

Atlantic City

Hank Williams III

Well they blew up the chicken man
In Philly last night
Now they blew up his house too

Down on the boardwalk they're gettin'
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
Out on the promenade and the
Gamblin' commission's hangin'
On by the skin of its teeth

Well now 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 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 bought us two tickets on that City Coast bus

Now our luck may have died,
And our love may be cold,
But with you forever, I'll stay

Now I been lookin' for a job,
But it's hard to find
Down here it's just winners and losers

Honey, last night,
I met this guy,
And I'm gonna do a favor for him.

Everything dies, baby that's a fact,
But maybe everything that dies
Someday, comes back

Put your hair up nice and sit up pretty,
And meet me tonight in Atlantic City
Meet me tonight in Atlantic City
Meet me tonight in Atlantic City