

## **The Flag That Rode Across America**

by George Guinn

I fly above hallowed ground, where memories of the fallen do abound

I was lowered not with sadness, But with Hope, Joy and Gladness

I am folded with respect and pride, I am going on an Epic Ride

A ten thousand mile quest, representing America's best

Honoring those who answered Freedom's call,

Remembering those that did fall.

Those touch by death's hand, giving their all for Freedom's Land

Flying over Arlington's hallowed ground.

Soon to turn west, homeward bound.

Riding through America's heart. Back to here I did this journey start

I fly over hallowed ground. Where memories of the fallen do abound.

I was raised not with sadness, but with joy, hope and gladness.

I am home above those who gave their life for me,

I am home, flying over the Central Coast Veteran's Cemetery.