

Leonard Cohen

"Chelsea Hotel #1"

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I remember you well in the Chelsea Hotel,
You were talking so brave and so free.
Giving me head on the unmade bed
While the limousines wait in the street
And those were the reasons and that was New York,
I was running for the money and the flesh
That was called love for the workers in song,
It still is for those of us left.
But you got away, didn't you, baby?
You just threw it all to the crowd.
You got away, they can't pay you now
For making your sweet little song.
I remember you well in the Chelsea Hotel,
In the winter of 67.
My friends of that year they were all trying to go queer
And me I was just getting even
And those were the reasons and that was New York,
I was running for the money and the flesh
That was called love for the workers in song,
It still is for those of us left.
But you got away, didn't you, baby?
You just threw it all to the crowd.
You got away, they can't pay you now
For making your sweet little song.

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