

Bon Jovi, Dry County

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 saviour
In these hard and desperate times
For me it helps me to forget
That we're 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
And I know nothing good comes easy
And 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
I packed up on my wife and kid
And left them back at home

Now there's nothing in this paydirt
The ghosts are all I know
Now the oil's gone
The money's gone
And 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 hand
Here in dry county
The promise has run dry
Where nobody cries
And no one's getting out of here alive

In the blessed name of Jesus
I heard a preacher say
That we are God's children
And He'd be back someday
And I hoped that he knew
Something as he drank his cup of wine
I didn't 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 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
And 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 hand
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 praying for their big reward
But it seems sometimes
The payoff leaves you feeling
Like a dirty whore
If I could choose the way I'll die
Make it by the gun or knife
'Cause the other way there's too much pain
Night after night after night

Down in dry county
They're swimming in the sand
Praying for some holy water
To wash the sins from off our hand
Here in dry county
The promise has run dry
Where nobody cries
And no one's getting out of here alive