Margaritaville
by Jimmy Buffett

Opening riff:

D . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
A:---------------------------------------------------------------------
E: 5 5 5 3 5 5 5 3 5 7 7 7 5 3 2
C: ---6-6-4 6 6 6 4 6 7 7 7 6 4 2
G:---------------------------------------------------------------------

D . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
----- Nibblin' on sponge cake, ----- watchin' the sun bake, ----
. . . | . . . | . . . | A . . . | . . . |
----- all of those tour-ists covered with oil ---------------
. . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
----- Strummin' my four-string, ----- on my front porch swing, ----
. . . | . . . | . . . | D . . . | D7 . . |
----- smell those shrimp, they're be-ginnin' to boil. ---------------

----- Wastin' a-way a-again in Marga-rita-ville, ---------------
----- searching for my lost shaker of salt ------------------
----- Some peo-ple claim there's a wo-o-man to blame, ----
----- but I know ------------- it's nobo-dy's fault. -------------

D . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
----- Don't know the reason, ----- stayed here all season.
. . . | . . . | . . . | A . . . | . . . |
----- Nothin' is sure but this brand new tat-too. -------------
. . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
----- But it's a real beau-ty, ----- a Mexican cutie. -------------
. . . | . . . | . . . | D . . . | D7 . . |
----- How it got here I haven't a clue. ---------------------

----- Wastin' a-way a-again in Marga-rita-ville, ---------------
----- searching for my lost shaker of salt ------------------
----- Some peo-ple claim there's a wo-o-man to blame, ----
----- now I think, ------------ hell, it could be my fault.

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

--- searching for my lost shaker of salt Some people claim there's a wo-o-man to blame,
-- but I know it's my own damn fault. . . . | A . . . | G . . . | D . . . | . . . | . . . |
--- Yes, and, some people claim that there's a wo-o-man to blame
And I know, it's my own damn fault.

San Jose Ukulele Club