

Flags of Our Fathers

[Ken Thomas](#)

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
The flags of our fathers carry on
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The flags of our fathers carry on Carry on...

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