

Keren Ann, Chelsea Burns

I was running out of trouble
You were running out of fame
Streets smelled like the desert
As they were putting out the flames
And Chelsea burns
Chelsea burns
Under my feet

Twenty-third was empty
I heard somebody yell
A straight-laced passerby's
Pulled over the hotel
And Chelsea burns
Chelsea burns
Under my feet

Whether we were lost or overwhelmed
Nobody knows that I'm better off
Making up lies to be left alone
And Chelsea burns
Chelsea burns
Under my feet

I was running out of trouble
You were running out of fame
I'm streets ahead of happiness
Still wondering who to blame
Chelsea burns
Chelsea burns
Under my feet