

Anita Lipnicka & John Porter, Chelsea Hotel 2

I remember you well in the Chelsea Hotel,
You were talking so brave and so sweet,
Give me head on the unmade bed,
While the limousines wait in the street,
Those were the reasons and that was New York,
We were running for the money and the flash
And that was called love for the workers in song
Probably still is for those of them left
Ah but you got away, didnt you babe,
You just turned your back on the crowd,
You got away, I never once heard you say,
I need you, I dont need you,
I need you, I dont need you,
And all of that jiving around
I remember you well in the Chelsea Hotel
You were famous, your heart was a legend
You told me again you preferred handsome men
But for me you would make an exception
And clenching your fist for the once like us
Who are oppressed by the figures of beauty,
You fixed yourself, you said, Well never mind,
We are ugly but we have the music
And then you got away, didnt you babe
You just turned your back on the crowd,
You got away, I never once heard you say,
I need you, I dont need you,
I need you, I dont need you,
And all of that jiving around
I dont mean to suggest that I loved you the best,
I cant keep track of each fallen robin
I remember you well in the Chelsea Hotel,
Thats all, I dont even think of you that often