intro II. Am 1 % E/ I	%1G1%1D1	%1F1%1C1%	10m1%1E/1%	.11
Am On a dark desert hi	E7 gh-way, cool w	G vind in my hair, wa	D arm smell of faitas,) rising up through the air
F	Č	Dm	·	E7
Up a-head in the distance Am	, I saw a shimmerir E7	ng light, my head grew G	heavy and my sight gr	ew dim I had to stop for the n
There she stood in the d	oorway, I heard the	mission bell, and I was to	hinking to myself this coul	ld be heaven or this could be hel
Then she lit up a candle,	and she showed m	e the way, there were	voices down the corrid	lor, I thought I heard them say
F	С	E 7	Am	
Wel-come to the Ho	-tel Cal-i-for-nia	i, such a love-ly pla	ice, such a love-ly fa	ace
F	C	Dm	E 7	
Plenty of room at the	e Ho-tel Cal-i-for	r-nia, any time of ye	ear, you can find it h	ere
Am	E7	G		D
	sted, she got the	Mercedes bends, s	he got a lot of pretty p	pretty boys, she calls friend
F	С	Dm	ı	E7
_		t summer sweat, s	ome dance to remem	ber, some dance to forget
Am	E7	G a ma my wina ha a	said wa bayan ^y bad ti	D
F	can, please bring	y me my wine, me s Dm	salo we haven thao ti	nat spir-it here since, 1969
	are calling from fa	r away, wake you ur	o in the middle of the	night, just to hear them say
F	•	E 7		•
Wel-come to the Ho	-tol Cal-i-for-nia		Am	
Wel-come to the Ho	-tei Cal-i-i0i-ilia	i, sucii a love-iy pia Dm	.ce, such a love-ly is	
They liv-in' it up at the	Ho-tel Cal-i-for-		ır-nrisa hring you	
moy in in it up at the	The ter out their	ma, what a moc su	i-prise, bring you	ii ai-i-bis
Am <pause> E7</pause>	<pause></pause>		G <pause></pause>	D <pause></pause>
Mirrors on the ceiling, th	ie pink champagn	e on ice, and she sa	id, we are all just pris	soners here of our own device
F <pause></pause>	C <pause></pause>	Dm <paus< td=""><td></td><td>E7 <pause></pause></td></paus<>		E7 <pause></pause>
_		_	it with their steely knive	es, but they just can't kill the bea
Am Last thing I remember, I	E7 Lwas running for	G the door I has to fin	nd the passage back to	D the place Lwas he fore
F	C	Dm	d the passage back to	E7 N.C
·			check out an-y time you	ı like but you can never leave
			•	·
<guitar solo=""> II: Am I</guitar>	% E7 % G	% D7 % F %	% C % Dm %	l E7 l % :ll 2x
Am /	/// <end></end>			

moter Carrothia by Don Henley, Glenn Frey and Don Feiger