

Atlantic City

Zach Bryan

Well, they blew up the chicken man in Philly last night
And they blew up his house, too
Down on the boardwalk, they're gettin' ready for a hell of a fight
Gonna see what them racket boys can do
Now there's trouble bussin' in from out of 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

Well, now, everything dies, baby, that's a fact
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 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

Well, now, baby, everything dies, baby, that's a fact
Maybe everything that dies someday comes back
Put your makeup on, fix your hair up pretty
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Now, our luck may have died, and our love may be cold
But with you, forever, I'll stay
We're going out where the sand's turnin' to gold
Put on your stockings, baby, 'cause the night's gettin' cold

Maybe, everything dies, baby, that's a fact
Maybe everything that dies someday comes back

One, two, three, four

Now I've been lookin' for a job, but it's hard to find
Here, it's just winners and losers and, "Don't get caught on the wrong side of that line"
Well, I'm tired of coming out on this losin' end
So, honey, last night, I met this guy, and I'm gonna do a little favor for him

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