

Margaritaville

Words & Music:
Jimmy Buffett

This is fully transcribed in the June 2002 issue of Guitar One.

D G A D

D Dsus4 D Dsus4
Nibblin' on sponge cake--, watching the sun bake
D A Asus4
All of those tourists covered with oil.
A Asus4 A Asus4
Strumming my six string---, on my front porch swing
A D Dsus4 D7
Smell those shrimp, they're beginning to boil.

CHORUS:

G A D Dsus4 D7
Wasting away again in Margaritaville.
G A D
Searching for my lost shaker of salt.
G A D A/C# G/B
Some people claim that there's a woman to blame
A D
But I know, it's nobody's fault.

Don't know the reason, I stayed here all season
Nothing is sure but this brand new tattoo
But it's a real beauty, a Mexican cutie
How it got here I haven't a clue.

CHORUS:

[New last line: "Now, I think, hell, it could be my fault."]

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 that helps me hang on.

CHORUS:

[New last line: "But I know, it's my own damn fault."]