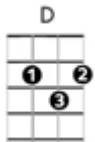
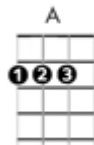


# Margaritaville - Baritone Ukulele

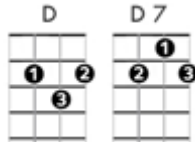


Nibblin' on sponge cake, watchin' the sun bake

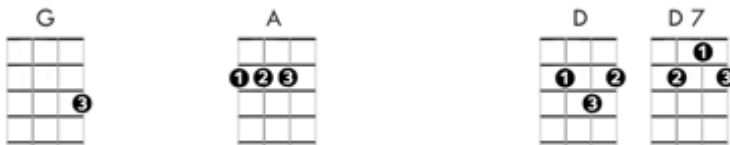


All of those tourists covered with oil

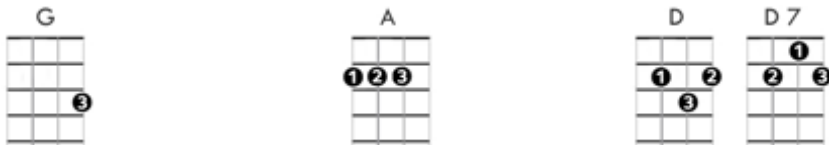
Strummin' my \*four-string, on my front porch swing



Smell those shrimp, they're beginning to boil



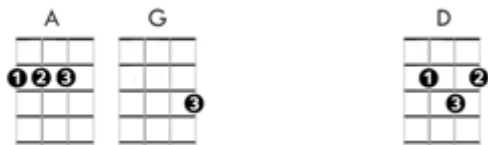
Wastin' a-way again in Marga-ritaville



Searching for my lost shaker of salt



Some people claim that there's a wo - man to blame



But I know it's nobody's fault

I don't know the reason I stayed here all season  
With nothing to show but this brand new tattoo  
But she's a real beauty, a Mexican cutie  
How it got here I haven't a clue

Wastin' away again in Margaritaville  
Searching 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

Wastin' 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

Some people claim that there's a woman to blame  
And I know, it's my own damn fault