

# Alejandro Escovedo, Chelsea Hotel '78

I lived in the Chelsea once on 7th and 23rd  
We came to live inside the myth of everything we heard;  
The poets on their barstools, they just loved it when it rained,  
They comb their hair in the mirror and grow addicted to the pain.  
And it makes no sense  
And it makes perfect sense;  
And it makes no sense  
And it makes perfect sense.

I saw Neon Leon, Spider and the boys  
Just before the cops arrived and took off with the noise;  
It was nothing special, just another bar,  
The Max's Kansas City life makes everyone a star.  
And it makes no sense  
And it makes perfect sense;  
And it makes no sense  
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(Alejandro plays bad ass guitar solo here)  
Nancy called us to her room, said &quot;Come and help with Sid.&quot;  
We went down and looked around, the dealer let us in;  
We thought he was hysterical, but not that he was a joke;  
Don't know if he did what he said he did, nobody really knows.  
I stood out on the sidewalk when they busted through the door  
And watched that Tito's jacket caught and had him by his arm,  
You know the show of that thing nobody knows for sure  
Because they found Nancy in her black underwear dead on the bathroom floor.  
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So we all moved out  
And we all moved on;  
So we all moved out  
And we all moved on  
And on and on...