

# Hotel California – Ray Horton

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 or this could be Hell"  
Then she lit up a candle  
And she showed 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 face  
Plenty of room at the Hotel California  
What a nice surprise  
Bring your alibis  
Her mind is Tiffany-twisted  
She got the Mercedes Benz  
She got a lot of pretty, pretty boys  
That she calls friends  
How they dance in the courtyard  
Sweet summer sweat  
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 1969"  
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 plac  
Such a lovely face  
They livin' it up at the Hotel California  
What a nice surprise  
Bring your alibis  
Mirrors on the ceiling  
The pink champagne on ice  
'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,  
Running for the door  
I had to find the passage back  
To the place I was before  
"Relax, " said the night man  
You can check out any time you like  
But you can never leave"  
Welcome to the Hotel California  
Such a lovely plac  
Such a lovely face  
They livin' it up at the Hotel California  
What a nice surprise  
Bring your alibis



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych