

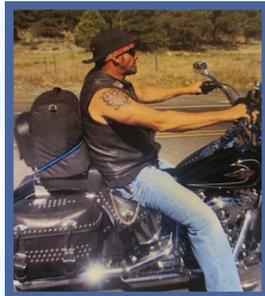
DON'T CRY FOR ME, I STILL RIDE FREE,
WITH THE WIND UPON MY FACE
LEATHER IN BLACK, THE SUN ON MY BACK,
A PRICELESS GIFT OF GOD'S GRACE

I'LL NEVER GROW OLD ON THESE STREETS OF GOLD,
CHASING A MAJESTIC SUNSET
AND I STILL RECALL HOW I LOVE YOU ALL,
SWEET MEMORIES I WON'T FORGET

AND WHEN YOUR ROAD ENDS, WE'LL MEET AGAIN
INSIDE THE PEARLY GATES,
AND WE'LL LAUGH AWHILE AND GO RIDE FOR MILES,
BUT FOR NOW, HEAVEN CAN WAIT

WHEN YOU DO GET THERE, DON'T SHED ONE TEAR
AND THINK THAT I AM HIDING
JUST SEARCH HEAVEN'S SHORE, WHERE ENGINES ROAR
AND YOU'LL FIND THAT I'VE GONE RIDING

-David Ritter



IN LOVING MEMORY OF

David Harris

MAY 4, 1963 - DECEMBER 27, 2025

