Dry Town

Jill Phillips

I can feel the sun beating on my face
And my feet are covered with the burning sand
My Garden of Eden has been replaced
By the drought that comes with the desert landNo fruit trees and no river bends
You could walk miles and see no signs of life
But I still believe this drought will end
Even if there are no clouds in sightLike a hard rain in a dry town
You bring life to this dead ground
And You are hope for this run down
Old dry townSometimes I run so far from You
Sometimes I trade my joy for pain
Sometimes I know what I should do
But to follow through I need Your strengthLike a hard rain in a dry town
You bring life to this dead ground
And You are hope for this run down
Old dry townLike a hard rain in a dry town
You bring life to this dead ground
You are hope for this run down
Old dry townYes You are hope for this run down
Old dry town

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