

Alan Jackson - Margaritaville

Tom: D

(intro) D A D

D
 Nibblin' on sponge cake, watchin' the sun bake,
 all of those tourists covered in oil,
 strummin' my six string, on my front porch swing,
 smell those shrimp, hey, they're beginnin' to boil.

G A D
 Wastin' away again in Margaritaville,
 G A D D7
 searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.

G A
 Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,
 A A7 D
 but I know, it's nobody's fault.

D
 I don't know the reason, I stayed here all season,
 nothin' to show but this brand new tattoo,
 but it's a real beautie, a Mexican cutie,
 how it got here I haven't a clue.

G A D
 Wastin' away again in Margaritaville,

G A D D7
 searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.

G A D A
 Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,
 A A7 D
 now I think, it must be Buffett's fault.

(D A G A D G A A7 D)

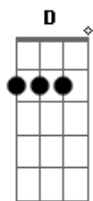
D
 I blew out my flip-flop, stepped on a pop-top,
 A
 broke my leg twice, I had to limp on back home,
 but there's booze in the blender, and soon it will render
 that frozen concoction that helps me hang on.

G A D
 Wastin' away again in Margaritaville,
 G A D D7
 searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.

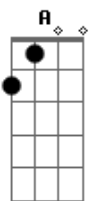
G A D A
 Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,
 A A A7 D
 but I know, this is all Alan's fault.

D A G A
 Yes, some people claim that there's a woman to blame,
 A A7 D A D
 but I know, it's our own damn fault.

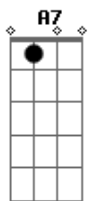
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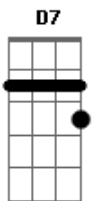
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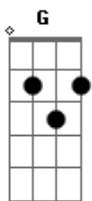
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