

## Atlantic City

Levon Helm

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 DA can't get no relief  
Gonna be a rumble out on the promenade  
And the gamblin' commissioner's hangin' on by the skin  
Of his teeth

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

Now, baby, everything 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  
We're goin' out where the sands turnin' to gold  
Put on your stockings baby, 'cause the night's getting  
Cold

And maybe everything dies, baby, that's a fact  
But maybe everything that dies someday comes back

Now, I've 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 favour for him

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