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

Intro: (Arpeggio with single strum at each chord)

Am\ . . . | . . . | E7\ . . . | . . . | G\ . . . | . . . | D\ . . . | . . . | \(\text{sing e}\)
F\ . . . | . . . | C\ . . . | . . . | Dm\ . . . | . . . | E7\ . . . | . . . |

On a dark desert high-way cool wind in my hair
Warm smell of co-litas rising up thru the air-i-air
Up a-head in the dis-tance I saw a shim-mering light
My head grew heavy 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 or this could be he-e-ell
Then she lit up a can-dle and she showed me the way
There were voices down the corr-i—dor— I thought I heard them say——

Chorus: Welcome to the Ho-tel Cal-i—form-ia——
Such a love-ly place (such a love-ly place) such a love-ly face
Plenty of room at the Hot-el Cal-i—fornia
Any time of year (any time of year) You can find it here

Her mind is Tiff-any-twist-ed She got the Mer-cedes bends
She got a lot of— pretty pretty boys that she calls— friends
How they danced in the court-yard sweet— summer sweat
Some dance to re-mem-ber some dance to for-get
Chorus: Welcome to the Hotel California
Such a lovely place (such a lovely place) such a lovely face
They're living it up at the Hotel California
What a nice surprise (what a nice surprise) Bring your alas—i—bis—

Am . . . . | . . . . | E7 . . . . . . . . . . . . |
Mirrors on the ceiling— The pink champagne on ice (and she said)
G . . . . . . . . . . | D . . . . . . . . . . |
We are all just prisoners here of our own devices
F . . . . . . . . . . | C . . . . . . . . . . |
And in the master's chambers— 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 remember— I was running for the door
G . . . . . . . . . . | D . . . . . . . . . . |
I had to find the passage back to the place I was before—
F . . . . . . . . . . | C . . . . . . . . . . |
"Relax" said the night man— we are programmed to receive
Dm . . . . . . . . . . | E7 . . . . . . . . . . |
You can check out any time you like but you can never leave—

Instrumental outro:
Am . . . . | . . . . | E7 . . . . . . . . . . . . |
F . . . . . . . . . . | C . . . . . . . . . . |
Dm . . . . . . . . . . | E7 . . . . . . . . . . |
Am\