

## 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  
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