

# Yello, Desert Inn

I never meet her in the city  
But believe me she is pretty  
Six-hundred-fifty miles away  
I meet my angel in the desert  
In the desert I can meet her  
Oh in the desert heat she makes me play

I'm not trying to be clever  
I'm not getting there forever  
Only flying with the wind and thee  
I'm not trying to be late  
Just becoming a slave  
Come on angel, play the game

I'm not trying to be clever  
I'm not getting there forever  
Won't fight with the window on me  
I'm not trying to be late  
Just becoming a slave  
Come on angel, play the game

She's never in the city  
But the woman she's pretty  
Six-hundred-fifty miles away  
I meet my angel in the desert  
In the desert I can meet her  
In the desert heat she makes me pray

There is a race in your face