

Margaritaville

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

[G] wasted a [A]-way again in Marga[D]-ritaville,[D7]
[G] searchin' for my [A] lost shaker of [D] salt.[D7]
[G] some people [A] claim that there's a [D] wo[A]-man to
[G] blame, but I [A] know [G] it's nobody's [D] fault.

Don't know the reason, stayed here all season
with nothing to show but this brand new tat [A]-too.
but it's a real beauty, a Mexican cutie, how it got here
I haven't a [D] clue.[D7]

[G] wasted a [A]-way again in Marga[D]-ritaville,[D7]
[G] searchin' for my [A] lost shaker of [D] salt.[D7]
[G] some people [A] claim that there's a [D] wo[A]-man to
[G] blame, now I [A] think, [G] hell it could be my [D] fault.

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

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