

Hotel California

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 and 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
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 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 living it up at the Hotel California
What a nice surprise (*what a nice surprise*)
Bring your alibis

The US of America

When the Founding Fathers
wrote their famous script,
it was meant for ensuring
to be well equipped
when the forces of darkness
and bad manners abound.
They knew we must watch out at any time
'cause the foe is around.

And we count our blessings,
in abundance we dwell,
and we are thinking to ourselves:
Is this from heaven or is this from hell?
But it seems to be ending,
set illusions aside!
It depends on where you're living now:
Red or Blue decides!

Welcome to the US of America!
It is ending now (it is ending now)
and I tell you how:
Division is deep in the US of America,
it will split up soon (it will split up soon),
separate nations loom.

Does that sound to be bad news?
I am not so sure!
When a nation gets too powerful,
ugly things occur.
We get prouder and prouder,
embracing the foe
who offers false wisdom,
but God tells us "Woe"!

So the union keeps drifting
more and more apart:
There are those who follow God's advice
and take care of their hearts.
And there are others who listen to
Satan's call...
They will end up in God's judgment soon,
pray for their lost souls!

Welcome to the US of America!
It is ending now (it is ending now)
and I tell you how:
Division is deep in the US of America,
it will split up soon (it will split up soon),
separate nations loom.

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 my 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!"

The Eagles

Enemies of freedom
were allowed to act,
but when they approach the tipping point,
limits will be set.
They'll be sent to their master,
oh I am so pleased
not to walk in their shoes that day:
What they sowed they will then reap!

So that's my conclusion: I would
urge you to repent!
Come to God and ask Him for His grace,
only that way you will find
that He's a Good Father,
loves us and takes care.
Find the passage back to heaven's gate,
He awaits you there!

