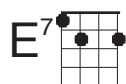


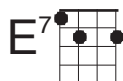
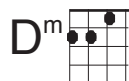
# Hotel California Los Eagles



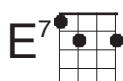
On a dark desert highway, cool wind in my hair  
 Her mind is Tiffany-twisted, she got the Mercedes Benz. She got a lot of pretty, pretty boys  
 Mirrors on the ceiling, pink champagne on ice And she said we are all just prisoners here



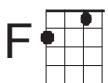
rising up through the air. Up ahead in the distance I saw a shimmering light  
 that she calls friends. How they dance in the courtyard. Sweet summer sweat  
 of our own device. And in the master's chambers, they gathered for the feast



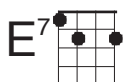
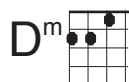
My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim I had to stop for the night.  
 Some dance to remember, some dance to forget  
 They stab it with their steely knives but they just can't kill the beast



There she stood in the doorway, I heard the mission bell I was thinking to myself this could be  
 So I called up the Captain. Please bring me my wine. He said: We haven't had that spirit here since  
 Last thing I remember I was running for the door. I had to find the passage back to the



Heaven or this could be hell. Then she lit up a candle and she showed me the way  
 1969 And still those voices are calling from far away  
 place I was before. Relax said the night man we are programmed to receive

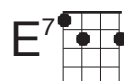


There were voices down the corridor I thought I heard them say  
 Wake you up in the middle of the night Just to hear them say  
 You can check out any time you like but you can never leave

## Chorus



Welcome to the Hotel Cali-fornia Such a lovely Place Such a lovely face. They're



livin' it up at the Hotel Cali-fornia What a nice surprise Bring your alibies

# Hotel California- a rough intro

Am E7 G

TAB

0 3 0 | 2 2 | 0 2

0 0 | 0 0 | 3 3 2

2 | 1 | 0 2 2

D F C

TAB

0 0 0 0 *sl* 3 3

0 0 2 | 1 1 1 3 5 | 3 0 3 0

2 | 2 | 0 0

Dm E7

TAB

0 5 0 | 2 2

1 1 | 0 0

2 | 2 | 2

2 | 1 |