

## Fill in the gaps

| On a (1) desert highway, cool wind in my hair                  | Wake you up in the middle of the night                   |
|--|--|
| Warm (2) 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 (3) 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 nice surprise, bring your alibis                  |
| And I was thinking to myself,                                  | Mirrors on the ceiling,                                  |
| ?this could be (4) or (5) could be                             | The pink champagne on ice                                |
| hell?  | And she said ?we are all just prisoners here, of our own |
| Then she lit up a (6) and she showed me the                    | device?  |
| way  | And in the master?s chambers,                            |
| There were voices down the corridor,                           | They gathered for the feast                              |
| I thought I heard them say                                     | The stab it (9) their steely knives,                     |
| Welcome to the hotel california                                | But they just can?t kill the beast                       |
| Such a lovely place  | Last thing I remember, I was                             |
| Such a lovely face   | Running for the door                                     |
| Plenty of room at the hotel california                         | I had to find the passage back                           |
| Any time of year, you can find it here                         | To the place I was before                                |
| Her mind is tiffany-twisted, she got the mercedes 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 (10) 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 nineteen sixty |  |
| nine?  |  |
| And still (7) (8) are calling from                             |  |
| far away,  |  |



- 1. dark
- 2. smell
- 3. heavy
- 4. heaven
- 5. this
- 6. candle
- 7. those
- 8. voices
- 9. with
- 10. checkout

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