

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