(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
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
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

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