

Jon Bon Jovi, Dry County

Across the border they turn
Water into wine.
Some say its the devils blood
Theyre squeezing from the vine
Some say its a saviour.
In these hard and desperate times
Seeing it helps me to forget
That were just born to die
I came here like so many did
To find the better life
To find my piece of easy street
To finally be alive
I knew, nothing good comes easy
All good things take some time
I made my bed I'll lie in it
To die in it is the crime
You cant help but prosper
Where the street are paved with gold
They say the oil wells ran deeper here
Than anybodys known
now I packed up on my wife and kid
And left them both back home
See, theres nothing in this paydirt
The ghost are all I know
Now the oils gone
and the moneys gone
all the jobs are gone
Still were hangin on
Down in dry county
Theyre 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
And no ones getting out of here alive
In the blessed name of Jesus
I heard a preacher say
That we are all Gods children
And that hed be back, back someday
I hoped that he knew something
as he drank his cup of wine
I didnt have too good of a feeling
As I head out to the night
I cursed the sky to open
I begged the clouds for rain
I prayed to God for water
For this burning in my veins
It was like my souls on fire
And I had to watch the flames
All my dreams went up in ashes
And my future blew away
Now the oils gone
and the moneys gone
all the jobs are gone
Still were hangin on
Down in dry county
Theyre 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
And no ones getting out of here alive

Men spend this whole life Waiting,
praying for their big reward
But it seems sometimes
That payoff leaves you feeling
Like a dirty whore
If I could choose the way Ill die
Make it by the gun or knife
Cause the other way theres too much pain
night after night after night after night
Down in dry county
Theyre 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 ones getting out of here alive