

HOTEL CALIFORNIA

Words and Music by
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and DON FELDER

Tacet **Moderate Rock beat**
mp legato

On a dark des-ert high-way, cool wind in my
Her mind is Tif-fa-ny twist-cd. She got the Mer-ce-des

hair, warm-smell of co-li-tas—
bends. She got a lot of pret-ty, pret-ty boys—

ris-ing up through the air. Up a-head in the
that she calls friends. How they dance in the

dis-tance, I saw a shim-mer-ing light.
court-yard; sweet sum-mer sweat.

My head grew heav-y and my sight grew dim;—
Some dance to re-mem-ber;

I had to stop for the night.— There she stood in the
some dance to for-get. So I called up the

door-way; I heard the mis-sion bell.
cap-tain: "Please bring me my wine." He said,

And I was think-ing that to my-self:— this could be
"We have-n't had that spir-it here since

heav-en or this could be hell. Then she lit up a
nine-teen six-ty-nine." And still those

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

They Plen-ty of room-at the Ho-tel Cal-i-for-
liv-in' it up-at the Ho-tel Cal-i-for-

nia.
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