

# Atlantic City

## Greg Proops

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 outta 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 its teeth

[Chorus]

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 in too deep and I could not pay  
So I drew what I had from the Central Trust  
And I bough us two tickets on that Coast City bus

[Chorus]

Now our luck may have died and out love may  
Be cold but with you forever I'll stay  
We're goin' out where the sand's turnin' to gold  
So put on your stockin's 'cause the night's getting' cold and maybe everything dies  
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  
Put your makeup on fix your hair up pretty and

Meet me tonight in Atlantic City

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