Moderate Rock beat

Tacet

Bm

F#7

On a dark desert highway,
Her mind is Tiffany twisted.

cool wind in my
She got the Mercedes

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hair, warm smell of colitas
Benz. She got a lot of pretty, pretty boys.

rising up through the air. Up ahead in the
that she calls friends. How they dance in the
distance, I saw a shimmering light.
courtyard; sweet summer sweat.

My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim;
Some dance to remember:
I had to stop for the night.

So I called up the doorway;

captain:

I heard the mission bell.

"Please bring me my wine."

He said,

And I was thinking to myself: this could be

We haven't had that spirit here since

heaven and this could be hell.

Then she lit up a

And still those

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candle,
voices are calling from far away;

There were voices down the corridor;
I thought I heard them wake you up in the middle of the night just to hear them say:
"Welcome to the Hotel California."

Such a lovely place, such a lovely place.
love - ly place_ ) such a love - ly face.

love - ly place_ ) such a love - ly face.

Plenty of room - at the Ho - tel Cal - ifor - nia.

They liv - in' it up - at the Ho - tel Cal - ifor - nia.

An - y time - of year_, (an - y

What a nice - sur - prise; (what a

time - of year_) you can find - it here_.

nice - sur - prise_) bring your
Mirrors on the alibi.

Last thing I remember, I was the pink champagne on the ceiling, and she said, "We are all just prisoners here of our own device." Passage back to the place I was before.
And in the master's chambers,
"Relax," said the man.
"We are
they gathered for the feast.
programmed to receive.

They stab it with their steel knives,
You can check out any time you like, but they

1. just can't kill the beast.
2. you can never leave."

D. C. and fade