

Dry Town

Miranda Lambert

Well, the road was hot and flat as a ruler
Good hundred miles 'tween me and Missoula
That vinyl top wasn't gettin' no cooler
So I stopped at a quickie sack And I figured I'd need about a six of miller
And one of them things so I wouldn't spill her
And I asked the girl if the beer was in the back She said, "It's a dry town
No beer, no liquor for miles around
I'd give a nickel for a sip or two
To wash me down out of this dry town" So I turned right around, no hesitation
Cursed the laws ruinin' the nation
Waved goodbye to the boy at the station
But she wouldn't go into gear He said, "It sounds like your transmission
You need Bob but he's gone fishing
On his day off he gets a long way from here" 'Cause it's a dry town
No beer, no liquor for miles around
I'd give a nickel for a sip or two
To wash me down out of this dry town Well, back home friends you can get a dose of
Something strong from your local grocer
So I walked down 'til I came a little closer
To a place called Happy John's He said, "I keep some here for colds and fevers
And down underneath's where I usually leave her
But just last night I felt a cold a comin' on" Now it's a dry town
No beer, no liquor for miles around
I'd give a nickel for a sip or two
To wash me down out of this dry town I need a sip or two
To wash me down out of this dry town

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