

# 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My Garden of Eden has been replaced  
By the drought that comes with the desert land  
No 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 sight  
Like a hard rain in a dry town  
You bring life to this dead ground  
And You are hope for this run down  
Old dry town  
Sometimes 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 strength  
Like a hard rain in a dry town  
You bring life to this dead ground  
And You are hope for this run down  
Old dry town  
Like a hard rain in a dry town  
You bring life to this dead ground  
You are hope for this run down  
Old dry town  
Yes You are hope for this run down  
Old dry town

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