

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,
searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.

G A D
Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,
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,
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,
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,
searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.

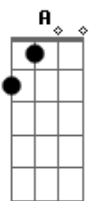
G A D A
Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,
but I know, this is all Alan's fault.

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

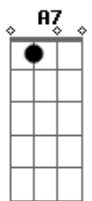
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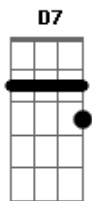
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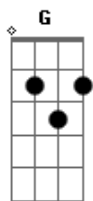
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