MARGARITAVILLE

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.

CODA:
Some people claim that there’s a woman to blame, and I know it’s my own damned fault
Intro:  \[ C \mid F \mid G \mid C \mid \]

\[ C \]
(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

\[ C \mid C7 \]
Smell those shrimp they’re beginnin’ to boil

CHORUS:

\[ F \mid G7 \mid C \mid C7 \mid F \mid G7 \mid C \mid C7 \]
Wastin’ away again in Margaritaville, searching for my lost shaker of salt

\[ F \mid G7 \mid C \mid F \mid G7 \mid C \]
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

\[ C \mid C7 \]
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

\[ C \mid C7 \]
That frozen concoction that helps me hang on.

CHORUS

CODA:

\[ F \mid G7 \mid C \mid F \mid G7 \mid C \mid F \mid G7 \mid C \]
Some people claim that there’s a woman to blame, and I know it’s my own damned fault