

# Dry County

## Blackfoot

Ah, sitting in the back seat of a low  
Ride automobile  
We're cruisin' on the outskirts  
Lookin' for a two-legged deal We 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 line If 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 line Ah, 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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