

Banana Republics
Jimmy Buffett

[Verse 1]

G **Am**
Down to the Banana Republics, down to the tropical sun,
D **G**
go the expatriated Americans, hopin to find some fun.
G **Am**
Some of them go for the sailing, caught by the lure of the sea.
D **G**
Tryin to find what is ailing, livin in the land of the free.
G **Am**
Some of them are running from lovers, leaving no foreward address.
D
Some of them are running tons of ganja,
G
some are running from the I.R.S.

[Chorus]

Dm
Late at night you will find them,
Am
in the cheap hotels and bars,
C **G** **C** **G** **D** **G**
hustling the senioritas while they dance beneath the stars.
Dm **Eb** |x68886| **D**
Spending those renegade pesos on a bottle of rum and a lime,
C **G**
singin give me some words I can dance to,
C **G** **D7** **G**
or a mel - ody that rhymes.

[Verse 2]

(same as verse 1)

First you learn the native customs,
soon a word of spanish or two.
You know that you cannot trust them,
cause they know they can t trust you.
Expatriated Americans, feelin so all alone,
telling themselves the same lies
that they told themselves back home.

[Solo]

G **Am** **D** **G** **Dm**
Am **C** **G** **C** **G**