

FRIENDS IN LOW PLACES

Intro: Guitar 4 measures

(High hat)

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

(Drums start) 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 OK

Now I'm not big on social graces

Think I'll slip on down to the oasis

So I've got friends in low places

Guitar solo: 8 measures

(stop)

Well I guess I was wrong, I just don't belong
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
I'll be as high as that ivory tower
That you're livin' in

Cause I got friends in low places

Where the whiskey drowns and the beer chases my blues away

And I'll be OK

Now I'm not big on social graces

Think I'll slip on down to the oasis

So I've got friends in low places

(Repeat till you get blue in the face)

(Third verse from live version)

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
I didn't mean to cause a big scene
Just wait 'till I finish this glass
Then sweet little baby I'll go back to the bar
And you can kiss my ass