

Margaritaville - Jimmy Buffet

D
Nibblin' on sponge cake, watchin' the sun bake,
A
all of those tourists covered with oil.
Strummin' my six string on my front porch swing. Smell those shrimp
D D7
They're beginnin' to boil.

Chorus

G A D D7
Wastin away again in Margaritaville,
G A D D7
Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.
G A D A G
Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,
A D
But I know it's nobody's fault.
(Now I think, Hell it could be my fault.)
(But I know, it's my own damn fault.)

D
Don't know the reason, I stayed here all season.
A
Nothing to show but this brand new tattoo.
But it's a real beauty, a Mexican cutie, how it got here
D D7
I haven't a clue.

Chorus

D
I blew out my flip flop, stepped on a pop top,
A
Cut my heel, had to cruise on back home.
But there's booze in the blender, and soon it will render
D D7
That frozen concoction that helps me hang on.

Chorus

G A D A G
Yes, and some people claim that there's a woman to blame
A D
And I know it's my own damn fault.