

## LIVIN' ON A PRAYER

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 got to 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

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

Tommy's got his six-string in hock  
Now he's holding in what he used to make it talk  
So tough, it's tough

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

CHORUS