



C  
 Nibblin' on sponge cake, watchin' the sun bake;  
 All of those tourists covered with oil.  
 Strummin' my ~~six~~<sup>four</sup> 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