

Atlantic City

Levon Helm

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 bustin' in from outta state
And the DA can't get no relief
Gonna be a rumble out on the promenade
And the gamblin' commissioner's hangin' on by the skin
Of his 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 I bought us two tickets on that coast city bus

Now, baby, everything dies, honey, that's a fact...

Now our luck may have died and our love may be cold
But with you forever I'll stay
We're goin' out where the sands turnin' to gold
Put on your stockings baby, 'cause the night's getting
Cold

And maybe everything dies, baby, that's a fact
But maybe everything that dies someday comes back

Now, I've been lookin for a job, but it's hard to find
Down here it's just winners and losers and don't
Get caught on the wrong side of that line
Well, I'm tired of comin' out on the losin' end
So, honey, last night I met this guy and I'm gonna
Do a little favour for him

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