

Banana Republics
Jimmy Buffett

[Verse 1]

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

[Chorus]

Em
Late at night you will find them,
Bm
in the cheap hotels and bars,
D **A** **D** **A** **E** **A**
hustling the senioritas while they dance beneath the stars.
Em **F** |x68886| **E**
Spending those renegade pesos on a bottle of rum and a lime,
D **A**
singin give me some words I can dance to,
D **A** **E7** **A**
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]

A Bm E A Em
Bm D A D A