

# Friends in low places – 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 OK  
Yeah, 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 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 livin' in  
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Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych