

## Fill in the gaps

| On a dark desert highway, (1) wind in my hair                | Wake you up in the middle 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 (2) grew heavy and my sight grew dim                      | Such a (9) 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 nice 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 candle and she (3) me the                  | And she said ?we are all just prisoners here, of our own |
| way  | device?  |
| There were (4) down the corridor,                            | And in the master?s chambers,                            |
| I thought I heard (5) say                                    | They (10) for the feast                                  |
| Welcome to the hotel california                              | The stab it with their steely knives,                    |
| Such a lovely place  | But they just can?t kill the beast                       |
| Such a (6) face  | Last thing 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 (7)                 | To the place I was before                                |
| bends  | ?relax,? said the night man,                             |
| She got a lot of pretty, pretty boys, that she calls friends | We are programmed to receive.                            |
| How they dance in the courtyard, sweet summer sweat.         | You can checkout any time you like,                      |
| Some dance to remember, some dance 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              |  |
| (8) sixty nine?  |  |
| And still those voices are calling from far away,            |  |
|  |  |



- 1. cool
- 2. head
- 3. showed
- 4. voices
- 5. them
- 6. lovely
- 7. mercedes
- 8. nineteen
- 9. lovely
- 10. gathered

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