

# Chelsea

## Counting Crows

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I never go to New York City these days  
Somethin' about the buildings in Chelsea that kills me  
Maybe in a month or two, maybe when things are different for me  
Maybe when things are different for you  
And all of this shit just sticks in my head  
Is anything different these days?  
The light in her eyes goes out  
I never had light in my eyes anyway  
But maybe things are different these days  
It's good for everybody to hurt somebody once in a while  
The things I do to people I love shouldn't be allowed  
Somethin' about the buildings in Chelsea that kills me  
There's somethin' about the buildings in Chelsea that just kills me  
Is anything different these days?  
The light in her eyes goes out  
I never had light in my eyes anyway  
Maybe things are different these days  
I dream I'm in New York City some nights  
And angels float down from all the buildings  
Somethin' about an angel that just kills me  
I keep hopin' somethin' will  
I keep hopin', I keep hopin', I keep hopin'  
Is anything different these days?  
Light in her eyes goes out  
Never had light in my eyes anyways  
Maybe things are, maybe, maybe, maybe  
Maybe things are, maybe, maybe, maybe  
Maybe, maybe things are different, maybe things are different  
Maybe things are different the light goes out  
I never had light in my eyes anyways  
Maybe things are different, these days  
La, la, la  
La, la, la  
...

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