

Alejandro Escovedo "Chelsea Hotel '78"

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I lived in the Chelsea once on 7th and 23rd
we came to live inside the myth of everything we
heard;
the poets on their barstools, they just loved it when it
rained,
they comb their hair in the mirror and grow addicted to
the pain.

And it makes no sense
and it makes perfect sense;
and it makes no sense
and it makes perfect sense.

I saw Neon Leon, Spider and the boys
just before the cops arrived and took off with the noise;
it was nothing special, just another bar,
the Max's Kansas City life makes everyone a star.

And it makes no sense
and it makes perfect sense;
and it makes no sense
and it makes perfect sense.

(Alejandro plays bad ass guitar solo here)

Nancy called us to her room, said "Come and help with
Sid."
We went down and looked around, the dealer let us in;
we thought he was hysterical, but not that he was a
joke;
don't know if he did what he said he did, nobody really
knows.

I stood out on the sidewalk when they busted through
the door
and watched that Tito's jacket caught and had him by
his arm,
you know the show of that thing nobody knows for sure
because they found Nancy in her black underwear
dead on the bathroom floor.

And it makes no sense

and it makes perfect sense;
and it makes no sense
and it makes perfect sense.

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we came to live inside the myth of everything we heard
the poets on their barstools, they just loved it when it
rained
they comb their hair in the mirror and grow addicted to
the pain.

And it makes no sense
and it makes perfect sense;
and it makes no sense
and it makes perfect sense.

So we all moved out
and we all moved on;
So we all moved out
and we all moved on
and on and on...

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