Atlantic City

Counting Crows

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 busin'
In from outta state and the D.A.
Can't get no relief
Gonna be a rumble out on the promenade
And the gamblin' commission's hangin' on by
The skin of it's teeth
(Chorus)
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
(Chorus)
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 sand's turnin' to gold
So put on your stockin's baby `cause
The night's getting cold
And everything dies baby that's a fact
But maybe everything 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
But maybe everything that dies someday comes back
Put your hair up nice and set up pretty
And meet me tonight in Atlantic City
Meet me tonight in Atlantic City
Meet me tonight in Atlantic City

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