

HOTEL CALIFORNIA

Words and Music by
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Moderately slow-with Reggae flavor

Quasi Guitar

The musical score is presented in a standard format with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (D major). The tempo and style are indicated as 'Moderately slow-with Reggae flavor' and 'Quasi Guitar'. The score includes a guitar part with a 'mf' dynamic marking and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words split across lines. Chord diagrams for Bm7, F#m, A, E9, G, and D are provided above the guitar staff. Triplet markings (3) are used throughout the score to indicate specific rhythmic patterns.

mf

Bm7

F#m

A

E9

G

D

On a dark des - ert high-way, cool wind in my hair;
There she stood in the door-way; I heard the mis - sion bell; —

warm smell of co - li - tas, ri - sing up through the air.
and I was think - in' to my - self, "This could be Heav - en or this could be Hell."

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 1. F#7

My head grew hea-vy and my sight grew dim, I had to stop for the night.
 There were voi-ces down the cor-ri-dor,

2. F#7 G

I thought I heard them say, 1.2. Wel-come to the Ho-tel Cal-i-for-

D F#7

nia, such a love-ly place, (such a love-ly place) such a

Bm7 G

love-ly face.— *8va bassa*— *loco*
 2. They liv-in' if up— at the Ho-tel Cal-i-for-

D **Em7** **F#7** *To Coda*

nia. — An - y time of year, — you can find it here. —
 nia. — What a nice sur-prise — (an - y time of year) — bring your
 (what a nice sur-prise) —

8va bassa *loco*

Bm7 **F#7**

Her mind is Tif - fan - y - twist - ed; she got the Mer - ce - des bends.
 So I called up the Cap - tain, "Please bring me my wine." He said,

A **E9**

She got a lot of pret - ty, — pret - ty boys — that she calls friends. —
 "We have - n't had that spir - it here — since nine - teen six - ty nine." —

G **D**

How they dance in the court - yard, sweet — sum - mer sweat.
 And still those voi - ces are call - ing from far — a — way,

Em7 F#7 *D. S. al Coda*

Some dance to re - mem - ber, _____ some dance to for - get.
wake you up in the mid - dle of the night just to hear them say,

Coda F#7 Bm7 F#7

al - i - bis. Mir - rors on the ceil - ling; the pink cham - pagne on ice, and she said,

A E9 G

"We are all just pris - on - ers here of our own de - vice." And in the mas - ter's cham - bers

D Em7 F#7

they gath - ered for the feast. They stab it with their steel - y knives but they just can't kill the beast.

Bm7

F#7

3

3

Last thing I re - mem - ber I was run - ning for the door,

3

3

I had to find the pas - sage back to the place I was be - fore.

A

E9

"Re - lax" said the night man, "We are pro - grammed to re - ceive.

G

D

Em7

F#7

D. S. al fade on Chorus

You can check out an - y time you like, but you can — nev - er leave."