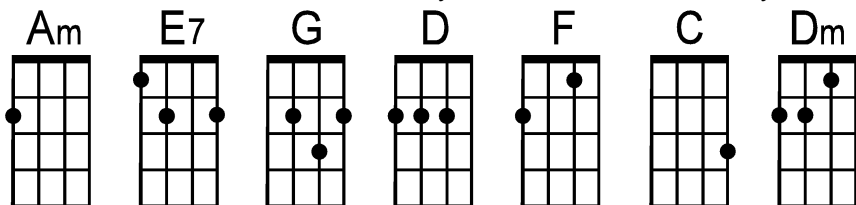


Hotel California

by Don Felder, Don Henley, and Glenn Frey (1977)



(Capo on 2nd fret for original key)

Intro: (Arpeggio with single strum at each chord)

Am\ . . . | | E7\ . . . | | G\ . . . | | D\ . . . | |

F\ . . . | | C\ . . . | | Dm\ . . . | | E7\ . . . | |

(sing e)

Am | | E7 | |

On a dark desert high-way cool wind in my hair

G | | D | |

Warm smell of co-litas rising up thru the air-i-air

F | | C | |

Up a-head in the dis-tance I saw a shim-mering light

Dm | | E7 | |

My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim I had to stop for the night

Am | | E7 | |

There she stood in the door-way I heard the mis-sion bell

G | | D | |

And I was think-ing to my—self this could be hea-ven or this could be he-e-ell

F | | C | |

Then she lit up a can-dle and she showed me the way

Dm | | E7 | |

There were voices down the corr-i—dor— I thought I heard them say—

F | | C | |

Chorus: Welcome to the Ho-tel Cal-i—forn-ia—

. . . | E7 | Am | |

Such a love-ly place (such a love-ly place) such a love-ly face

F | | C | |

Plenty of room at the Hot-el Cal-i—fornia

. . . | Dm | E7 | |

Any time of year (any time of year) You can find it here

Am | | E7 | |

Her mind is Tiff-any-twist-ed She got the Mer-cedes bends

G | | D | |

She got a lot of— pretty pretty boys that she calls—friends

F | | C | |

How they danced in the court-yard sweet— summer sweat

Dm | | E7 | |

Some dance to re-mem-ber some dance to for-get

Am . . . | | **E7** . . . | |
So I called up the cap-tain, Please— bring me—my wine (He said)

G . . . | | **D** . . . | |
We have not had that spirit— here since Nine-teen Sixty Ni-i-ine

F . . . | | **C** . . . | |
And still those voices are calling from far— a—way—

Dm . . . | | **E7** . . . | |
Wake you up in the middle of the night just to hear them say—

Chorus: **F** . . . | | **C** . . . | |
Welcome to the Ho-tel Cal-i—forn-ia—

E7 . . . | | **Am** . . . | |
Such a love-ly place (*such a love-ly place*) such a love-ly face

F . . . | | **C** . . . | |
They're livin' it up at the Ho-tel Cal-i—forn-ia

Dm . . . | | **E7** \ -- -- -- | -- -- -- -- |
What a nice sur-prise (*what a nice sur-prise*) Bring your al—i—bis—

Am . . . | | **E7** . . . | |
Mirr-ors on the ceil-ing— The pink cham-pagne on ice (and she said)

G . . . | | **D** . . . | |
We are all just prison-ers here of our own de—vice

F . . . | | **C** . . . | |
And in the mas-ter's cham-bers— they gathered for the feast

Dm . . . | | **E7** . . . | |
They stab it with their steely— knives but they just can't kill the beast

Am . . . | | **E7** . . . | |
Last thing I re-member— I was runn-ing for the door

G . . . | | **D** . . . | |
I had to find the pass-age back to the place I was be—for-or-ore

F . . . | | **C** . . . | |
"Re-lax" said the night man— we are pro—grammed to re—ceive

Dm . . . | | **E7** . . . | |
You can check out any time you like but you can never leave—

Instrumental outro:

Am . . . | | **E7** . . . | | **G** . . . | | **D** . . . | |

F . . . | | **C** . . . | | **Dm** . . . | | **E7** . . . | | **Am** \