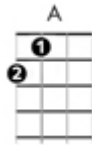


Margaritaville - Soprano Ukulele

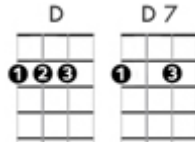


Nibblin' on sponge cake, watchin' the sun bake



All of those tourists covered with oil

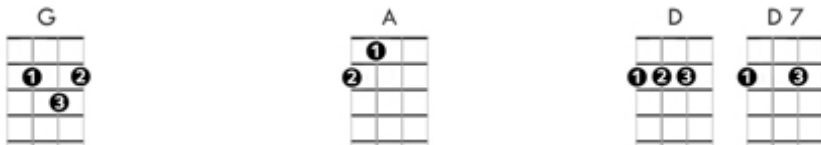
Strummin' my *four-string, on my front porch swing



Smell those shrimp, they're beginning to boil



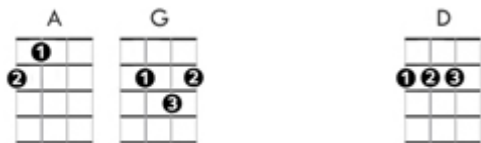
Wastin' a-way again in Marga-ritaville



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