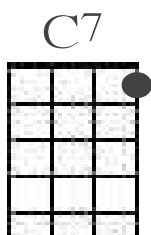
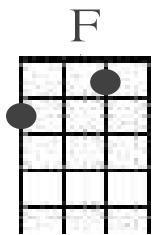
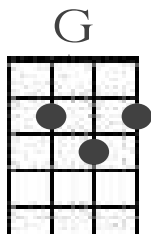
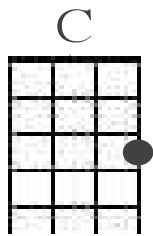


Jimmy Buffett's MARGARITAVILLE



C
 Nibblin' on sponge cake, watchin' the sun bake;
 All of those tourists covered with oil.
 Strummin' my ~~six~~^{four} string on my front porch swing.
 Smell those shrimp--They're beginnin' to boil.

F G C C7
 Wasted away again in Margaritaville,
 F G C C7
 Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.
 F G C G F
 Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,
 G C
 But I know it's nobody's fault.

C
 Don't know the reason, stayed here all season
 With nothing to show but this brand new tatoo.
 But it's a real beauty, a Mexican cutie
 How it got here I haven't a clue.

F G C C7
 Wasted away again in Margaritaville,
 F G C C7
 Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.
 F G C G F
 Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,
 G C
 Now I think,-- hell it could be my fault.

C
 I blew out my flip flop, stepped on a pop top;
 Cut my heel, had to cruise on back home.

C
 But there's booze in the blender, and soon it will render
 That frozen concoction that helps me hang on.

F G C C7
 Wasted away again in Margaritaville
 F G C C7
 Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.
 F G C G F
 Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,
 G C
 But I know, it's my own damn fault.

F G C G F
 Yes, and some people claim that there's a woman to blame
 G C
 And I know it's my own damn fault