

Livin' On A Prayer

Alex Goot

Tommy used to work on the docks
Union's been on strike
He's down on his luck...
It's tough, so tough

Gina works the diner all day
Working for her man,
She brings home her pay
For love, for love

She says, "We've gotta hold on to what we've got.
It doesn't make a difference if we make it or not.
We've got each other and that's a lot.
For love we'll give it a shot."

Whoa, we're half way there
Whoa, livin' on a prayer
Take my hand and we'll make it - I swear
Whoa, livin' on a prayer

Tommy's got his six string in hock
Now he's holding in
What he used to make it talk
It's tough, it's tough

Gina dreams of running away
When she cries in the night
Tommy whispers,
"Baby, it's okay, someday..."

...We've gotta hold on to what we've got.
It doesn't make a difference if we make it or not.
We've got each other and that's a lot.
For love we'll give it a shot."

Livin' on a prayer

We've gotta hold on ready or not
You live for the fight when it's all that you've got