Atlantic City

Bruce Springsteen

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 out of 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 its teeth.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.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.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,
So put on your stockin's cause the nights gettin' 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
So fix your hair up nice, and fix yourself up pretty,
And meet me tonight in Atlantic City.

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