

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