

## **Gibsy Kings**

# **"Hotel California"**

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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

Her mind was Tiffany twisted  
She's got the Mercedes Benz  
She's 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

Mirrors on the ceiling  
Pink champagne on ice  
She said:  
"We are all just prisoners here  
Of our own device"  
And in the master's chambers  
They gather 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 programed to receive.  
You can check out any time you like  
But you can never leave"

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