

Bruce Springsteen, Atlantic City

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' commission's hangin' on by the skin of his teeth

(chorus)

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

(chorus)

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 sand's turnin' to gold
Put on your stockin's baby, `cause the night's getting cold
And maybe ev'rything dies, baby, that's a fact
But maybe ev'rything 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

(chorus)