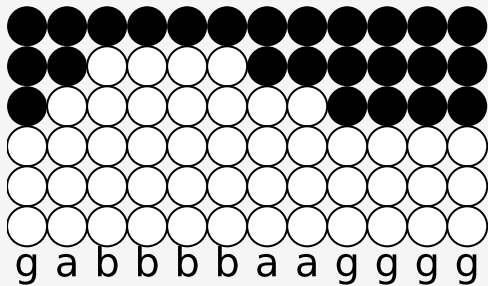


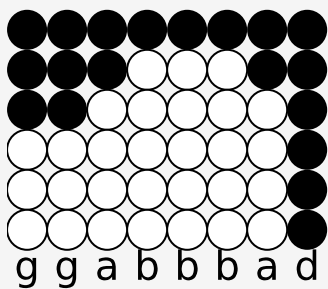
Tin whistle tabs for: Atlantic City (Complete)

Author/Performer: Bruce Springsteen

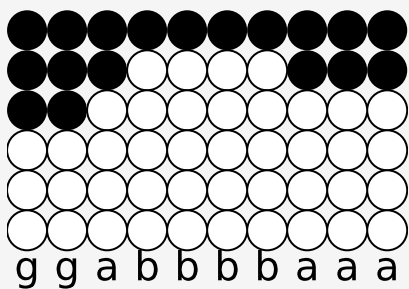
VERSE 1:



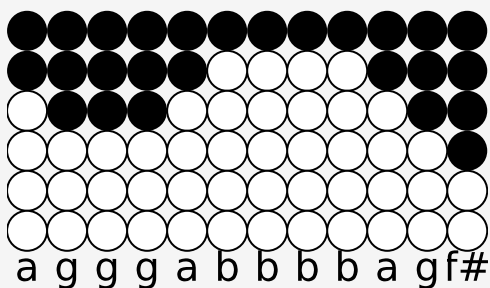
Well they blew up the chicken man in Philly last



night, now they blew up his house too



Down on the boardwalk they're getting ready

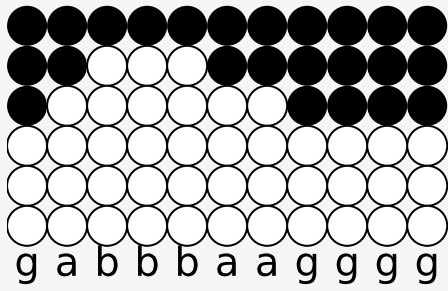


for a fight, gonna see what them racket boys can

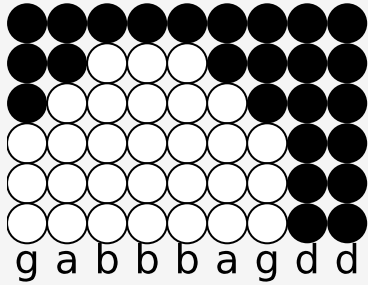


do.

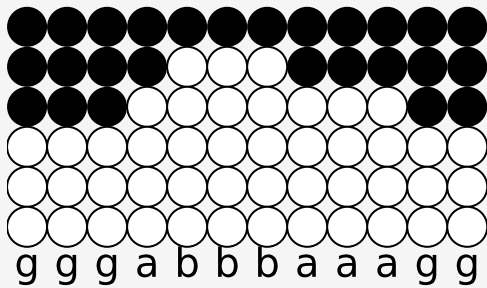
VERSE 2:



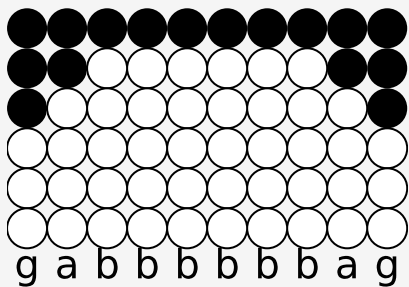
Now there's trouble bustin in from out-a state



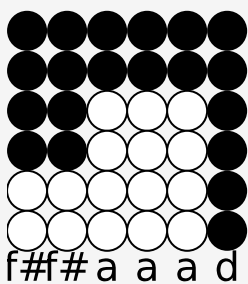
And the D.A can't get no relief



Gonna be a tumble out on the promenade

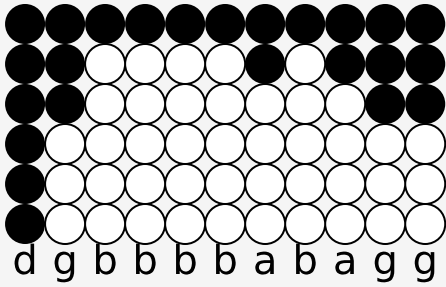


And the gamblin commission's hanging on

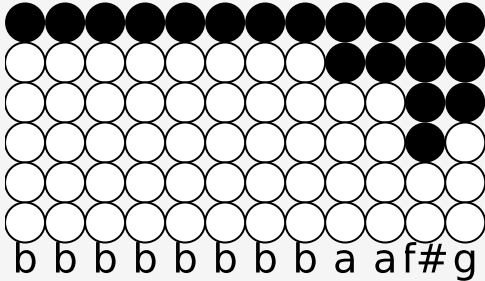


by the skin of his teeth

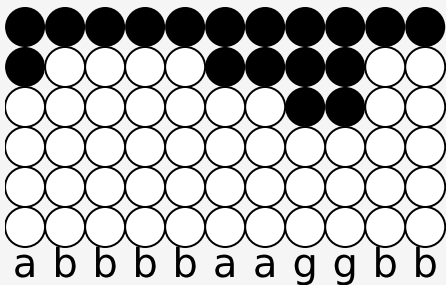
CHORUS:



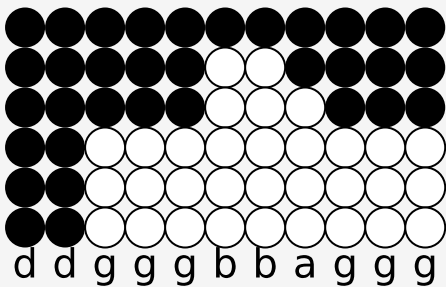
Well now, everything dies baby that's a fact



But maybe everything that dies someday comes back



Put your make up on, fix your hair up pretty



And meet me tonight in Atlantic City

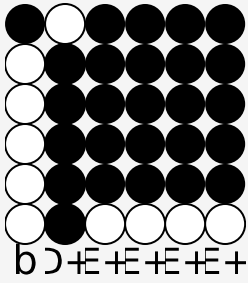
VERSE 3:

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:

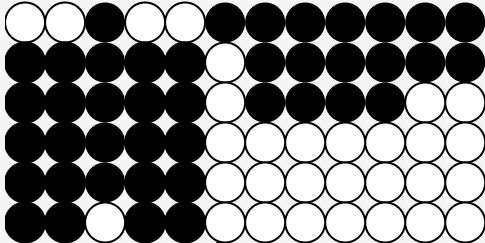
Now baby, everything dies, honey that's a fact.
 But maybe everthing that dies someday comes back.
 Put your make up on, fix your hair up pretty.
 And meet me tonight in Atlantic City.

VERSE 4:



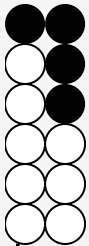
b 3 +E +E +E +E +

Now our, luck may have died



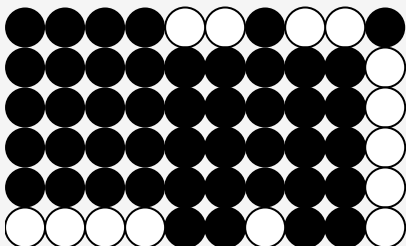
3 3 +E + 3 3 + b g g g g a a

And our love may be cold, but with you forever



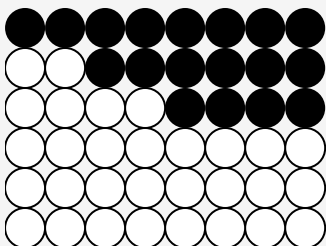
b g

I'll stay.



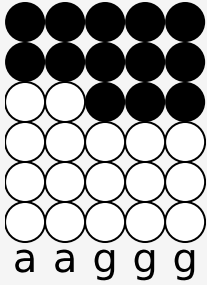
E +E +E +E + 3 3 +E + 3 3 + b

We're going out where the sand's turning to gold.



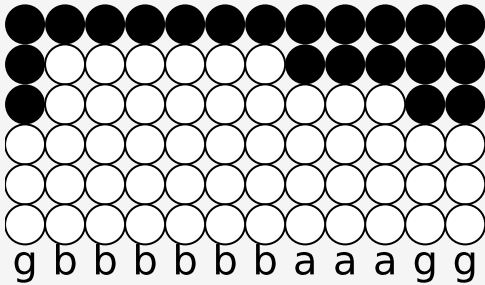
b b a a g g g g

Put on your stockings baby cause

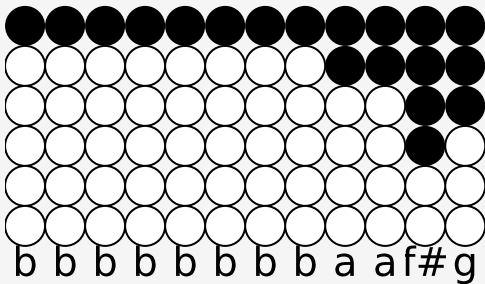


the night's getting cold

CHORUS:



And maybe everything dies, baby that's a fact



But maybe everything that dies someday comes back

VERSE 5:

Now I been looking 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 coming out on the losing end.

So honey last night I met this guy,

And I'm gonna do a little favour for him.

CHORUS:

Well I guess, everything dies baby that's a fact.

But maybe everthing that dies someday comes back.

Put your make up on, fix your hair up pretty.

And meet me tonight in Atlantic City.