

Garth Brooks – Friends in Low Places

Verse A (4/4, arpeggiate)

E									
B	2	2	2						
G	2	0	0						
D	2	0	4	B-	E+	E+	A+	A+	
A	0	1	2						
E									

Verse B (4/4)

E									
B									
G									
D	A+	A#	B	D-	E+	E+	E+	E+	
A									
E									

Chorus B

E									
B									
G									
D	A+	A+	B-	E+	A+	A+	B-, E	A+	
A									
E									

Verse 1

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

Chorus

'Cause I got friends in low places
Where the whiskey drowns and the beer chases my blues away, and I'll be OK.
I'm not big on social graces, think I'll slip on down to the oasis
Oh I've got friends in low places.

Verse 2

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 good night
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

Chorus (x2 or so)