

## Fill in the gaps

| On a dark desert highway, cool (1) in my hair                  | Wake you up in the (16) of the night             |
|--|--|
| Warm smell of colitas, rising up through 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 (2) and my (3) grew                               | Such a (17) place                                |
| dim  | Such a lovely face                               |
| I had to stop for the night                                    | They livin? it up at the hotel california        |
| There she stood in the doorway;                                | What a nice surprise, (18) your alibis           |
| I heard the mission bell                                       | Mirrors on the ceiling,                          |
| And I was thinking to myself,                                  | The pink (19) on ice                             |
| ?this (4) be (5) or this                                       | And she said ?we are all (20) prisoners here, of |
| (6) be hell?   | our own device?                                  |
| Then she lit up a (7) and she                                  | And in the master?s chambers,                    |
| (8) me the way   | They (21) for the feast                          |
| There were voices down the corridor,                           | The stab it (22) their steely knives,            |
| I thought I (9) them say                                       | But they just can?t kill the beast               |
| Welcome to the hotel california                                | Last thing I remember, I was                     |
| Such a lovely place  | Running for the door                             |
| Such a lovely face   | I had to find the passage back                   |
| Plenty of room at the (10) california                          | To the place I was before                        |
| Any time of year, you can find it here                         | ?relax,? said the (23) man,                      |
| Her mind is tiffany-twisted, she got the                       | We are programmed to receive.                    |
| (11) bends   | You can checkout any time you like,              |
| She got a lot of pretty, (12) boys, that she                   | But you can never leave!                         |
| calls friends  |  |
| How they dance in the courtyard, sweet summer sweat.           |  |
| Some dance to remember, some (13) to forget                    |  |
| 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 (14) (15) voices are calling                               |  |
| from far away  |  |



- 1. wind
- 2. heavy
- 3. sight
- 4. could
- 5. heaven
- 6. could
- 7. candle
- 8. showed
- 9. heard
- 10. hotel
- 11. mercedes
- 12. pretty
- 13. dance
- 14. still
- 15. those
- 16. middle
- 17. lovely
- 18. bring
- 19. champagne
- 20. just
- 21. gathered
- 22. with
- 23. night

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