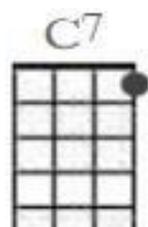
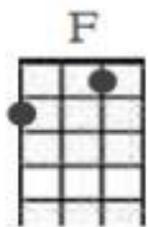
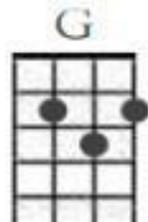
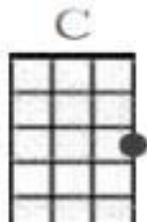


July 22 23



INTRO C...F.C...F.
C...F.G7C...



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

F G C C7
Wasted away again in Margaritaville,
F G C C7
Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.
F G C G F
Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,
But I know it's nobody's fault.

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

F G C C7
Wasted away again in Margaritaville,
F G C C7
Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.
F G C G F
Some people claim that there's a woman to blame,
Now I think,-- hell it could be my fault.

C
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.

F G C C7
Wasted away again in Margaritaville
F G C C7
Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt.
F G C G F
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