

## Fill in the gaps

| On a dark (1) highway, cool wind in my hair             | Wake you up in the (15) of the night             |
|---|--|
| 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 (3) and my sight grew dim                  | Such a (16) place                                |
| I had to stop for the night                             | Such a lovely face                               |
| There she stood in the doorway;                         | They livin? it up at the (17) california         |
| I heard the mission bell                                | What a nice surprise, (18) 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 (4) and she                           | And she said ?we are all (19) prisoners here, of |
| (5) me the way  | our own device?                                  |
| There were (6) down the corridor,                       | And in the master?s chambers,                    |
| I thought I heard them say                              | They gathered for the feast                      |
| Welcome to the (7) california                           | The stab it with (20) steely knives,             |
| Such a lovely place                                     | But (21) just can?t (22) the beast               |
| Such a lovely face                                      | Last thing I remember, I was                     |
| Plenty of (8) at the hotel california                   | Running for the door                             |
| Any (9) of year, you can find it here                   | I had to (23) the passage back                   |
| Her mind is tiffany-twisted, she got the mercedes bends | To the (24) I was before                         |
| She got a lot of pretty, pretty boys, (10) she calls    | ?relax,? said the night man,                     |
| friends   | We are programmed to receive.                    |
| How they (11) in the courtyard, sweet summer            | You can checkout any time you like,              |
| sweat.  | But you can (25) leave!                          |
| Some dance to remember, some dance to forget            |  |
| So I called up the captain,                             |  |
| ?please (12) me my wine?                                |  |
| He said, ?we haven?t had that spirit (13) since         |  |
| (14) sixty nine?  |  |
| And still those voices are calling from far away,       |  |



## 1. desert

- 2. through
- 3. heavy
- 4. candle
- 5. showed
- 6. voices
- 7. hotel
- 8. room
- 9. time
- 10. that
- 11. dance
- 12. bring
- 13. here
- 14. nineteen
- 15. middle
- 16. lovely
- 17. hotel
- 18. bring
- 19. just
- 20. their
- 21. they
- 22. kill
- 23. find
- 24. place
- 25. never

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