

## **Ryan Adams**

# **"Hotel Chelsea Nights"**

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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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