

## Chelsea Burns

Keren Ann

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