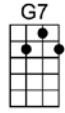
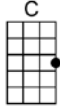
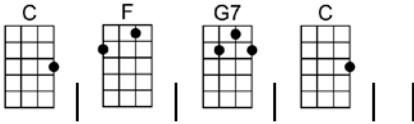


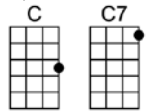
# MARGARITAVILLE

4/4 1...2...1234

**Intro:**

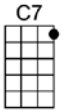
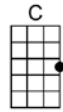
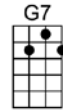
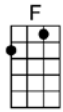
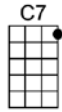
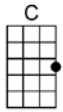
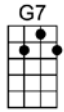
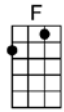


(1,2) Nibblin' on sponge cake, watchin' the sun bake, all of those tourists all covered with oil,

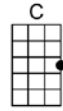
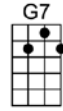
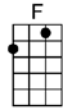
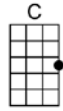
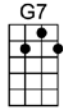
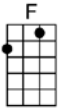


Strummin' my four-string on my front porch swing, smell those shrimp they're beginnin' to boil

**CHORUS:**



Wastin' away again in Margaritaville, searching for my lost shaker of salt

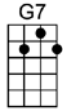


Some people claim that there's a woman to blame, but 1) I know it's nobody's fault.

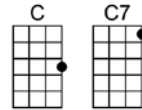
2) hell, it could be my fault

3) and I know it's my own damned fault CODA

I don't know the reason I stayed here all season



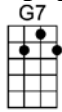
Nothin' to show but this brand new tat-too



But it's a real beauty, a Mexican cutie, how it got here I haven't a clue.

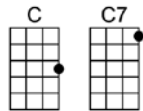
**CHORUS**

I blew out my flip-flop, stepped on a pop-top



Cut my heel, had to cruise on back home

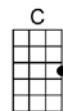
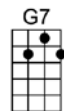
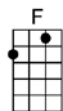
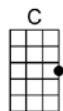
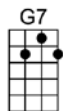
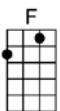
But there's booze in the blender and soon it will render



That frozen concoction that helps me hang on.

**CHORUS**

**CODA:**



F G7 C

Some people claim that there's a woman to blame, and I know it's my own damned fault