

## Chelsea

### Counting Crows

I never go to New York City these days  
Something about the buildings in Chelsea just kills me  
Maybe in a month or two,  
Maybe when things are different for me,  
Maybe when things are different for you  
You know all of this shit, just sticks in my head  
Is there anything different these days?  
The light in her eyes goes out  
I never had light in my eyes anyway  
Maybe things are different these days  
It's good for everybody to hurt somebody once in a while  
The things I do to people I love shouldn't be allowed  
Something about the buildings in Chelsea just kills me  
Something about the buildings in Chelsea just kills me  
Is there anything different these days?  
The light in her eyes goes out,  
I never had light in my eyes anyway  
Maybe things are different these days  
I dream I'm in New York City some nights.  
Angels flow down from all the buildings  
Something about an angel just kills me  
I keep hoping something will  
Is there anything different these days?  
The light in her eyes goes out,  
I never had light in my eyes anyway  
Maybe things are, maybe maybe maybe  
Maybe things are, maybe maybe maybe maybe things are different,  
Maybe things are different these days  
The light goes out  
I never had light in my eyes anyway  
Maybe things are different .....these days.