

# Friends In Low Places

Mark Chesnutt

Blame it all on my roots, I showed up in boots  
And ruined your black tie affair  
The last one to show, the last one to know  
The last one you thought you'd see there  
I saw the surprise, and the fear in his eyes  
When I took his glass of champagne  
Then I toasted you, said honey we may be through  
But you'll never hear me complain 'Cause I've got friends in low places  
Where the whiskey drowns and there beer chases  
My blues away and I'll be OK  
Hey, I'm not big on social graces  
Think I'll slip on down to the Oasis  
Oh I've got friends in low places I guess I was wrong. I just don't belong  
But then I've been there before  
Everything's all right, I'll just say goodnight  
And I'll show myself to the door  
Hey, I didn't mean to cause a big scene  
But give me an hour and then  
I'll be as high as this ivory tower  
That you're livin' in 'Cause I've got friends in low places  
Where the whiskey drowns and there beer chases  
My blues away and I'll be OK  
Hey, I'm not big on social graces  
Think I'll slip on down to the Oasis  
Oh I've got friends in low places

Songwriters

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