

Hotel California - The Eagles

Bm7 F#m
On a dark desert highway, cool wind in my hair
A E9
Warm smell of colitas rising up through the air
G D
Up ahead in the distance, I saw a shimmering light
Em7 F#7
My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim, I had to stop for the night

Bm7 F#m
There she stood in the doorway; I heard the mission bell
A E9
And I was thinking to myself, "This could be heaven or this could be hell"
G D
Then she lit up a candle, and she showed me the way
Em F#7
There were voices down the corridor, I thought I heard them say

{Chorus}
G D
Welcome to the Hotel California.
F#7 Bm7
Such a lovely place, such a lovely face
G D
Plenty of room at the Hotel California
Em7 F#7
Any time of year (any time of year) you can find it here

Bm7 F#7
Her mind is Tiffany twisted, she got the Mercedes bends
A E9
She got a lot of pretty, pretty boys that she calls friends
G D
How they dance in the courtyard, sweet summer sweat
Em7 F#7

Such a lovely place, such a lovely face

G

D

They livin' if up at the Hotel California

Em7

F#7

What a nice surprise (what a nice surprise) bring your alibis

Bm7

F#7

Mirrors on the ceiling, the pink champagne on ice. And she said;

A

E9

"We are all just prisoners here, of our own device"

G

D

And in the master's chambers, they gathered for the feast

Em7

F#7

They stab it with their steely knives, but they just can't kill the beast

Bm7

F#7

Last thing I remember, I was running for the door

A

E9

I had to find the passage back to the place I was before

G

D

"Relax" said the nightman, "We are programmed to receive"

Em7

F#7