

# Hotel California

Words & Music by  
Glenn Frey, Don Felder  
& Don Henley

Bm F#7 Aadd9 E9

G D Em7

F#7 Bm F#7

Aadd9 E9 G

Bm F#7 Aadd9

E9 G D

Em7 F#7 Bm

F#7 Aadd9 E9

G D Em7

F#7 Bm G

D Em F#7

Bm Aadd9

On a dark des-ert high - way, cool wind in my hair, warm smell of co-li - tas -  
ris - ing up thru' the air. \_\_\_\_ Up a-head in the dis - tance, I saw a shim-mer-ing light,  
my head grew hea-vy and my sight grew dim, I had to stop for the\_\_ night. There she stood in the door - way,  
I heard the mis-sion bell, and I was think-ing to my - self, 'This could be hea-ven and this could be hell.' \_\_\_\_  
Then she lit up a can - dle, and she showed me the way, \_\_\_\_ there were voi-ces down the cor - ri-dor,  
I thought I heard them say; 'Wel-come to the Ho - tel Ca - li-for - nia, such a  
love - ly place, such a love - ly face. Plen-ty of room at the Ho - tel Ca - li-for -  
nia, a-ny time of year, you can find it here.'  
Her mind is Tif-fa-ny twist - ed, \_\_\_\_ she got the Mer-ce-des bends, uh. She got a lot of pret-ty, pret-ty boys

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E9 G D  
 that she calls friends. How they dance in the court - yard, sweet sum-mer sweat,  
 Em7 F#7 Bm  
 some dance to re-mem - ber, some dance to for - get. So I called up the Cap - tain,  
 F#7 Aadd9 E9  
 'Please bring me my wine.' He said, 'We have-n't had that spi - rit here since nine-teen-six-ty - nine,'  
 G D Em7  
 and still those voi-ces are call-ing from far a-way. They wake you up in the mid - dle of the night,  
 F#7 G D  
 just to hear them say; 'Wel-come to the Ho - tel Ca - li-for - nia, such a  
 F#7 Bm G  
 love - ly place, such a love - ly face. They liv-in' it up at the Ho - tel Ca - li-for -  
 D Em F#7 27  
 - nia, what a nice sur-prise, bring your a - li - bis.'  
 28 Bm F#7 Aadd9 E9  
 Mir-rors on the ceil-ing, the pink cham-pagne on ice, and she said, 'We are all just pri-son-ers here of our own de-vice,'  
 G D Em7  
 and in the mas-ter's cham-bers they ga - thered for their feast, they stab it with their stee - ly knives, but they  
 F#7 Bm F#7  
 just can't kill the beast. Last thing I re-mem - ber I was run-ning for the door,  
 Aadd9 E9 G  
 I had to find the pas - sage back to the place I was be-fore. 'Re-lax' said the night - man, 'we are  
 D Em7 F#7 31  
 pro-grammed to re-ceive, you can check out a-ny time you like, but you can ne-ver leave.'