

HOTEL CALIFORNIA

Words & Music by
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Slowly ♩ = 74

Rhy.Fig.1 Gtr. 1(Acoustic 12-string)

Steel Guitar

Intro

B m F#7 Asus2 E 9

T
A
B

Gtr. 1 capo at 7th fret.

G D Em7 F#7

5

end Rhy.Fig.1

B m F#7

9

Vers 1

On a dark des-ert high-way, cool wind in my hair,

Vers 2 There she stood in the door-way; I heard the mis-sion bell.

Asus2 E 9

11

warm smell of co-li-tas ri-sing up in the air.

I was think-ing to my-self this could be hea-ven, or this could be hell.

HOTEL CALIFORNIA

G D

13

Up a - head in the dis - tance I saw a shim - mer - ing light.

Then she lit up a can - dle and she showed me the way

Em7 F#7

15

My head grew heav-y and my sight grew dim; I had to stop for the night.

There are voi-ces down the cor - ri - dor, I thought I heard them say:

G D

Chorus:

1. Stimme

Wel - come to the Ho - tel Ca - li - for - nia. such a

Gtr. 3

F#7 Bm

19

love - ly place (such a love - ly place) such a love - ly face.

3

21

G D

Plen - ty of room at the Ho - tel Ca - li - for - nia. An - y
liv - ing it up at the Ho - tel Ca - li - for - nia. What a

23

E m7 F#7

time of year (an - y time of year) you can find it here.
nice sur - prise. (What a nice sur - prise.) Bring your

25

B m F#7

Vers 3

Her mind is Tif - fa - ny twist - ed. She got the Mer - ce - des Benz. (Uh)

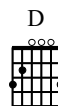
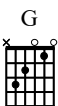
Vers 4

So I called up the cap - tain, "Please bring me my wine." he said,

27

Asus2 E9

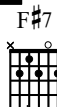
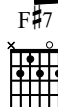
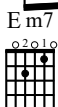
She got a lot of pret - ty, pret - ty boys that she calls friends.
"We hav - en't had that spi - rit here since nine - teen six - ty nine."



29

first voice How they dance in the court - yard; sweet sum-mer sweat.

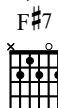
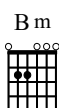
And still those voi-ces are call - ing from far a - way.



31

Some dance to re-mem - ber; some dance to for - get. *D.S. al Coda* al - i-bis.

Wake you up in the mid-dle of the night Just to hear them say:

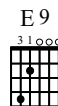
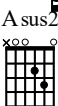


w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Git 1)

34

Vers 5 Mir - rors on the ceil - ing. the pink cham - pagne on ice. an' she said,

Vers 6 Last thing I re-mem-ber I was run - ning for the door.



36

"We are all just pri - son - ers here of our own de-vice."

I had to find the pas-sage back to the place I was be - fore.

38

G

D

An' in the mas-ter's cham - bers they gath - ered for the feast.

"Re - lax" said the night man, "We are pro - grammed to re-ceive.

Vers 5 tacet

40

Em7

F#7

They stab it with their steel - y knives, but they just can't kill the beast. *D.S. al Coda*

you can check out a - ny time you like, But you can ne - ver leave."

Vers 5 tacet