
The flags of our fathers carry on

Marching bands and the motorcades  
Paper flowers and the floats  
The beauty queens and their pageant waves  
Oh, but what I remember most  
Was that one old man always the first to stand

With his hand across his heart  
And how his eyes welled up with pride  
When he saw the color guard

As the streamers flew like eagles  
And the battle banners waved  
For all the ones who fought and died  
To see Old Glory raised  
To each and every hero  
Who has ever come and gone  
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Carry on...

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