

Banana Republics
Jimmy Buffett

[Verse 1]

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

[Chorus]

Cm
Late at night you will find them,
Gm
in the cheap hotels and bars,
Bb **F** **Bb** **F** **C** **F**
hustling the senioritas while they dance beneath the stars.
Cm **C#** |x68886| **C**
Spending those renegade pesos on a bottle of rum and a lime,
Bb **F**
singin give me some words I can dance to,
Bb **F** **C7** **F**
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]

F Gm C F Cm
Gm Bb F Bb F