



Music & lyrics by DeWayne Blackwell & Earl Bud Lee
Published 1990

Friends in Low Places



Baritone

Intro: C G^{o7} Dm7 G

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 com-plain

Chorus:

'Cause I've got friends in low places, where the whiskey drowns

And the beer chases my blues away, and I'll be okay

Oh, 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

Every-thing'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

<Chorus> (x2)

Outro:

Cause I've got friends in low places, where the whiskey drowns

And the beer chases my blues away, and I'll be okay

