

MotoLyrics.com
Biggest, regularly updated and free lyrics database

Joal Kamps "P.o.w."

Visit "P.o.w." on MotoLyrics.com

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

Visit <u>loal Kamps</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.