

Atlantic City

by Bruce Springsteen (1982)

Well they ^{Em} blew up the ^G chicken man in ^C Philly last night; ^G now they
^{Em} blew up his house too. ^G Down on the
^{Em} boardwalk they're ^G gettin' ready ^C for a fight, ^G gonna
^{Em} see what them ^G rocket boys can do ^C ^G

And there's trouble busin' in from outta state and the
D.A. can't get no relief. Gonna
be a rumble down the promenade and the
^{Em} gamblin' ^G commission's ^D hangin' on by the ^D skin of its teeth

Well now ^{Em} everything ^G dies baby ^C that's a ^C fact, but maybe
^{Em} everything that ^G dies will ^D someday ^C come back put your
^{Em} makeup ^G on fix your ^C hair up ^C too, and
^{Em} meet me ^G tonight in ^C Atlantic ^C 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 our ^C luck may have ^C died and our ^{Em} love may be ^{Em} cold but
^C with you ^D forever I'll ^{Em} stay ^{Em} Yea we're
^C going out ^C where, the sand's ^{Em} turning to ^{Em} gold
^C put on your ^G stockin's baby 'cause the ^C night's getting ^G cold. Well now

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 that line
Well I'm tired of comin' out on this losin' end;
so honey last night I met this guy and I'm gonna do a little favor for him