

From: "The Eagles - Hotel California"

# Hotel California

by

DON HENLEY, GLENN FREY  
and DON FELDER

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# HOTEL CALIFORNIA

WORDS AND MUSIC BY  
DON HENLEY, GLENN FREY  
AND DON FELDER

MODERATELY SLOW ♩ = 76

B<sub>M</sub> F# A E G D E<sub>M</sub>7 F#7

B<sub>M</sub> F#

1. ON A DARK DES-ERT HIGH-WAY,  
2. THERE SHE STOOD IN THE DOOR-WAY;

COOL WIND IN MY HAIR;  
I HEARD THE MIS-SION BELL; \_

A E

WARM SMELL OF CO-LI-TAS,  
AND I WAS THINK-IN' TO MY-SELF, \_

RIS-ING UP THROUGH THE AIR. \_

"THIS COULD BE HEAV-EN OR THIS COULD BE HELL." \_

G D

UP A-HEAD IN THE DIS-TANCE  
THEN SHE LIT UP A CAN-DLE

I SAW A SHIM-MER-ING LIGHT,  
AND SHE SHOWED ME THE WAY.

E<sub>M</sub>7 F#7

MY HEAD GREW HEAV-Y AND MY SIGHT GREW DIM, \_  
THERE WERE VOIC-ES DOWN THE COR - RI - DOR, \_

I HAD TO STOP FOR THE NIGHT.

2. F#7 G D

I THOUGHT I HEARD THEM SAY;

WEL-COME TO THE HO - TEL CAL-I-FOR - NIA,

SUCH A

LOVE - LY PLACE, (SUCH A LOVE - LY PLACE) - SUCH A LOVE - LY FACE.

{ PLEN-TY OF ROOM - AT THE HO - TEL CAL - I - FOR - NIA. AN - Y  
THEY LIV - IN' IT UP - AT THE HO - TEL CAL - I - FOR - NIA. WHAT A

To CODA ⊕

TIME - OF YEAR, (AN - Y TIME - OF YEAR) - YOU CAN FIND - IT HERE -  
NICE - SUR - PRISE (WHAT A NICE - SUR - PRISE) - BRING YOUR

3. HER MIND IS TIF - FAN - Y - TWIST - ED;  
4. SO I CALLED UP THE CAP - TAIN,

SHE GOT THE MER - CE - DES BENDS.  
"PLEASE BRING ME MY WINE." HE SAID,

SHE GOT A LOT OF PRET - TY, - PRET - TY BOYS THAT SHE CALLS FRIENDS -  
"WE HAVE - N'T HAD THAT SPIR - IT HERE - SINCE NINE - TEEN SIX - TY NINE." -

HOW THEY DANCE IN THE COURT - YARD, SWEET - SUM - MER SWEAT -  
AND STILL THOSE VOIC - ES CALL - ING FROM FAR - A - WAY,

2ND TIME D.S. AL CODA

SOME DANCE TO RE - MEM - BER, SOME DANCE TO FOR - GET.  
WAKE YOU UP IN THE MID - DLE OF THE NIGHT JUST TO HEAR THEM SAY,

AL - I - BIS. 5. MIR-RORS ON THE CEIL - ING;

THE PINK CHAM-PAGNE ON ICE, AND SHE SAID, "WE ARE ALL JUST PRIS-ON-ERS HERE

OF OUR OWN DE-VICE." AND IN THE MAS-TER'S CHAM-BERS

THEY GATH-ERED FOR THE FEAST. THEY STAB IT WITH THEIR STEEL-Y KNIVES BUT THEY

JUST CAN'T KILL THE BEAST. 6. LAST THING I RE-MEM - BER I WAS

RUN-NING FOR THE DOOR, I HAD TO FIND THE PAS-SAGE BACK TO THE PLACE I WAS BE-FORE.

"RE-LAX" SAID THE NIGHT MAN, "WE ARE PRO-GRAMMED TO RE-CEIVE.

YOU CAN CHECK OUT AN - Y TIME YOU LIKE, BUT YOU CAN - NEV - ER LEAVE."

REPEAT AD LIB. AND FADE AS GUITAR SOLO