

**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 foreward 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**