Friends in Low Places

Garth Brooks

Blame it all on my roots, I showed up in boots
And ruined your black tie affair
The last one to know, the last one to show
I was the last one you thought you'd see thereAnd I saw the surprise and the fear in his eyes
When I took his glass of champagne and 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 the beer chases my blues away and I'll be okay
I'm not big on social graces, think I'll slip on down to the oasis
Oh, I've got friends in low placesWell, 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 doorHey, I didn't mean to cause a big scene
Just give me an hour and then
Well I'll be as high as that ivory tower
That you're livin' in'Cause I've got friends in low places where the whiskey drowns
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