

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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