

Atlantic City

Hank Williams III

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 doNow, there's trouble bustin in from outta state
And the d.a. can't get no relief
Gonna be a rumble out on the promenade
And the gamblin commissions hangin on by the skin of his teethWell now, evrything dies, baby, that's a fact
But maybe evrything that dies someday comes back
Put your makeup on, fix your hair up pretty
And meet me tonight in atlantic cityWell, 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 busNow, baby, evrything 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
Were goin out where the sands turnin to gold
Put on your stockins baby, `cause the nights getting cold
And maybe evrything dies, baby, that's a fact
But maybe evrything that dies someday comes backNow, 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, Im tired of comin out on the losin end
So, honey, last night I met this guy and Im gonna
Do a little favor for himWell, I guess everything dies, baby, that's a fact
But maybe evrything that dies someday comes back
Put your makeup on, fix your hair up pretty
And meet me tonight in atlantic city

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