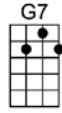
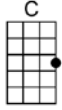
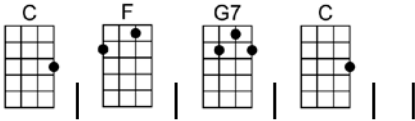


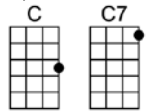
# MARGARITAVILLE

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro:

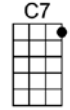
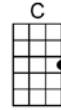
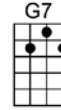
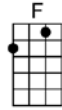
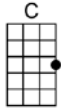
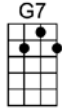
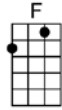


(1,2) Nibblin' on sponge cake, watchin' the sun bake, all of those tourists all covered with oil,

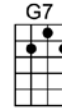
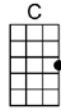
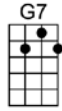
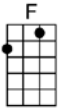


Strummin' my four-string on my front porch swing, smell those shrimp they're beginnin' to boil

CHORUS:



Wastin' away again in Margaritaville, searching for my lost shaker of salt



Some people claim that there's a woman to blame, but 1) I know it's nobody's fault.

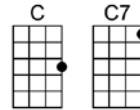
2) hell, it could be my fault

3) and I know it's my own damned fault CODA

I don't know the reason I stayed here all season



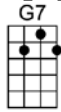
Nothin' to show but this brand new tat-too



But it's a real beauty, a Mexican cutie, how it got here I haven't a clue.

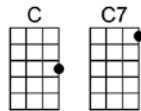
CHORUS

I blew out my flip-flop, stepped on a pop-top



Cut my heel, had to cruise on back home

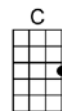
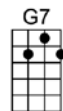
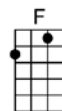
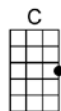
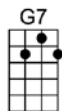
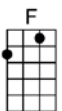
But there's booze in the blender and soon it will render



That frozen concoction that helps me hang on.

CHORUS

CODA:



F G7 C

Some people claim that there's a woman to blame, and I know it's my own damned fault

# MARGARITAVILLE

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: | C | F | G | C | |

C

(1,2) Nibblin' on sponge cake, watchin' the sun bake

G7

All of those tourists all covered with oil

Strummin' my four-string on my front porch swing

C C7

Smell those shrimp they're beginnin' to boil

CHORUS:

F G7 C C7 F G7 C C7  
Wastin' away again in Margaritaville, searching for my lost shaker of salt

F G7 C F G7 C  
Some people claim that there's a woman to blame, but 1) I know it's nobody's fault.  
2) hell, it could be my fault  
3) and I know it's my own damned fault CODA

I don't know the reason I stayed here all season

G7

Nothin' to show but this brand new tat-too

C C7

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CHORUS

I blew out my flip-flop, stepped on a pop-top

G7

Cut my heel, had to cruise on back home

But there's booze in the blender and soon it will render

C C7

That frozen concoction that helps me hang on.

CHORUS

CODA:

F G7 C F G7 C F G7 C  
Some people claim that there's a woman to blame, and I know it's my own damned fault