

# Margaritaville

Intro: D G A D

D A  
Nibblin' on sponge cake, watchin' the sun bake; All of those tourists covered with oil.

Strummin' my six (four) string on my front porch swing. Smell those shrimp—  
D D7  
They're beginnin' to boil.

G A D D7 G A D D7  
Wasted away again in Margaritaville, Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.  
G A D A G A D  
Some people claim that there's a woman to blame, But I know it's nobody's fault.

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

G A D D7 G A D D7  
Wasted away again in Margaritaville, Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.  
G A D A G A D  
Some people claim that there's a woman to blame, Now I think,-- hell it could be my fault.

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

G A D D7 G A D D7  
Wasted away again in Margaritaville, Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.  
G A D A G A D  
Some people claim that there's a woman to blame, But I know, it's my own damn fault.  
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