**Friends In Low Places by 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  
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  
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  
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  
Well, I'll be as high  
As that ivory tower  
That you're livin' in  
  
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