

Bruce Springsteen

"Atlantic City"

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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 bought us two tickets on that Coast City bus
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 night's
gettin' cold and maybe
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
Put your makeup on fix your hair up pretty and
meet me tonight in Atlantic City

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