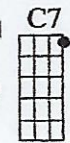
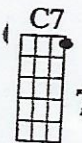
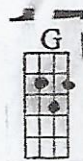
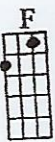
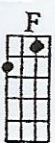
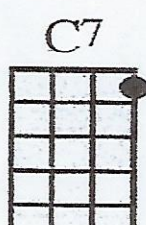
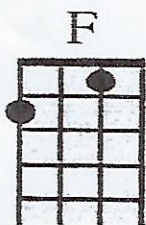
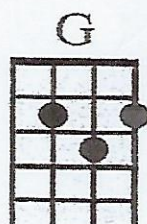
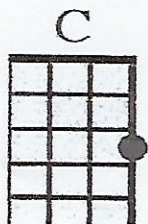
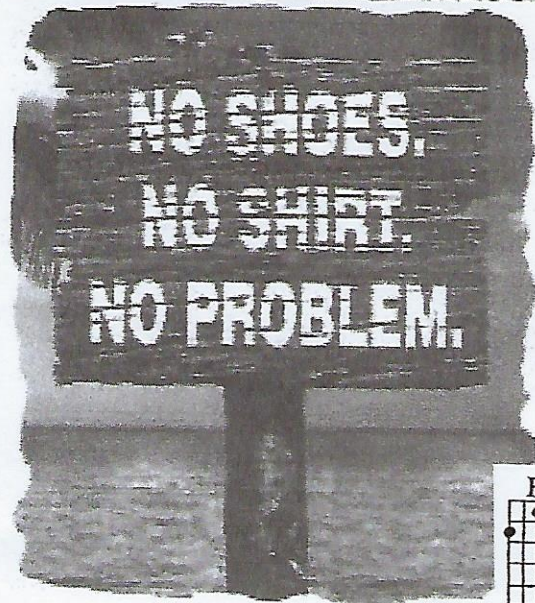


Easy

G = G⁷

Jimmy Buffett's MARGARITAVILLE



C Nibblin' on sponge cake, watchin' the sun bake;

All of those tourists covered with oil.

Strummin' my ^{four} string on my front porch swing.

Smell those shrimp—They're beginnin' to boil.

F G Wasted away again in Margaritaville.

F G Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.

F G Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,
G C But I know it's nobody's fault.

C Don't know the reason, stayed here all season
G With nothing to show but this brand new tatoo.

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

F G Wasted away again in Margaritaville.

F G Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.

F G Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,
G C Now I think,— hell it could be my fault.

C I blew out my flip flop, stepped on a pop top;
G Cut my heel, had to cruise on back home.

C But there's booze in the blender, and soon it will render
C That frozen concoction that helps me hang on.

F G Wasted away again in Margaritaville.

F G Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.

F G Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,
G C But I know it's my own damn fault.

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