

## Mark Chesnutt "Friends In Low Places"

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Written by: Dewayne Blackwell, Bud Lee

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  
'Cause, I've got friends in low places

Well, I guess I was wrong I just don't belong  
But then, I've been here before  
Everything is 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'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  
'Cause, I've got friends in low places

Hey, I've got friends in low place

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