

Jimmy Buffett, Margaritaville Live (Lost Verse Incl)

Nibblin' on sponge cake
Watchin' the sun bake
All of you parrotheads covered with oil
(and feathers and signs and fins)
Strummin' my six-string
On my front porch swing
Smell those shrimp, hey they're beginnin' to boil
(Bubble, bubble, bubble, bubble)

Chorus:
Wasted away again in Margaritaville
Searching for my lost shaker of salt
(Salt! Salt! Salt!)
Some people claim that there's a woman to blame
And I know this is somebody's fault

I don't know the reason
I stayed here all season
With nothin' to show but that brand new tattoo
(Hell yes it hurts!)
But it's a real beauty
Oh, I think she might be a Nantucket cutie
Or maybe she's from the Vineyard, I haven't got a clue

Chorus:
Wasted away again in Margaritaville
Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt
(Salt! Salt! Salt!)
Some people claim that there's a woman to blame
(I agree with that)
And I know, it's all you women's fault

Coming soon!

Old men in tanktops
Cruising the giftshops
(It's the lost verse!)
Checkin' out Chiquitas down by the shore
(I found her! I found her!)
They dream about weightloss
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
I broke my leg twice I had to limp on back home
But there's booze in the blender
And soon it will render
That frozen concoction that helps me hang on
(Hang on! Hang on! Hang on!)

Wasted away again in Margaritaville
(That's where this ship is headed)
Searching for my lost shaker of salt
(Salt! Salt! Salt!)
Some people claim that there's a woman to blame
But I know it's my own damn fault
(That's what the therapist said)
Some people claim that there's a woman to blame
There always is and I know
It's my own damn fault