Dry County

The B-52's

Ah, sitting in the back seat of a low
Ride automobile
We're cruisin' on the outskirts
Lookin' for a two-legged dealWe got a Dry County, can't find no spirits here
Dry County, run for your life out of fear
For things that you cannot find
Across a Dry County lineIf the signs say liquor in the front baby
And poker in the rear
All you find is trouble
It's best that you get out of here-Chorus:
You got a Dry County, can't find no vices here
No, no, no, no, no
Dry County, run for your life out of fear
Run for your life out of fear
Can't find no spirits nowhere
For things that you cannot find across
A Dry County lineAh, L.A. to London, Buzzard Country, New Mexico
Detroit, Atlanta,
There ain't no place that's too far to go To get away from this
Dry County, can't find no vices here
Dry County, run for your life out of here
Ah, run baby, keep on runnin'
Ah, there ain't no Busch nowhere
For things that you cannot find
Across a Dry County line

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