

HOTEL CALIFORNIA

(Don Felder/Don Henley/Glenn Frey) (Album 1976 / single 1977)

Albumet toppet VG-lista og lå på lista i 43 uker. Singelen gikk til 5. plass og ble i 14 uker 1. i USA

INTRO: Akustisk gitar over 2 vers

Bm **F#**
On a dark desert highway, cool wind in my hair
A **E**
Warm smell of colitas, rising through the air
G **D**
Up ahead in the distance, I saw a shimmering light
Em **F#**
My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim, I had to stop for the night

Bm **F#**
There she stood in the doorway, I heard the mission bell
A **E**
And I was thinking to myself: this could be heaven or this could be hell
G **D**
Then she lit up a candle and she showed me the way
Em **F#**
There were voices down the corridor; I thought I heard them say:

Chorus:

G **D**
" Welcome to the Hotel California
F# **Bm**
Such a lovely place (such a lovely place), such a lovely face
G **D**
Plenty of room at the Hotel California
Em **F#**
Any time of year (any time of year), you can find it here"

Bm **F#**
Her mind is Tiffany twisted, she got the Mercedes Benz
A **E**
She got a lot of pretty, pretty boys, that she calls friends
G **D**
How they dance in the courtyard, sweet summer sweat
Em **F#**
Some dance to remember, some dance to forget

Bm **F#**
So I called up the captain, "Please bring me my wine", He said
A **E**
"We haven't had that spirit here since nineteen sixty-nine"
G **D**
And still those voices are calling from far away
Em **F#**
Wake you up in the middle of the night, just to hear them say:

Chorus:

G **D**
" Welcome to the Hotel Califor nia
F# **Bm**
Such a lovely place (such a lovely place), such a lovely face
G **D**
They livin' it up at the Hotel Califor nia
Em **F#**
What a nice surprise (what a nice surprise), bring your alibis"

Bm **F#**
Mirrors on the ceiling, the pink champagne on ice, and she said
A **E**
" We are all just prisoners here, of our own device"
G **D**
And in the master's chambers, they gathered for the feast
Em **F#**
They stab it with their steely knives but they just can't kill the beast

Bm **F#**
Last thing I remember, I was running for the door
A **E**
I had to find the passage back to the place I was before
G **D**
" Relax," said the night man, "We are programmed to receive
Em **F#**
You can check out any time you like, but you can never leave"

Gitarsolo over vers på vers...