

On a dark desert highway
Warm smell of colitas
Up ahead in the distance
My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim

There she stood in the doorway
And I was thinkin' to myself
Then she lit up a candle
There were voices down the corridor

Her mind is Tiffany-twisted
She got a lot of pretty, pretty boys
How they dance in the courtyard
Some dance to remember

So I called up the Captain
He said, "We haven't had that spirit here
And still those voices are callin'
Wake you up in the middle of the night

Mirrors on the ceiling
We are all just prisoners here
And in the master's chambers
They stab it with their steely knives

Last thing I remember, I was
I had to find the passage back
"Relax," said the night man
You can check out any time you like