

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

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