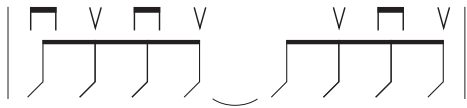
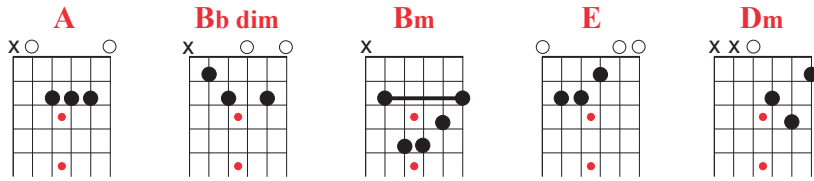


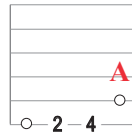
FRIENDS IN LOW PLACE (Garth Brooks)



Album: No Fences (1990)



THÈME



INTRO

| A | Bb dim | Bm | E |

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

SOLO

| A | % | % | % | Bm | E | A | A |

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 living in

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 And the beer chases my blues away
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