

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 livin' right up the hall And I'm tired of livin' in this hotel
Stolen rain fallin' 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 but I got the melody all wrong
Why don't you just shoot up like some rubberbands? And I'm tired of livin' in this hotel
Fire and' rain blowin' through the sheets
In fact I'm tired of 23rd street
Strung out like some Christmas lights
Out there in the Chelsea night Strung out like some Christmas lights
Out there in the Chelsea night I fell like gettin' rid of all my things
Maybe just disappear into the fall
The traffic roars as my stomach screams
Like a gang of angry dogs And I'm tired of livin' 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 nights Strung out like some Christmas lights
Out there in the Chelsea night
Strung out like some Christmas lights
Out there in the Chelsea night Strung out like some Christmas lights
Out there in the Chelsea night

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