

# Jimmy Buffett, Margaritaville

Nibblin' on sponge cake,  
watchin' the sun bake;  
All of those tourists covered with oil.  
Strummin' my six string on my front porch swing.  
Smell those shrimp  
They're beginnin' to boil.

Wasted away again in Margaritaville,  
Searchin' 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,  
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.

Wasted away again in Margaritaville,  
Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.  
Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,  
Now I think, - hell it could be my fault.

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.

Wasted away again in Margaritaville  
Searchin' 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.  
Yes, and some people claim that there's a woman to blame  
And I know it's my own damn fault.