

# Lloyd Cole, Chelsea Hotel

I remember you well in the Chelsea Hotel,  
you were talking so brave and so sweet,  
giving 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 flesh.  
And that was called love for the workers in song  
probably still is for those of them left.  
Ah but you got away, didn't you babe,  
you just turned your back on the crowd,  
you got away, I never once heard you say,  
I need you, I don't need you,  
I need you, I don't 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 ones like us  
who are oppressed by the figures of beauty,  
you fixed yourself, you said, &quot;Well never mind,  
we are ugly but we have the music.&quot;  
And then you got away, didn't you babe...  
I don't mean to suggest that I loved you the best,  
I can't keep track of each fallen robin.  
I remember you well in the Chelsea Hotel,  
that's all, I don't even think of you that often.