

# Atlantic City

John Anderson

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 those racket boys can do

Now there's trouble busing in from out of state  
And the D.A. can't get no relief  
Gonna be a rumble on the promenade  
And the gambling commissioner's hanging on by the skin of his teeth

Everything dies, baby, that's a fact  
But maybe everything 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 I put my money away  
But I got the kind of debt 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

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

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

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

Now I been looking 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 geting caught on that losing end  
But I talked to a man last night, gonna do a little favor for him

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But maybe everything that dies someday 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