

## **Jon Bon Jovi "Dry County"**

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Across the border they turn  
Water into wine.  
Some say it's the devil's blood  
They're squeezing from the vine  
Some say it's a saviour.  
In these hard and desperate times  
Seeing it helps me to forget  
That we're just born to die

I came here like so many did  
To find the better life  
To find my piece of easy street  
To finally be alive  
I knew, nothing good comes easy  
All good things take some time  
I made my bed I'll lie in it  
To die in it is the crime

You can't help but prosper  
Where the streets are paved with gold  
They say the oil wells ran deeper here  
Than anybody's known  
now I packed up on my wife and kid  
And left them both back home  
See, there's nothing in this paydirt  
The ghosts are all I know

Now the oil's gone  
and the money's gone  
all the jobs are gone  
Still we're hangin' on

Down in dry county  
They're swimming in the sand  
Praying for some holy water  
To wash the sins from off our hands  
in dry county  
The promise has run dry  
Where nobody cries  
And no one's getting out of here alive

In the blessed name of Jesus

I heard a preacher say  
That we are all God's children  
And that he'd be back, back someday  
I hoped that he knew something  
as he drank his cup of wine  
I didn't have too good of a feeling  
As I head out to the night

I cursed the sky to open  
I begged the clouds for rain  
I prayed to God for water  
For this burning in my veins  
It was like my soul's on fire  
And I had to watch the flames  
All my dreams went up in ashes  
And my future blew away

Now the oil's gone  
and the money's gone  
all the jobs are gone  
Still we're hangin' on

Down in dry county  
They're swimming in the sand  
Praying for some holy water  
To wash the sins from off our hands  
in dry county  
The promise has run dry  
Where nobody cries  
And no one's getting out of here alive

Men spend this whole life Waiting,  
praying for their big reward  
But it seems sometimes  
That payoff leaves you feeling  
Like a dirty whore  
If I could choose the way I'll die  
Make it by the gun or knife  
'Cause the other way there's too much pain  
night after night after night after night...

Down in dry county  
They're swimming in the sand  
Praying for some holy water  
To wash the sins from off our hands  
Here in dry county  
The promise has run dry  
Where nobody cries  
And no one's getting out of here alive

