

Hotel Chelsea Nights

Ryan Adams

How long's it gonna be, babe
Before I get over you, doll
I bet it's gonna be a while now, kid
What with you living right up the hall

And I'm tired of living in this hotel
Snow and rain falling through the sheets
In fact I'm tired of 23rd Street
Strung out like some Christmas lights
Out there in the Chelsea night

Maybe you just didn't read me right
The lights went out and you just didn't understand
I played your song; I got the melody all wrong
Wound your shit up like some rubber bands

And I'm tired of living in this hotel
Fire and rain blowing through the streets
In fact I'm tired of 23rd Street
Strung out like some Christmas lights
Out there in the Chelsea night

I feel like getting rid of all my things
Maybe just disappear into the fog
The traffic roars; my stomach screams
Like a gang of angry dogs

And I'm tired of living here in this hotel
TV and dirty magazines
And I'm just trying to get a little sleep
Strung out like some Christmas lights
Out there in the Chelsea night
Strung out like some Christmas lights
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