

## 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  
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'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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