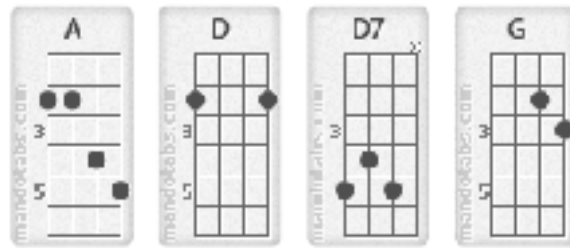


Title	Margaritaville
Artist	Jimmy Buffett
Album	Changes in Latitudes, Changes in Attitudes



Ab = G#

Bb = A#

Db = C#

Gb = F#

D
 Nibblin on sponge cake, watchin the sun bake, all of those tourist covered
 with oil. Strummin my six string, on my front porch swing, smell those
 shrimp there beginnin to boil.
 Wastin away again in Margaritaville, searchin for my lost shaker of salt.
 Some peopple claim that there's a woman to blame, but I know, it's nobody's
 fault.
 Don't know the reason, I stayed here all season. Nothin to show but this
 brand new tattoo. But it's a real beauty, a Mexican cutie, how it got here
 I haven't a clue.
 Wastin away again in Margaritaville, searchin for my lost shaker of salt.
 Some people claim that there's a woman to blame, now I think, hell it could
 be my fault.
 I blew out my flip flop, stepped on a pop top, cut my heal had to cruise on
 back home. But there's booze in the blender, and soon it will render, that
 frozen concoction that helps me hang on.
 Wastin away again in Margaritaville, searchin for my lost shaker of salt.
 Some people claim that there's a woman to blame, but I know, it's my own
 damn fault. Yes and, some people claim that there's a woman to blame, and
 I know, it's my own damn fault.

This arrangement for the song is the author's own work and represents their interpretation of the song. You may only use this for private study, scholarship, or research.

