

Artist: GARTH BROOKS
Album: Double Live
Title: Friends in Low Places

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