

# Margaritaville - Jimmy Buffett - C

<http://www.kanikapila.us/lyrics.html>

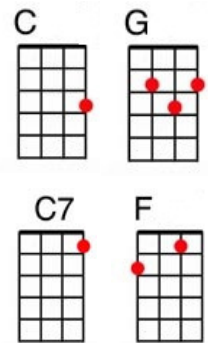
Intro [C] [F] [G] [C]

[C] Nibblin' on sponge cake, watchin' the sun bake  
All of those tourist covered with [G] oil  
[G] Strummin' my four string, on my front porch swing  
Smell those shrimp they're beginnin' to [C] boil [C7]

Chorus:

[F] Wastin' a [G] way again in Marga[C]ritaville [C7]  
[F] Searchin' for my [G] lost shaker of [C] salt [C7]  
[F] Some people [G] claim that there's a [C] wo[G] man to [F] blame  
But I [G] know it's nobody's [C] fault  
Now I [G] think hell, it could be my [C] fault – 2<sup>nd</sup> time  
But I [G] know it's my own damned [C] fault – 3<sup>rd</sup> time

[C] I don't know the reason, I stayed here all season  
Nothin' to show but this brand new tat[G] too  
[G] But it's a real beautie, a Mexican cutie  
how it got here I haven't a [C] clue [C7]



(Chorus)

[C] Old men in tank tops, Cruising the gift shops  
Checking out chiquitas down by the [G] shore  
[G] They dream of weight loss, wish they could be their own boss  
Those three day vacations become such a [C] bore [C7]

(Chorus)

[C] [F] [G] [C] [C] [F] [G] [C] [C] [F] [G] [C]

[C] I blew out my flip-flop, stepped on a pop-top  
Cut my heel had to cruise on back [G] home  
[G] But there's booze in the blender, and soon it will render  
That frozen concoction that helps me hang [C] on [C7]

(Chorus)

[F] Some people [G] claim that there's a [C] wo[G] man to [F] blame  
and I [G] know it's my own damned [C] fault