

HOTEL CALIFORNIA

Words and Music by
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Moderately slow-with Reggae flavor

Quasi Guitar

The musical score is written for guitar and piano. The guitar part is in the treble clef, and the piano part is in the bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The score includes lyrics and guitar chords. The lyrics are: "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." The guitar part includes chords Bm7, F#m, E9, G, and D. The piano part includes triplets and other musical notations.

mf

Bm7

F#m

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.

G

D

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,

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

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

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





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




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,




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." —




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,

A E9

I had to find the pas-sageback to the place I was be-fore. _____

G D

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

Em7 F#7

D. S. al fade on Chorus

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