

# Midnight In Chelsea

Jon Bon Jovi

The kids 'round here look just like sticks,  
They trade old licks with a beat up six,  
I smile and catch the groove,  
Gothic girls all dress in black, Serious as heart attacks,  
It takes a little bit of getting used to,  
The old man with the whiskey stains,  
Lost the night forgot his name,  
His poor wife will sleep alone again,  
And it ain't hard to understand,  
Why she's holding on to her own hand,

It's midnight in Chelsea sha la la la  
Midnight in Chelsea sha la la la  
No one's asking me for favours, No one's looking for a saviour,  
They're too busy saving me

I've seen a lone, sloane ranger drive  
seems her chauffeur took a dive  
And sold her secrets to the sun  
And later in a magazine  
I finally figured what it means  
To be a saint, not a queen

Two lustful lovers catch a spark  
And chase their shadows in the dark  
Someone's getting off tonight  
Of a big red bus that's packed so tight  
It disappears in a trail of light  
Somewhere someone's dreaming baby it's all right...

It's midnight in Chelsea, midnight in Chelsea  
No one's asking me for favors  
No one's looking for a savoir  
They're too busy saving me  
Midnight in Chelsea, midnight in Chelsea  
No one's pinned the dreams on me  
No one's asking me to bleed  
I'm the man I want to be  
When Chelsea girls sing...

It's morning when I go to sleep  
In the distant dawn a church bell rings  
Another day is coming on  
A baby's born, an old man dies  
Somewhere young lovers kiss good-bye  
I leave my soul and just move on  
And wish that I was there to sing this song

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The man I want to be, the man I want to be  
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