

# Hank Williams III, 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 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:

Well 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 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 bought us two tickets on that City Coast bus

CHORUS

Now our luck may have died,  
and our love may be cold,  
but with you forever, I'll stay  
Now I been lookin' for a job,  
but it's hard to find  
Down here it's just winners and losers  
Honey, last night,  
I met this guy,  
and I'm gonna do a favor for him.  
Everything dies, baby that's a fact,  
but maybe everything that dies  
someday, comes back  
Put your hair up nice and sit up pretty,  
and meet me tonight in Atlantic City  
Meet me tonight in Atlantic City  
Meet me tonight in Atlantic City