

# Hotel California

Words & Music:  
Don Henley (The Eagles)

Bm F#  
On a dark desert highway, cool wind in my hair  
A E  
Warm smell of colitas rising up through the air  
G D  
Up ahead in the distance, I saw a shimmering light  
Em F#  
My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim; I had to stop for the night  
As 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:

G D Em Bm7  
Welcome to the Hotel California. Such a lovely place, such a lovely face  
G D  
Plenty of room at the Hotel California  
Em F#  
Any time of year (any time of year) you can find it here

Her mind is Tiffany twisted, she got the Mercedes Benz.  
She got a lot of pretty, pretty boys and she calls them in.  
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."  
"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 *[with new last two lines]*

They livin' it up at the Hotel California  
What a nice surprise (what a nice surprise) 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 nightman, "We are programmed to receive"  
"You can check out anytime you like, but you can never leave"

