

Atlantic City

Well, they blew up the chicken man in Philly last night
Now, they blew up his house, too
Down on the boardwalk theyre gettin ready for a fight
Gonna see what them racket boys can do

Now, theres trouble bustin in from outta state
And the D.A. cant get no relief
Gonna be a rumble out on the promenade
And the gamblin commissions hangin on by the skin of his teeth

Well now, evrything dies, baby, thats a fact
But maybe evrything that dies someday comes back
Put your makeup on, fix your hair up pretty
And meet me tonight in Atlantic City

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

Now, baby, evrything dies, honey, thats a fact...

Now our luck may have died and our love may be cold
But with you forever Ill stay
Were goin out where the sands turnin to gold
Put on your stockins baby, `cause the nights getting cold
And maybe evrything dies, baby, thats a fact
But maybe evrything that dies someday comes back

Now, I been lookin for a job, but its hard to find
Down here its just winners and losers and dont
get caught on the wrong side of that line
Well, Im tired of comin out on the losin end
So, honey, last night I met this guy and Im gonna
do a little favor for him

Well, I guess everything dies, baby, thats a fact