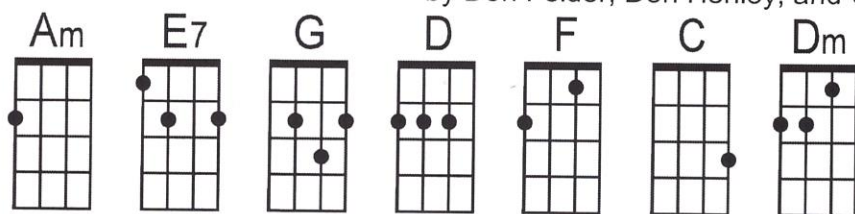


Hotel California

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—

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