

# 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. 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.  
I toasted you, said honey we may be through, but you'll never hear me complain.

'Cause I 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  
'Cause I've got friends... in low places

C C C C Dm G C C

Well I guess I was wrong. I just don't belong. But then, I've been there before.  
Everything is alright. 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,  
I'll be as high as that ivory tower... that you're livin' in.

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'Cause I've got friends... in low places \*whoop and holler!!!\*

C 0003  
Cmaj7 0002  
Dm 2210  
G 0232  
G7 0212  
A 2100  
D 2220  
Em 0432  
A7 0100

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