

Jimmy Buffett

"Margaritavile"

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nibblin' on spongecake, watching the sun bake
all of those tourists covered with oil...
strummin' my six-string, on my front porch swing.
smell those shrimp they're beginning to boil.

chorus
wasting 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 nobody's fault.

don't know the reason, i've stayed here all season,
with nothing 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.

chorus

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.

wasting 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 damn fault

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