

Banana Republics - in G

INTRO – G Am C G C G D G

[G]Down to the banana republics,
[Am]down to the tropical sun,
Come the [D]expatriated Americans
[G]hoping to have some fun.

[G]Some of them come for the sailing,
[Am]called by the lure of the sea,
[D]Trying to cure what is ailing from
[G]living in the land of the free.

[G]Some of them are running from lovers,
[Am]leaving no forward address.
[D]Some of them are running tons of ganja,
some are [G]running from the IRS.

CHORUS:

[Dm]Late at night you can find them
in the [Am]cheap hotels and bars
[C]Hustling the señor[G]itas [C]while
they [G]dance [D]beneath the [D]stars.
[Dm]Spending their renegade pesos on a
[Eb]bottle of rum and a [D]lime,
Saying [C]"Give me some words I can [G]dance to,
[C]or a [G]melody[D] that [G]rhymes."

{BREAK}

[G]First you learn the native customs
[Am]then a word of Spanish or two.
[D]But you know that you cannot trust them
[G]'cause they know they can't trust you.

Expatriated Americans [Am]feeling so all alone,
[D]Telling themselves the same lies that they
[G]told themselves at home.

CHORUS:

[G]Down in the banana republics
[Am]things aren't as warm as they seem.
[D]Cause none of the natives are buying any
[G]second-hand American dreams

{OUTRO SAME AS INTRO}