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 doNow 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 teethWell now 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 CityWell I got a job and tried to put my money away

But I got debts that no honest man could pay

So I drew what I had from the Central Trust

And I bought us two tickets on that Coast City busNow baby 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 CityNow 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

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 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 I'm tired of comin' out on this losin' end

So honey last night I met this guy

And I'm gonna do a little favor for himWell I guess everything dies baby that's a fact

But maybe everything that dies someday comes back

Fix your hair up nice, fix yourself up pretty

Meet me tonight in Atlantic City

BRUCE SPRINGSTEENPublished by

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