

Margaritaville – Jimmy Buffett

Nibblin' on sponge cake, watching the sun bake
All of those tourists covered with oil
Strumming my six-string, on my front porch swing
Smell those shrimp, they're beginning to boil

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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 nobody's **fault**

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I don't know the reason, I stayed here all season
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...

*Old men in tank tops cruising the gift shops
Checking out the chiquitas down by the shore
They dream about weight loss, wish they could be their own boss
Those three day vacations become such a bore...*

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...

Yes and some people claim that there's a woman to blame
And I know it's my own damned fault