

Ryan Adams, Hotel Chelsea Nights

How long's it gonna be, babe
Before I get over you, doll
You're tearin' the stuff right out of me kid
What with you living right up the hall

And I'm tired of living in this hotel
TV and dirty magazines
And I'm tired of livin' on 23rd Street
Strung out like some Christmas lights
Out there in the Chelsea night

Maybe you just didn't read me right
The lights went out and you just sitting on the stair
I played your song but I couldn't get the melody right
Why don't you just shoot up like a ball of rubber bands

And I'm tired of living in this hotel
Fire and ashes blowin' cross the sheets
And I'm tired of livin' on 23rd Street
Strung out like some Christmas lights
Out there in the Chelsea night

I fell like getting rid of all my things
Maybe just disappear into the fall
The traffic roars and my stomach screams
Sittin' here watchin' roaches climb the wall

And I'm tired of living here in this hotel
Following a rainbow into town
And I'm just trying to get a little sleep
Strung out like some Christmas lights
Out there in the Chelsea night