Hotel California - The Eagles

Bm7 F#m On a dark desert highway, cool wind in my hair Warm smell of colitas rising up through the air D Up ahead in the distance, I saw a shimmering light 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 And I was thinking to myself, "This could be heaven or this could be hell" Then she lit up a candle, and she showed me the way There were voices down the corridor, I thought I heard them say {Chorus} Welcome to the Hotel California. F#7 Bm7 Such a lovely place, such a lovely face Plenty of room at the Hotel California F#7 Any time of year (any time of year) you can find it here F#7 Her mind is Tiffany twisted, she got the Mercedes bends She got a lot of pretty, pretty boys that she calls friends How they dance in the courtyard, sweet summer sweat Em7 F#7

Such a lovely place, such a lovely face They livin' if up at the Hotel California 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; "We are all just prisoners here, of our own device" And in the master's chambers, they gathered for the feast F#7 Em7 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 I had to find the passage back to the place I was before "Relax" said the nightman, "We are programmed to receive" F#7 Em7