

Counting Crows, Chelsea

I never go to New York City these days
Something about the buildings in Chelsea that kills me
Maybe in a month or two,
Maybe when things are different for me,
Maybe when things are different for you

all of this shit, just sticks in my head
Is there anything different these days?
The light in her eyes goes out
I never had light in my eyes anyway

Maybe things are different these days
It's good for everybody to hurt somebody once in a while
The things I do to people I love shouldn't be allowed
Something about the buildings in Chelsea that kills me
Something about the buildings in Chelsea that just kills me
Is there anything different these days?

The light in her eyes goes out,
I never had light in my eyes anyway
Maybe things are different these days

I dream I'm in New York City some nights.
Angels float down from all the buildings
there's Something about an angel that just kills me
I keep hoping something will
i keep hoping, i keep hoping
i keep hoping
Is anything different these days?

The light in her eyes goes out,
I never had light in my eyes anyway
Maybe things are, maybe maybe maybe
Maybe things are, maybe maybe maybe
Maybe things are different,
Maybe things are different these days
The light goes out
I never had light in my eyes anyway
Maybe things are differentthese days.