

Hotel California

Intro ad lib.

Am | **E7** | **G** | **D7/F#** | **F** |

C | **Dm7** | **E7** | **Verse**
Am | :||: 1. On a dark des - ert high - way, —
2. Her mind is Tif - fa - ny - twist - ed, —
3. Mir - rors on the ceil - ing, —

E7 | **G** |
cool wind in my hair, — | warm of co - li - tas —
she got the Mer - ce - des Benz. — | She got et - ty, pret - ty boys, —
the pink cham - pagne on ice. And she said: — | pris - on - ers here, —

D7 | **F** |
ris - ing up through the air. — | Up a - head — | im - mer - ing light, —
that she called friends. — | How they — | sum - mer sweat, —
of our own de - vice." — | And — | gath - ered for the feast, —

Dm7 | **E7** |
my head grew her — | I had to stop for the night. —
some dance — | some dance to for - get. —
they stab — | they just can't kill the beast. —

Am | **E7** |
There she stood in way, — | I heard the mis - sion bell —
So I called up ap - tain: — | "Please bring me my wine." —
Last thing I re - mem - ber, I was — | run - ning for the door. —

G | **D7** |
and I was think - ing to my - self, — | this could be Heav - en or this could be Hell. —
He said: — | "We have - n't had this spi - rit here since nine - teen six - ty - nine." —
I had to find the pas - sage back — | to the place I was be - fore. —

F | **C** |
Then she lit up — | a can - dle — | and she showed me the way. —
And still those voi - ces are call - ing from — | far — | a —
"Re - lax", — | said the night - man, "We are — | pro - grammed to re - ceive, —

Dm7 | **E7** | **Ø** |
There were voi - ces down the cor - ri - dor, — | I thought I heard them say: — ||
wake you up in the mid - dle of the night — | just to hear them say: — ||
you can check out an - y time you like, — | but you can nev - er leave." — ||

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