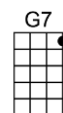
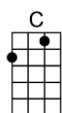
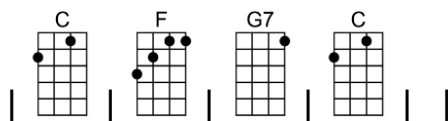


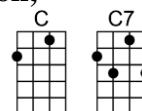
MARGARITAVILLE_(BAR)

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

Intro:

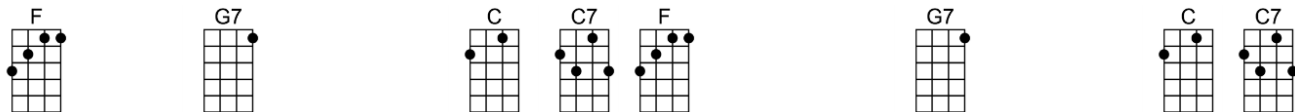


(1,2) Nibblin' on sponge cake, watchin' the sun bake, all of those tourists all covered with oil,

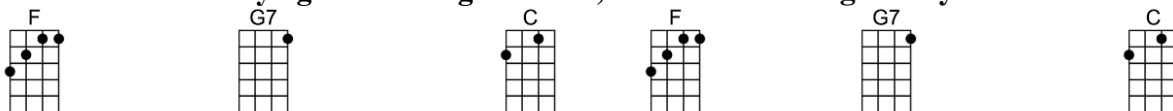


Strummin' my four-string on my front porch swing, smell those shrimp they're beginnin' to boil

CHORUS:



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

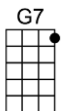


Some people claim that there's a woman to blame, but 1) I know it's nobody's fault.

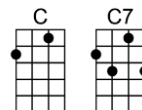
2) hell, it could be my fault

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

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



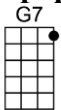
Nothin' to show but this brand new tat-too



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

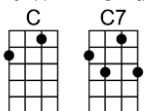
CHORUS

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



Cut my heel, had to cruise on back home

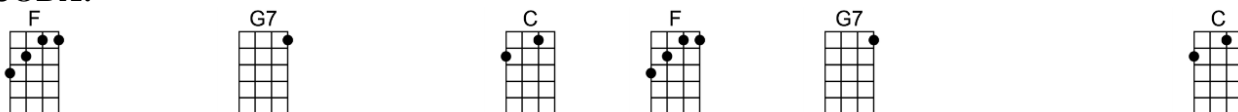
But there's booze in the blender and soon it will render



That frozen concoction that helps me hang on.

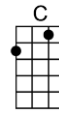
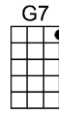
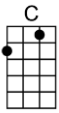
CHORUS

CODA:

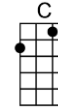
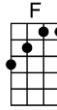
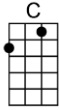


Some people claim that there's a woman to blame, and I know it's my own damned fault

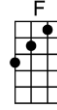
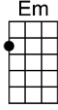
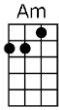
CHANGES IN LATITUDES, CHANGES IN ATTITUDES^(BAR)



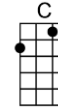
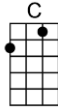
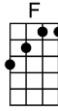
I took off for a weekend last month, just to try and recall the whole year.
Reading departure signs in some big airport re-minds me of the places I've been.
I think about Paris when I'm high on red wine, I wish I could jump on a plane.



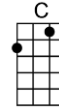
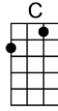
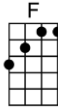
All of the faces and all of the places, wonderin' where they all disappeared.
Visions of good times that brought so much pleasure makes me want to go back a-gain.
And so many nights I just dream of the ocean, God, I wish I was sailin' a-gain.



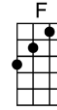
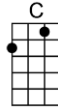
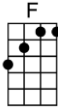
I didn't ponder the question too long. I was hungry and went out for a bite.
If it suddenly ended to-morrow, I could somehow adjust to the fall.
Oh, yesterdays are over my shoulder, so I can't look back for too long.



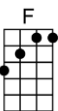
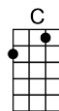
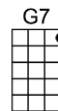
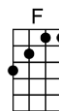
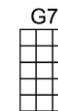
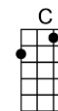
Ran into a chum with a bottle of rum, and we wound up drinkin' all night.
Good times and riches and son of a bitches, I've seen more than I can re-call
There's just too much to see waiting in front of me, and I know that I just can't go wrong

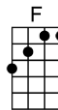
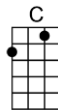

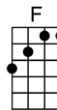
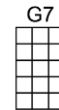
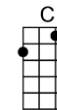


It's those changes in latitudes, changes in attitudes, nothing remains quite the same.
These changes in latitudes, changes in attitudes, nothing remains quite the same.
With these changes in latitudes, changes in attitudes, nothing remains quite the same. (CODA)

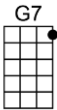
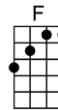
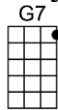
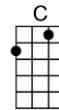


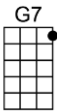
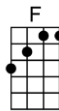
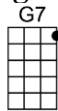
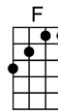
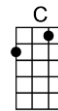
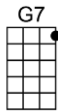
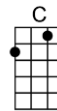
With all of our running and all of our cunning, if we couldn't laugh, we would all go in - sane (2nd v)
Through all of the islands and all of the highlands, if we couldn't laugh, we would all go in - sane (inter)

Interlude:       (3rd verse)

CODA:      

With all of my running and all of my cunning, if I couldn't laugh, I just would go in - sane

   
If we couldn't laugh, we just would go in - sane

If we weren't all crazy, we would....go.....in-sane!