

Pocket Full Of Rocks

"Sometimes"

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Chorus:

Sometimes we are all we got, this time I have not forgot
Even a blind man can see, that it could be you,
It might be me
And sometimes we are all we got

It was a long hot summer run,
Back in the middle of sixty-four
Down by a clearing just out of the sun,
I swore I had been there before
When a shot rang out and suddenly I was face to face
With the enemy

Sometimes we are all we got, this time I have not forgot

A boy of eighteen and Southern bred,
His troops had left him there for dead
Laying up against a big oak tree,
It had all come down to either him or me
Just one of those times, two lives on the line
Is this the last thing I'll ever see?

(chorus)

This time I have not forgot, this time I have not forgot

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