

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
Ooh, for love

She says, "We've gotta 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"

Whoa, we're half way there
Whoa, livin' on a prayer
Take my hand, we'll make it I swear
Whoa, 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, ooh, it's tough
Gina dreams of running away
When she cries in the night, Tommy whispers
"Baby it's okay, someday"

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We've got each other and that's a lot for love
We'll give it a shot

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Ooh, we've gotta hold on, ready or not
You live for the fight when that's all that you've got

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