

# Hotel California

## Chipocrite

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 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 Benz  
She got a lot of pretty, pretty boys 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 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 night man,  
"We are programmed to receive.  
You can check-out any time you like,  
But you can never leave! "

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