

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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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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