Chelsea Burns

Keren Ann

I was running out of trouble
You were running out of fame
Streets smelled like the desert
As they were putting out the flamesAnd Chelsea burns
Chelsea burns under my feetTwenty-third was empty
I heard somebody yell
A straight-laced passerbys
Pulled over the hotelAnd Chelsea burns
Chelsea burns under my feetWhether we were lost or overwhelmed
Nobody knows that Im better off
Making up lies to be left aloneAnd Chelsea burns
Chelsea burns under my feetI was running out of trouble
You were running out of fame
Im streets ahead of happiness
Still wondering who to blameChelsea burns
Chelsea burns under my feet

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