

D  
Nibblin on sponge cake                      watchin the sun bake,                      all of those tourist covered  
A  
with oil.              Strummin my six string,                      on my front porch swing,              smell those  
D    D7  
shrimp there beginn to boil.

G    A              D    D7  
Wastin away again in Margaritaville,  
searchin for my lost shaker of salt.  
G            A              D A    G            A  
Some peopple claim that there's a woman to blame,              but I know, it's nobody's  
D  
fault.

D  
Don't know the reason,                      I stayed here all season.                      Nothin to show but this  
A  
brand new tattoo.              But it's a real beauty, a Mexican cutie,                      how it got here  
D    D7  
I haven't a clue.

G    A              D    D7 G  
Wastin away again in Margaritaville,  
searchin for my lost shaker of salt.  
G            A              D A    G            A  
Some people claim that there's a woman to blame, now I think, hell it could  
D  
be my fault.

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

G    A              D    D7  
Wastin away again in Margaritaville,  
searchin for my lost shaker of salt.  
G            A              D A    G            A  
Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,                      but I know, it's my own  
D    D7    G            A              D A    G  
damn fault.              Yes and, some people claim that there's a woman to blame, and  
A              D  
I know, it's my own damn fault.