

Jamie T

"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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