

Hotel California

Eagles

Sim / Fa#7 / La / Mi / Sol / Re / Mim / Fa#7

On a dark desert highway
Cool wind in my hair
Warm smell of colitas
Rising up through the air
Up ahead in the distance
I saw a shimmering light
My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim
I had to stop for the night

1-----2---0-----2
2-----3-----3-----2
3-----4-----4-----3-----3
4-----4-----2
5---2-----2

There she stood in the doorway
I heard the mission bell
And I was thinkin' to myself
"This could be Heaven or this could be Hell"
Then she lit up a candle
And she showed me the way
There were voices down the corridor
I thought I heard them say

Sol / Ré / Fa#7 / Sim / Sol / Re / Mim / Fa#7

"Welcome to the Hotel California
Such a lovely place (Such a lovely place)
Such a lovely face
Plenty of room at the Hotel California
Any time of year (Any time of year)
You can find it here"