

HOTEL CALIFORNIA

Words & Music by
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Slowly ♩ = 74

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

Steel Guitar

Intro

T
A
B

Gtr. 1 capo at 7th fret.

5

G D Em7 F#7

end Rhy.Fig.1

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.

11

Asus2 E9

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. —

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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



Chorus:

D



17

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

Gr. 3

F#7



Bm



19

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

G



D



21

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

E m7



F#7



23

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

B m



F#7



25

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,

A sus2



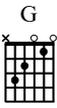
E 9



27

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." ___

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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.

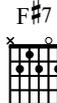
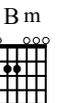


31



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:



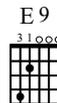
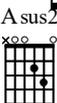
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Git 1)

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.



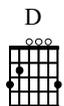
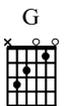
36



"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.



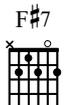


38

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

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*