

# The Chelsea Hotel

Graham Nash

Down at the Chelsea Hotel, with poetry and paintings  
The walls are still holding memories of people who fell,  
Down through the years, fighting their fears.

Down at the Chelsea Hotel,  
A sailor was dying to end all his feelings,  
Everything had just turned to hell, his lover was gone,  
But we have to carry on.

We will carry on, searching for truth with perpetual youth that  
will fade  
And be gone in the blink of an eye  
The world will be passing us by.

Down at the Chelsea Hotel,  
Where Raymond is writing of poets and painters.  
It's something he does very well,  
A lover of his art, a lover in his heart.

At the Chelsea Hotel,  
Where lovers and fighters are desperately dreaming  
Of checking their hearts at the door.  
Never really sure, we've all been here before.

We've all been here before, searching for truth searching for t  
ruth with perpetual youth that will fade  
And what's more in the blink of an eye, the world will be passi  
ng us by  
At the Chelsea Hotel, At the Chelsea Hotel, Down at the Chelsea  
Hotel.