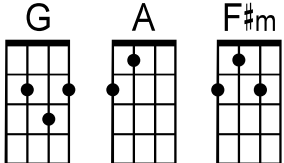
	Margaritaville Jimmy Buffett Key of D; first note A	
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Use a repeated UP / DOWN / UP / DOWN strum

MEDIUM TEMPO COUNT: 1 - 2 - 3 - 4

INTRO: [D] - [G] - [A] - [D]

VERSE 1

[D]Nibblin' on sponge cake, watchin' the sun bake,
 all of those tourists covered in [A]oil.
 Strummin' my four string, on my front porch swing,
 Smell those shrimp they're beginning to [D]boil. [D7]
 [G]Wastin' a-[A]way again in Margar-[D]itavilla, [D7]
 [G]Searchin' for my [A]lost shaker of [D]salt, [D7]
 [G]Some people [A]claim that there's a [D]wo-[F#m]man to [G]blame,
 But I know[A] it's nobody's [D]fault

VERSE 2

[D]Don't know the reason, I stayed here all season,
 with nothin' to show but this brand new tat-[A]too.
 But it's a real beauty, a Mexican cutie,
 How it got here I haven't a [D]clue. [D7]
 [G]Wastin' a-[A]way again in Margar-[D]itavilla, [D7]
 [G]Searchin' for my [A]lost shaker of [D]salt, [D7]
 [G]Some people [A]claim that there's a [D]wo-[F#m]man to [G]blame,
 Now I think[A] it could be my [D]fault

VERSE 3

[D]I blew out my flip-flop, stepped on a pop-top,
 cut my heal, had to cruise on back [A]home,
 But there's booze in the blender, and soon it will render,
 that frozen concoction that helps me hang [D]on. [D7]
 [G]Wastin' a-[A]way again in Margar-[D]itavilla, [D7]
 [G]Searchin' for my [A]lost shaker of [D]salt, [D7]
 [G]Some people [A]claim that there's a [D]wo-[F#m]man to [G]blame,
 But I know[A] it's my own darn [D]fault

ENDING Yes and

[G]Some people [A]claim that there's a [D]wo-[F#m]man to [G]blame,
 And I know[A] it's my own darn [D]fault [G] [D]

MARGARITAVILLE

Words and Music by
JIMMY BUFFETT

Moderately



mf



Nib - blin' on sponge - cake, watch - in' the sun _
Don't know the rea - son I stayed here all sea -
I blew out my flip - flop, stepped on a pop -

— bake; all of those tour - ists cov - ered with oil. —
- son with noth - ing to show — but this brand - new tat - too. —
- top; cut my heel, — had to cruise on back home. —



Strum-min' my six - string
 But it's a real beau - ty,
 But there's booze in the blend - er,

on my front porch swing. Smell those shrimp, —
 a Mex - i - can cu - tie, how it got —
 and soon it will rend - er that fro - zen con -



— they're be - gin - ning to boil. —
 — here I have - n't a clue. —
 coc - tion that helps me hang on. —



Wast-in' a - way a - gain — in Mar - ga - ri - ta - ville,



search-in' for my _____ lost shak-er of salt. _____

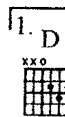


Some _ peo - ple claim _ that there's _ a wom - an to blame, _

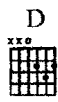


To Coda ⊕

_____ { but I know _____ it's no - bod - y's fault. _____
 now I think, _____ hell, it could _ be my fault. _
 but I know _____ it's my own _ damn _ fault. _



D.S. ♪ al Coda ⊕



Yes, and some peo - ple claim



that there's a wo - man to blame, and I know



it's my own damn fault.

