

[Intro] (D#m D#m Bb Bb - C# C# G# G# - B B F# F# - G#m G#m Bb7 Bb7  
On a dark desert highway - Cool wind in my hair x2)  
Warm smell of colitas - Rising up through the air  
Up ahead in the distance - I saw a shimmering light  
My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim 

Hotel
California

  
I had to stop for the night  
There she stood in the doorway - I heard the mission bell  
And I was thinking to myself 

Eagles
--------

  
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] B B F# F# - Bb7 Bb7 D#m D#m - B B F# F# - G#m G#m Bb7 Bb7  
Welcome to the Hotel California - ... - Such a lovely (place/  
(Plenty of room at the Hotel California) - ... face)  
(Any time of year (x2) - You can find it here) (x2~1)

Her mind is Tiffany-twisted - She got the Mercedes-Benz, uh  
She got a lot of pretty, pretty boys  
That she calls friends  
How they dance in the courtyard - Sweet summer sweat  
Some dance to remember - Some dance to forget  
So I called up the Captain - Please bring me my wine  
He said, we haven't had that spirit here  
Since nineteen sixty nine  
And still those voices are calling - From far away  
Wake you up in the middle of the night - Just to hear them say

[Chorus] (They livin' it up at the Hotel California)  
(What a nice surprise (x2) - Bring your alibis)  
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  
They stab it with their steely knives  
But they just can't kill the beast  
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 night man - We are programmed to receive  
You can checkout any time you like  
But you can never leave [Intro] (x5)