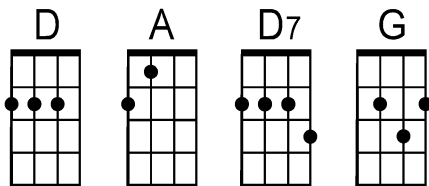


# Margaritaville

by Jimmy Buffett



Opening riff:

D . . . | . . . . | G . . . . | D . . . . | . . . .

A:-----  
 E:--5-5-5-3---5---5-5-5-3---5---7-7-7---5---3---2—  
 C:--6-6-6-4---6---6-6-6-4---6---7-7-7---6---4---2---  
 G:-----

D A |  
 Nibblin' on sponge cake, watchin' the sun bake, all of those tourists covered with oil  
 D D7  
 Strummin' my *four*-string, on my front porch swing, smell those shrimp, they're beginnin' to boil.

G A D D7 G A D D7  
 Wastin' a-way again in Marga-rita-ville, searching for my lost shaker of salt  
 G A D/ A/ G A G D |  
 Some peo-ple claim there's a woo-man to blame, but I know it's nobo-dy's fault.

D A |  
 Don't know the reason, stayed here all season. Nothin' is sure but this brand new tat-too.  
 D D7  
 But it's a real beauty, a Mexican cutie. How it got here I haven't a clue.

G A D D7 G A D D7  
 Wastin' a-way again in Marga-rita-ville, searching for my lost shaker of salt  
 G A D/ A/ G A G D |  
 Some peo-ple claim there's a woo-man to blame, now I think, hell, it could be my fault.

**Instrumental:** D . . . | . . . . | . . . . | . . . . | . . . . | . . . . | A . . . | . . . .  
 G . . . | A . . . | D/ A/ | G . . . | A . . . | G . . . | D . . . | . . . .

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

G A D D7 G A D D7  
 Wastin' a-way again in Marga-rita-ville, searching for my lost shaker of salt  
 G A D/ A/ G A G D |  
 Some peo-ple claim there's a woo-man 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 woo-man to blame  
 A G D . . . | . . . . | G . . . | D . . .  
 And I know, it's my own damn fault.

A:-----  
 E:--5-5-5-3---5---5-5-5-3---5---7-7-7---5---3---2—  
 C:--6-6-6-4---6---6-6-6-4---6---7-7-7---6---4---2---  
 G:-----