

Hotel California - En sang om dope!

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

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 bends
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 livin' it up at the Hotel California
What a nice surprise (what a nice surprise), bring
your alibis

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 the 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!

Hash er også dope? Tænk lidt over det!

Bjarne Maagensen Afrika 2019

CROOKED MIRROR

Home sweet honey, milk and tea. The government has plans about a highway directly where I live. It's relentless. The plan is to move 1200 boats, fill up the harbor, make a road to bring tons of dirt to construct the space between Nordhavn and Refshaleøen, Its about a new island, a mini Manhattan, they wished for long ago. It smells like cocaine and abundance, I don't know who stupid ideas they are. It makes me sick. I get scared of the money coming. It's like Tesla's in the entrance of the kindergarten. I would love that car, but it's somehow the end of my neighborhood. How to deal with this Big dreams of city planning where you absolute not included.

Stripes are in style

Yours Truly Jane Jacobs

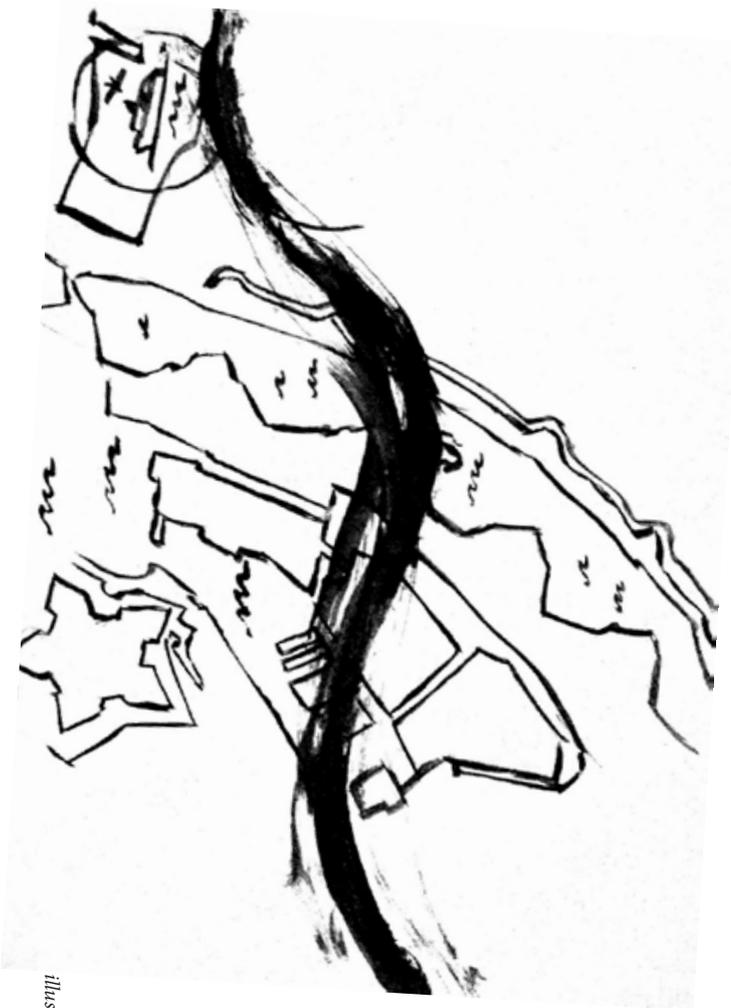


illustration: Asia Plum

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