Margaritaville

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Intro
CF
        G
          С
Verse
С
  Nibblin' on sponge cake, watchin' the sun bake
                                 G
All of those tourists covered with oil
G
 Strummin' my six string, on my front porch swing
                                            C^7
Smell those shrimp they're beginnin' to boil
Chorus
                                      C^7 F
                                                                               C^7
F
           G
                                С
                                                           G
                                                                           С
 Wastin' away again in Margaritaville,
                                            searchin' for my lost shaker of salt
F
                                          G/B F
                G
                                   С
                                                           G
                                                                               С
  Some people claim that there's a woman to blame, but I know, it's nobody's fault
Verse
С
  Don't know the reason, I stayed here all season
Nothin' to show but this brand new tattoo
G
  But it's a real beauty, a Mexican cutie
                                C^7
How it got here I haven't a clue
Chorus
                                      C^7 F
                                                                               C<sup>7</sup>
F
           G
                                С
                                                           G
 Wastin' away again in Margaritaville,
                                            searchin' for my lost shaker of salt
F
                                          G/B F
                                                                                     С
                                   С
                                                            G
  Some people claim that there's a woman to blame, now I think, hell it could be my fault
Instrumental
        G
FGCG/BFGC
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Verse

С I blew out my flip flop, stepped on a pop top Cut my heel had to cruise on back home G But there's booze in the blender, and soon it will render С C^7 That frozen concoction that helps me hang on Chorus $C^7 F$ F **C**⁷ G С G С Wastin' away again in Margaritaville, searchin' for my lost shaker of salt F **C**⁷ G/B F G G С С Some people claim that there's a woman to blame, but I know, it's my own damn fault G/B F С G G Yes and, some people claim that there's a woman to blame, and I know, it's my own С damn fault Outro CFGC