**Margaritaville (Jimmy Buffett) (C)**

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| **Intro C F G7 C**  **C**  Nibblin' on sponge cake, watchin' the sun bake;  **G7**  All of those tourists covered with oil.  Strummin' my FOUR string on my front porch swing.  **C C7**  Smell those shrimp. They're beginnin' to boil.  **Chorus**  **F G7 C C7**  Wasted a-way again in Marga-ritaville,  **F G7 C C7**  Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.  **F G7 C G F**  Some people claim that there's a wo-man to blame,  **G7 C**  1. But I know, it's nobody's fault.  2. Now I think, - it could be my fault.  3. But I know, it's my own dang fault.  **C**  Don't know the reason, stayed here all season  **C G7**  Nothing to show but this brand new tat-too.  But it's a real beauty, a Mexican cutie,  **C C7**  How it got here I haven't a clue. **Chorus**  **C**  I blew out my flip flop, stepped on a pop top,  **G7**  Cut my heel, and I had to cruise on back home.  But there's booze in the blender, and soon it will render  **C C7**  That frozen concoction that helps me hang on. **Chorus**  **Outro**  **F G7**  Yes, and some people claim that there's a  **C G F G7 C**  Wo-man to blame, But I know, it's my own dang fault.  **Tag C F G7 C** |  |  |
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| **Baritone** |  |
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**Margaritaville (Jimmy Buffett) (G)**

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| **Intro G C D7 G**  **G**  Nibblin' on sponge cake, watchin' the sun bake;  **D7**  All of those tourists covered with oil.  Strummin' my FOUR string on my front porch swing.  **G G7**  Smell those shrimp. They're beginnin' to boil.  **Chorus**  **C D7 G G7**  Wasted a-way again in Marga-ritaville,  **C D7 G G7**  Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.  **C D7 G D C**  Some people claim that there's a wo-man to blame,  **D7 G**  1. But I know, it's nobody's fault.  2. Now I think, - it could be my fault.  3. But I know, it's my own dang fault.  **G**  Don't know the reason, stayed here all season  **D7**  Nothing to show but this brand new tat-too.  But it's a real beauty, a Mexican cutie,  **G G7**  How it got here I haven't a clue. **Chorus**  **G**  I blew out my flip flop, stepped on a pop top,  **D7**  Cut my heel, and I had to cruise on back home.  But there's booze in the blender, and soon it will render  **G G7**  That frozen concoction that helps me hang on. **Chorus**  **Outro**  **C D7**  Yes, and some people claim that there's a  **G D C D7 G**  Wo-man to blame, But I know, it's my own dang fault.  **Tag G C D7 G** |  |  |
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| **Baritone** |  |
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