HOTEL CALIFORNIA (Eagles)

On a dark desert highway, cool wind in my hair
warm smell of colitas rising up through the air
up ahead in the distance, I saw a shimmering light
my head grew heavy and my sight grew dim
I had to stop for the night.

There she stood in the doorway, I heard the mission bell
and I was thinking to myself,
this could be heaven and this could be hell
then she lit up a candle and she show me the way
there were voices down the corridor
I thought I heard them say:

Welcome to the Hotel California
such a lovely place (such a lovely place)
such a lovely face
plenty of room at the Hotel California
any time of year (any time of year)
you can find it here.

her mind is Tiffany twisted, she got the mercedes bends
she got a lot of pretty, pretty boys, that she calls friends
how they dance in the courtyard, sweet summer sweet
some dance to remember, some dance 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 still those voices are calling from far away
wake you up in the middle of the night
just to hear them say:

Welcome to the Hotel California
such a lovely place (such a lovely place)
such a lovely face
they livin’ it up at the Hotel California
what a nice surprise (what a nice surprise)
bring your alibis.

Mirrors on the ceiling, the pink champagne on ice
and she said “ we are all just prisoners here
of our own device” and in the master’s chambers
they gathered for the feast, they stab it with their steely knives
but they just can’t kill the beast.

last thing I remember, I was running for the door
I had to find the passage back to the place I was before
“relax” said the nightman “we are programmed to receive
you can check out anytime you like, but you can never leave”.