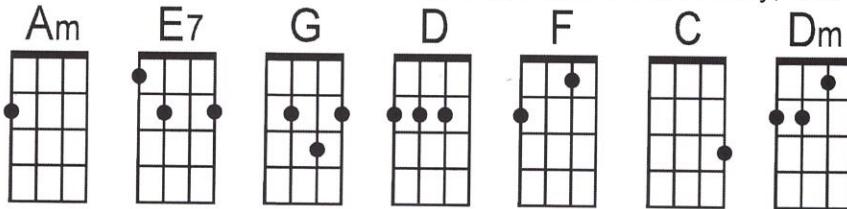


# Hotel California

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



(Capo on 2<sup>nd</sup> 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—

| **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 bents

**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-prize (*what a nice sur-prize*) 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 |