Key: G **Caribbean Rum** Caye Caulker, Belize
capo: 2 (c) 1997 Tupelo Kenyon February, 1995
(P) 1997 Arctic Wingsong Music BMI

Bb6 F C F
Woke up this mornin' with a shiner up beside my head
Bb6 F C F
Felt a little hazy, looked about half past dead
Bb6 F C F
But feelin' no pain last night . . . had the blues on the run (had the blues on the run)
Bb6 F C F
And judgin' by the damage done, I musta had a whole lotta fun

Dm F Bb C F Bb6 F
Caribbean Rum, Caribbean Rum, whoa-oh, chalk it all up to Caribbean Rum

Can't help but wonder how I go there and how I returned
And how I got laid so low, and how I got burned
And how in the world did I end up here flat on my back (there flat on my back)
I remember distinctly thinking, I can do better than that

Caribbean Rum, Caribbean Rum, whoa-oh, chalk it all up to Caribbean Rum
Caribbean Rum, Caribbean Rum, whoa-oh, chalk it all up to Caribbean Rum

Instrumental (verse structure)

C F
A little splash of cola (cola). . . a little squeeze of lime (oh yeah, man)
Bb6 F G C
It doesn't take much for that one, two punch . . . and it's Caribbean Rum time
Bb6 F
Mix it up . . . Shake it up . . . And drink it on down
Bb F C F
We'll have a time together . . . we'll paint the town (with)

Caribbean Rum, Caribbean Rum, whoa-oh, chalk it all up to Caribbean Rum

And one of these mornings after, when I'm feelin' half past dead
I can feel the palm trees swayin' . . . Hear the waves crash in my head
Just draw a white line around me, when my time has come
Right there where I have fallen, chalk it up to Caribbean Rum

Caribbean Rum, Caribbean Rum, whoa-oh, chalk it all up to Caribbean Rum
F Bb F C F
Caribbean Rum, Caribbean Rum, whoa-oh, chalk it all up . . . . . to Caribbean Rum

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