

## Dry Town

Miranda Lambert

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  
So I stopped at a quickie sack  
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  
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