

Dry County Blues

Angaleena Presley

one traffic light in front of the high school
kids in the parking lot fixing to lie to
an old worn-out deputy, don't even carry a gunthere's a car full of pillbillies looking to score
from one of them trailer court front porch drug stores
and a tired coal miner on a long West Virginia beer runchorus
dry county blues, not a beer joint in sight
half the county's laid off, laid up or gettin' highat the head of the holler there's a makeshift casino
with a rusty pool table and blackjack and bingo
ain't nothing illegal as long as the sheriff gets paidthere's good Christian women locking their front doors
praying their daughters don't turn into meth whores
while their sons are out drinkin' and drivin' and trying to get laidchorusnowhere to go, not a damn thing to do
so you turn a blind eye, and barely get by
dry county blues

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