

# Atlantic City

Boyish

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

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But maybe everything that dies some day comes back  
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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 sand turn to gold  
So put your stockings on 'cause it might get cold

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

I've been 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

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