

## Jamie Stevens

### "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 bustin in from outta 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  
his teeth

Well now, evrything dies, baby, that's a fact  
But maybe evrything 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

Now, baby, evrything dies, baby, that's a fact  
But maybe evrything 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  
Were goin out where the sands turnin to gold  
Put on your stockins baby, 'cause the nights getting  
cold  
And maybe evrything dies, baby, that's a fact  
But maybe evrything that dies someday comes back

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