

# Chelsea Hotel

Dan Bern

I still smell tobacco on my fingers  
My breath reeks of pot and wine and sex  
My eyes open up like they haven't in years  
So I won't miss whatever happens next  
You call me a thief  
All right, I'm a thief  
Grab a summons  
Come and ring my bell  
I'll be making love with my baby  
In the Chelsea Hotel

I told you to meet me at eight o'clock  
I said I'll be drinking at the bar  
I drove between Newark to Laguardia  
Trying to return a rented car  
We keep missing connections today  
But tomorrow would be just as well  
I gotta go make love with my baby  
In the Chelsea Hotel

I've been walking all around your neighborhood  
My former love  
You seem as far away and as sad to me  
As those rain clouds above  
I hope you're happy and whatever you're doing  
I hope you're doing well  
And please don't try to contact me  
At the Chelsea Hotel

I was starting to think  
The world was going to end when the calendar turns  
But now you're here  
I see the future, baby  
And they can let the calendar burn

New love is beautiful  
But new love is sad  
New love brings back all the old loves  
That you've ever had  
I put out a casting call  
And you cast a spell  
And we're practicing for the millennium  
Making love at the Chelsea Hotel

So who knows what tomorrow brings  
But I know where I'll be waking up  
Let's just listen to our breath tonight  
And the breeze through the window that you opened up  
Can you feel our hearts beating  
Which one's yours  
Which one's mine  
Y' can't tell  
Just another day of making love  
At the Chelsea Hotel  
Spent all day making love  
At the Chelsea Hotel

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