

Margaritaville

Words and music by Jimmy Buffett

Intro: D (x8) G (x4) D (x4)

D
Nibblin' on sponge cake, watchin' the sun bake,

All of those tourists covered with oil,

Strumming my six string, on my front porch swing,

Smell those shrimp, they're beginning to boil.

Wasting away again in Margaritaville,

Searching for my lost shaker of salt,

Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,

But I know it's nobody's fault.

D
Don't know the reason that I stayed here all season,

With nothing to show but this brand new tattoo,

But it's a real beauty, a Mexican cutie,

How it got here I haven't a clue.

Wasting away again in Margaritaville,

Searching for my lost shaker of salt,

Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,

Now I think, hell, it could be my fault.

D
Blew out my flipflop, stepped on a poptop

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.

Wasting away again in Margaritaville,

Searching for my lost shaker of salt,

Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,

But I know, it's my own damned fault.

Yes, some people claim that there's a woman to blame,

And I know it's my own damn fault.

Soprano

Baritone

