

Atlantic City

Well, they blew up the Chicken Man in Philly last night
And they blew up his house, too
Down on the boardwalk they're ready for a fight
Gonna see what them racket boys can do

Now there's trouble busin' in from outta state
And the D.A. can't get no relief
Gonna be a rumble on the promenade
And the gamblin' commissioner's hangin' on -
By the skin of his teeth

[Chorus]

Everything dies, baby, that's a fact
But maybe everything that dies some day comes back
Put your makeup on, fix your hair up pretty
And meet me tonight in Atlantic City

Well, I got a job and I put my money away
But I got the kind of debts that no honest man can pay
So I drew out what I had from the Central Trust
And I bought us two tickets on that Coast City bus

[Chorus]

Atlantic City - 2

Now our luck may have died and our love may be cold
But with you forever I'll stay
We'll be goin' out where the sand turns to gold
But put your stockings on, 'cause it might get cold

[Chorus]

Now I've been a-lookin' for a job, but it's hard to find
There's winners and there's losers and I'm south of the line
Well, I'm tired of gettin' caught out on the losin' end
But I talked to a man last night, -
Gonna do a little favor for him

[Last Chorus]

Well, everything dies, baby, that's a fact
But maybe everything that dies some day comes back
Put your makeup on, fix your hair up pretty
And meet me tonight in Atlantic City
Oh, meet me tonight in Atlantic City
Oh, meet me tonight in Atlantic City