

Joal Kamps "P.o.w."

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Down by the dugout is when I first laid my eyes on you
Your smile was innocent your lips tasted like honey dew
And I won't forget you, no matter what these years
might do
I still smell you in the falling rains of June

They may try all they want
But I ain't ever giving up
The sweet memory of our love
They may try all they want
But I ain't ever giving up our love

Well, that call came in late one Sunday afternoon
It was family dinner; we didn't expect to hear so soon
He said, "pack your bags boy, you gotta catch the
midnight train"
When I come back home I'll never know

They may try all they want
But I ain't ever giving up
The sweet memory of our love
They may try all they want
But I ain't ever giving up our love

I've seen a child die in his father's arms
In the middle of these city streets
And I wish all these people were disarmed
So we could go home to our families
It's a shot in the dark; a heart that's holding on; it's an
undying love
'Cause maybe I'll see you again

They may try all they want
But I ain't ever giving up
The sweet memory of our love
They may try all they want
But I ain't ever giving up
Our love

