# Chelsea Hotel, No. 2

## Rufus Wainwright

I remember you well in the Chelsea Hotel
You were talking so brave and so sweet
Giving me head on the unmade bed
While the limousines wait in the streetThose were the reasons and that was New York
We were running for the money and the flesh
And that was called love for the workers in song
Probably still is for those of them leftAh, but you got away, didn't you babe
You just turned your back on the crowd
You got away, I never once heard you sayI need you, I don't need you
I need you, I don't need you
And all of that jiving aroundI remember you well in the Chelsea Hotel
You were famous, your heart was a legend
You told me again you preferred handsome men
But for me you would make an exceptionAnd clenching your fist for the ones like us
Who are oppressed by the figures of beauty
You fixed yourself and said, "Well, never mind
We are ugly but we have the music"And then you got away, yeah, didn't you babe
You just turned your back on the crowd
You got away, I never once heard you sayI need you, I don't need you
I need you, I don't need you
And all of that jiving aroundI don't mean to suggest that I loved you the best
I can't keep track of each fallen robin
I remember you well at the Chelsea Hotel
That's all, I don't even think of you that often

Songwriters
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