

## Atlantic City

The Band

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 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 on the promenade  
And the gamblin' commissioner's hangin' on by the skin of his teeth.  
Everything dies, baby that's a fact  
But maybe everything that dies some day 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 debts that 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 some day 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 may be cold  
But with you forever I'll stay.  
We'll be goin' out where the sands turn to gold  
But put your stockings on 'cause it might get cold.  
Oh, everything dies, baby that's a fact  
But maybe everything that dies some day comes back.  
Put your makeup on, fix your hair up pretty  
And meet me tonight in Atlantic city.

Now I've been a-lookin' for a job, but it's hard to find  
There's winners and there's losers  
And I am south of the line.  
Well, I'm tired of gettin' caught out on the losin' end  
But I talked to a man last night,  
Gonna do a little favor for him.

Well, everything dies, baby that's a fact  
But maybe everything that dies some day 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.