

## Fill in the gaps

| On a dark desert highway, cool wind in my hair                 | Wake you up in the middle of the night                   |
|--|--|
| Warm smell of colitas, rising up through the air               | Just to hear them say                                    |
| Up (1) in the distance, I saw a                                | Welcome to the hotel california                          |
| (2) light  | Such a lovely place                                      |
| My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim                       | Such a lovely face                                       |
| I had to stop for the night                                    | They livin? it up at the hotel california                |
| There she stood in the doorway;                                | What a nice surprise, bring (8) alibis                   |
| I heard the mission bell                                       | Mirrors on the ceiling,                                  |
| And I was thinking to myself,                                  | The pink champagne on ice                                |
| ?this could be heaven or this could be hell?                   | And she said ?we are all just prisoners here, of our own |
| Then she lit up a candle and she (3) me the                    | device?  |
| way  | And in the master?s chambers,                            |
| There were voices (4) the corridor,                            | They gathered for the feast                              |
| I thought I heard them say                                     | The stab it with their (9) 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 (10) 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, (5) summer                    | You can checkout any time you like,                      |
| sweat.   | But you can never leave!                                 |
| 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 (6) voices are (7)                                   |  |
| from far away,   |  |



- 1. ahead
- 2. shimmering
- 3. showed
- 4. down
- 5. sweet
- 6. those
- 7. calling
- 8. your
- 9. steely
- 10. place

## Fill in the gaps