

Dry Town

The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band

Well, the road was hot and flat as a ruler
Good hundred miles between me and Missoula
That vinyl top weren't gettin' no cooler
So I stopped at a Quickie Sack
Well, I figure I'd need about a six of Miller
And one of them things so's I wouldn't spill 'er
So 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 hesitatin'
Cursed the laws ruining the nation
Waved goodbye to the boy at the station
But she wouldn't go into gear
He said it sounds like it's 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 the local grocer
So I walked down 'til I come closer
To a place called Happy John's
He said I keep some for colds and fevers
Down underneath's where I usually leave 'er
But just last night I felt a cold coming 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

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