Margaritaville	Some people claim that there's a woman to blame Now I think
Jimmy Buffett	Hell, it could be my fault
	Solo (based on verse chords and chorus)
D Nibblin' on sponge cake Watchin' the sun bake A All of those tourists covered with oil Strummin' my six-string On my front porch swing D D7	I blew out my flip-flop Stepped on a pop-top Cut my heel 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
Smell those shrimp, they're beginnin' to boil	Wastin' away again in Margaritaville Searching for my lost shaker of salt Some people claim that there's a woman to blame But I know, It's my own damned fault
G A D D7 Wastin' away again in Margaritaville G A D D7 G A D D7 D7 Searching for my lost shaker of salt G A D A G A D A G A D A G A G	Yes and G A D A G
Some people claim that there's a wo-man to blame <i>A G D</i> But I know, it's nobody's fault	some people claim that there's a wo-man to blame <i>A G D</i> And I know, it's my own damned fault

I 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