

Fill in the gaps

| On a dark desert highway, (1) wind in my hair | Wake you up in the middle of the night |
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| Warm smell of colitas, rising up (2) the air | Just to hear them say |
| Up ahead in the distance, I saw a shimmering light | Welcome to the hotel california |
| My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim | Such a lovely place |
| I had to stop for the night | Such a lovely face |
| There she stood in the doorway; | They livin? it up at the hotel california |
| I heard the mission bell | What a (8) surprise, bring your alibis |
| And I was thinking to myself, | Mirrors on the ceiling, |
| ?this could be heaven or this could be hell? | The pink champagne on ice |
| Then she lit up a (3) and she showed me the | And she said ?we are all just prisoners here, of our own |
| way | device? |
| There were voices down the corridor, | And in the master?s chambers, |
| I thought I heard them say | They gathered for the feast |
| Welcome to the hotel california | The (9) it with their steely knives, |
| Such a lovely place | But they just can?t kill the beast |
| Such a lovely face | Last (10) I remember, I was |
| Plenty of room at the hotel california | Running for the door |
| Any time of year, you can find it here | I had to find the passage back |
| Her mind is tiffany-twisted, she got the mercedes bends | To the place I was before |
| She got a lot of pretty, pretty boys, that she calls friends | ?relax,? said the night man, |
| How (4) dance in the courtyard, sweet summer | We are programmed to receive. |
| sweat. | You can checkout any time you like, |
| Some dance to remember, some (5) to forget | But you can never leave! |
| So I called up the captain, | |
| ?please bring me my wine? | |
| He said, ?we haven?t had that spirit here since nineteen sixty | |
| nine? | |
| And (6) (7) voices are calling from | |
| far away, | |



- 1. cool
- 2. through
- 3. candle
- 4. they
- 5. dance
- 6. still
- 7. those
- 8. nice
- 9. stab
- 10. thing

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