

# 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.

***[Chorus]***

**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.

***[Chorus]***

**But I know, it's my own damn fault.**