Hotel California (Eagles)

Bm                                           F#7

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#7
My head grew heavy, and my sight grew dimmer. I had to stop for the night.

Bm                                           F#7

There she stood in the doorway. I heard the mission bell.
A                        E

And I was thinking to myself: « This could be Heaven or this could be Hell! »
G                                           D

Then she lit up a candle and she showed me the way.

Em                                                  F#7
There were voices down the corridor, I thought I heard them say...

G                                           D           F#7                        Bm
Welcome to the Hotel California! Such a lovely place (such a lovely face).

G                                           D                   Em                                            F#7
Plenty of room at the Hotel California! Any time of year, you can find it here.

Bm                                           F#7
Her mind is Tiffany-twisted, she got the Mercedes Benz.
A                        E

She's got a lot of pretty, pretty boys, that she calls friends.
G                                           D

How they dance in the courtyard, sweet summer sweat.

Em                                                  F#7
Some dance to remember, some dance to forget.

Bm                                           F#7
So I called up the Captain: « Please bring me my wine. »
A                        E

He said: « We haven't had that spirit here since 1969! »
G                                           D

And still those voices are calling from far away.

Em                                                  F#7
Wake you up in the middle of the night just to hear them say...

G                                           D           F#7                        Bm
Welcome to the Hotel California! Such a lovely place (such a lovely face).

G                                           D                   Em                                            F#7
They livin' it up at the Hotel California. What a nice surprise, bring your alibis.

Bm                                           F#7
Mirrors on the ceiling, the pink champagne on ice.
A                        E

And she said: « We are all just prisoners here, of our own device. »
G                                           D

And in the master's chambers, they gathered for the feast.

Em                                                  F#7
They stab it with their steely knives, but they just can't kill the beast.

Bm                                           F#7
Last thing I remember, I was running for the door.
A                        E

I had to find the passage back to the place I was before.
G                                           D

« Relax! » said the nightman, « We are programmed to receive.

Em                                                  F#7
You can check out any time you like, but you can never leave! »