

# Dry County Drive

Mike Ryan

Come on if you wanna ride  
I'm making that long dry county drive

Around here we all know  
If you wanna drink than you gotta go  
Out to Creole's moonshine still  
Or forty miles down to Sheperdsville  
Looks like we're running out  
It's about that time  
If I leave right now I'll be back by nine

So come on if you wanna ride  
I'm making that long dry county drive  
Half of town's waiting around  
For an F250 with the hammer down  
Sun down on Saturday night  
Southbound on 75  
Making that dry county drive

Tank of gas, roll of cash  
A long list sittin' on the dash  
Three kinds of bourbon, five kinds of beers  
Fireball and Everclear  
Everything we need to have a damn good time  
Is waiting just across that county line

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