

## Dry Deserts

Zach Bryan

Driving out to California, the night I met you in this bed of mine  
The wind blowing through all those palm trees, shaking bodies,  
under napalm skies  
The kids and all their fucked up virtues, I know it hurts you,  
when the party dies

Would you cross dry deserts, babe?  
Would you cut through pines?  
Would you swim upriver when I'm surely on your mind?  
And you're always calming me  
But only in these dreams  
Waking up the neighbors, screaming in these sweaty sheets

And I've been on the run for so long, I want a sad song that lasts all night  
The whites and blues on big, wide opens, the way I'm coping with passing time

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