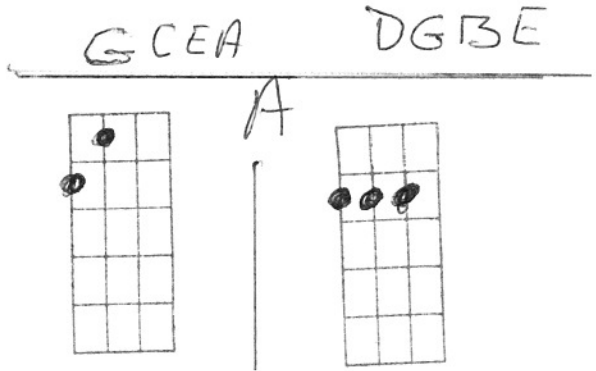
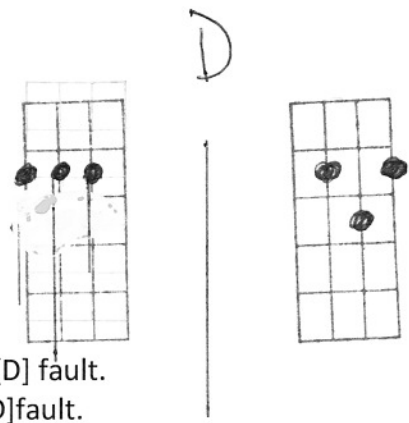


MARGARITAVILLE - Jimmy Buffett

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

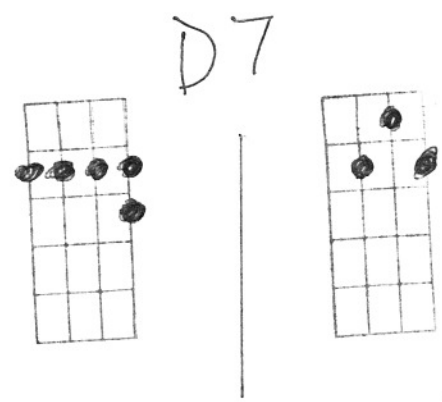


CHORUS (1st)
 G A D D7
 Wastin' away again in Margaritaville
 G A D D7
 Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt
 G A D A G
 Some people claim that there's a wo-man to blame
 A G D



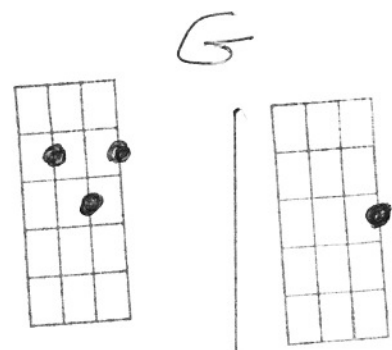
Last line, 1st Chorus: But I know, ... it's nobody's fault.
 Last line, 2nd Chorus: Now I [A] think, ... [G] hell it could be my [D] fault.
 Last Line, 3rd Chorus: But I [A] know, ... [G] it's my own damn [D] fault.

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



CHORUS (2nd)

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



CHORUS (3rd), then Outro:

[G] Some people [A] claim that there's a [D] wo [A] man to [G] blame
 And I [A] know [G] it's my own damn [D] fault.