

# 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 there And 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 places Well, 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  
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  
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 places I've got friends in low places where the whiskey drowns  
And the beer chases my blues away and I'll be okay  
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