1. On a dark desert highway,
   cool wind in my hair,
   D.S.: Instrumental to Fine

2. Her mind is Tiffany-twisted.
   She got the Mercedes bends.
warm smell of colita, 
She got a lot of pretty, pretty boys
rising up through the air,
that she calls friends.

Up ahead in the distance, 
How they dance in the courtyard;
sweet summer sweat.

My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim;
Some dance to remember;
I had to stop for the night.
Some dance to forget.
2. There she stood in the doorway;
   I heard the mission bell.
4. So I called up the captain:
   "Please bring me my wine."
   He said.

And I was thinking to myself: this could be heaven or this could be hell.
   "We haven't had that spirit here since nineteen sixty-nine."

Then she lit up a candle,
   And still those voices are calling from far away,
   and she showed me the way.
Em  
There were voices down the corridor; I thought I heard them say...
wake you up in the middle of the night just to hear them say...

F#7  
"Welcome to the Hotel California."
Such a lovely place, such a lovely face.
They livin' it up at the Hotel California.

G  
"Welcome to the Hotel California."

D  

Bm  

F#7  

Plenty of room at the Hotel California.

G  

D  

Any What a
prisoners here__

passage back to the__
of our own__
device."

And in the master's__
chambers,___
"Relax," said the night man.____
"We are they gathered for the__
programmed to re-

feast.____
They stab it with their steel-y knives,____
but they____
You can check out any time you like,____
but____
just can't kill the beast.____
leave."

D.S. al Fine

N.C.