

[Intro] (F#m F#m C# C# - E E B B - D D A A - Bm Bm C#7 C#7
 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
 I had to stop for the night || California
 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 || Eagles
 Then she lit up a candle - And she showed me the way
 There were voices down the corridor
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[Chorus] D D A A - C#7 C#7 F#m F#m - D D A A - Bm Bm C#7 C#7
 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
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[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
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 You can checkout any time you like
 But you can never leave [Intro] (x5)

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