

High and Dry

Bobby Bare

I came here with a woman who believed in my ideas
Looking for a dream I'd never found
But a woman soon gets hungry of living on a dream
And a town like this can turn her head around
I made her a promise that a break would bring a change
While clinging to a dream that wouldn't die
But she got tired of waiting
And the only break that came
Was when that woman left me high and dry

Now my life is just as empty
As the pockets in my jeans
I don't have that dream to get me by
The thing that's worse than dying

Is living every day
Waking up each morning high and dry

If a dream has any value then how much is it worth
If it won't buy a man a bite to eat
Lord, I'm so tired of walking
If the devil had a hotel
I'd trade my soul for just a place to sleep
I'm a man without a purpose
I've lost my self respect
Since I buried all those dreams that died
I know tomorrow's coming and it won't be no better
I'll wake up in the morning high and dry

Now my life is just as empty
As the pockets in my jeans...