

# Poco, Sometimes (We Are All We Got)

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