

# Pennywise, Hotel California

[Originally by Eagles]

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 that corridor  
I thought I heard them say

[original chorus beat]

Her mind is Tiffany twisted  
She's got the Mercedes bends  
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  
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

[original chorus beat]

Mirrors on the ceiling  
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 nightman  
We are programmed to receive  
You can check out any time you like  
But you can never leave

[original chorus beat]