

Chelsea Hotel '78

Alejandro Escovedo

I lived in the Chelsea once
On 7th and 23rd
We came to live inside the myth
Of everything we heard
The poets on their bar stools
They just loved it when it rained
They comb their hair in the mirror
Grow addicted to the pain

And it makes no sense
And it makes perfect sense
And it makes no sense
And it makes perfect sense

I saw Neon Leon
Spider and the boys
Just before the cops arrived
And took off with the noise
It was nothing special
Just another bar
The baptist Kansas City life
Makes everyone a star

It makes no sense (It makes perfect sense)
And it makes perfect sense (And it makes no sense)
And it makes no sense (And it makes perfect sense)
And it makes perfect sense (And it makes no sense)

Oh
C'mon

Nancy called up to her rooms
Said c'mon and help us sit
We went down
And looked around
The dealer let us in
We thought he was hysterical
But not the way he joked
Don't know if did what he said he did
Nobody really knows

I stood out on the sidewalk
When we busted through the door
In a white tuxedo jacket
(?)
You know to show off that thing
Nobody knows for sure
We know they found us
In our black underwear
Dead on the bedroom floor

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We all through down
(And it makes perfect sense)
We all through dark
(And it makes no sense)
So we all moved out
(And it makes perfect sense)
So we all moved on
(And it makes no sense)
And on and on