

Dry County (live 19 september 1993)

Bon Jovi

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 savior
In these hard and desperate times
You see it helps me to forget that we're just born
To die I came here like so many did to find a better life
To find my piece of easy street
To finally be alive
And I know nothing good comes easy
All good things take some time
I made my bed I'll lie in it
To die in it's 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 at home
See there's nothing in this pay dirt
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
Here in dry county
The promise has run dry
Where nobody cries
And no one's getting out of here alive (Not this time) "In the blessed name of Jesus" I heard a preacher say
That we are all God's children
And He'd be back, back someday
I hoped that he knew something as he drank that cup of wine
I didn't have too good a feeling as I head out to the night I cursed the sky to open
I begged the clouds for rain
I prayed all night 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 these 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 Men spend their whole lives waiting
Prayin' for some big reward
But it seems sometimes the payoff
Leaves you feeling like a dirty whore
If I could choose the way I'd 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
Where 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
No one's getting out of here
Dry county
And no one's getting out of here
Dry county

Songwriters

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