

Garth Brooks, Friends In Low Places

Blame it all on my roots, I showed up in boots
And ruined your black tie affair.
Last one to know, 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 OK.
And I'm not big on social graces
Think I'll slip on down to the oasis
So 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 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,
Well I'll be as high as that ivory tower
that you're living in

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So I've got friends in low places!