

Miranda Lambert, Dry Town

Well the road was hot and flat as a ruler
Good hundred miles between me and Missoula
That vinyl top wasn't gettin' no cooler
I stopped at a Quickie Sack
Well I figured I'd need about a six of Miller
And one of those things so I wouldn't spill 'er
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
Outta this dry town

So I turn right around, no hesitation
Cursed the laws for ruinin' the nation
Waved goodbye to the boy at the station
But she wouldn't go in gear

He said it sounds like your transmission
You need Bob, but he's gone fishin'
On his day off, he gets a long way from here
Cause

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To wash me down
Outta 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 got a little closer
To a place called Happy John's

He said I keep something here for colds and fevers
Down underneath's where I usually leave her
But just last night I felt a cold comin on

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No beer, no liquor for miles around
I'd give a nickel for a sip or two
To wash me down
Outta this dry town

I'd need a sip or two
To wash me down
Outta this dry town