

**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 foreward 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#** **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**