

MARGARITAVILLE

D
NIBBLING ON SPONGE CAKE, WATCHING THE SUN BAKE,
ALL OF THOSE TOURISTS COVERED WITH OIL. ^{A7}

STRUMMING ON SIX STRING, ON MY FRONT PORCH SWING,
SMELL THOSE SHRIMP, THEY'RE BEGINNING TO BOIL ^D

(CHORUS)

G A D
WASTING AWAY AGAIN IN MAGARITAVILLE,
D D7
SEARCHING FOR MY LOST SHAKER OF SALT.

D D7
SOME CLAIM PEOPLE CLAIM THAT THERE'S A WOMAN TO BLAME
G A D
BUT I KNOW, IT'S NOBODY'S FAULT.

D
DON'T KNOW THE REASON I STAYED HERE ALL SEASON
WITH NOTHING TO SHOW, BUT THIS BRAND NEW TATOO, ^A
BUT IT'S A REAL BEAUTY, A MEXICAN CUTIE,
HOW IT GOT HERE I HAVEN'T A CLUE. ^D (BACK TO CHORUS)

D
I BLEW OUT MY FLIP FLOP, STEPPED ON A POP-TOP,
CUT MY HEEL, HAD TO CRUISE ON BACK HOME ^A
BUT THERE'S BOOZE IN THE BLENDER, AND SOON IT WILL RENDER,
THAT FROZEN CONCOCTION THAT HELPS ME HANG ON. ^D
(REPEAT CHORUS)