

Atlantic City

Benjamin Francis Leftwich

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 d.a. can't get no relief Gonna be a rumble out on the promenade And the gamblin commissions hangin on by the skin of his teeth

Well now, evrything dies, baby, that's a fact But maybe evrything 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, evrything 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 Were goin out where the sands turnin to gold Put on your stockings baby, 'cause the nights getting cold And maybe evrything dies, baby, that's a fact But maybe evrything that dies someday comes back

Now, I 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 favor for him

Well, I guess everything dies, baby, that's a fact...