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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