

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

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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

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

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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

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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And meet me tonight in Atlantic City
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