Ive Got Friends In Low Places Garth Brooks

Garth brooks - I ve got friends in low places

[Intro]

[A] [A#dim7] [Bm7] [E]

[Verse 1]

Blame it [A]all on my roots, I [A#dim7]showed up in boots and [Bm]ruined your black-tie affair

The [E]last one to know, the [Emaj7]last one to show.

I was the [A]last one you thought you d see there

And, I saw the $[\mathbf{A}]$ surprise and the $[\mathbf{A}\#\mathbf{dim7}]$ fear in his eyes when $[\mathbf{Bm7}]$ I took his glass champ- $[\mathbf{Dm}]$ aign

And, [E]I toasted you, said, honey, [E7] we may be through, but [E] you ll never hear me

[Chorus]

Cause, [A]I ve got friends in low places, where the whiskey drowns And the beer chases my [Bm]blues away. And I ll be [E]okay.

Yea $[\mathbf{A}]$ I m not big on social graces think I ll slip on down

To the [A7]Oasis. So, [Bm]I ve got friends [E]in low [A]places

[Solo] (like chorus)

[Verse 2]

Well, I $[{\bf A}]$ guess I was wrong, I $[{\bf A}\#{\bf dim7}]$ just don t belong, but $[{\bf Bm}]$ then I ve been there before

Every-[E]thing s alright. I ll just say good-[Emaj7]night

And I ll [A]show myself to the door.

Hey $[\mathbf{A}]$ I didn t mean to $[\mathbf{A}\#\mathbf{dim7}]$ cause a big scene. Just $[\mathbf{Bm7}]$ give me and hour and $[\mathbf{Dm}]$ then

Well, [E]I ll be as high as that [E7]ivory tower that you re livin [E]in ...

[Chorus]

Cause, $[\mathbf{A}]$ I ve got friends in low places, where the whiskey drowns

And the beer chases my [Bm]blues away. And I ll be [E]okay.

Yea $[{\bf A}]$ I m not big on social graces think I ll slip on down

To the [A7]Oasis. So, [Bm]I ve got friends [E]in low [A]places

[Verse 3]

Well, I $[\mathbf{A}]$ guess I was wrong, I $[\mathbf{A}\#\mathbf{dim7}]$ just don t belong, but $[\mathbf{Bm}]$ then I ve been there before

Every-[E]thing s alright. I ll just say good-[Emaj7]night

And I ll [A]show myself to the door.

Hey [A]I didn t mean to [A#dim7] cause a big scene. Just [Bm7] wait til I finish this [Dm]glass.

Then, $[\mathbf{E}]$ sweet little lady, $\hat{\mathbf{I}}$ lagerall head $[\mathbf{E7}]$ back to the bar, and you can $[\mathbf{E}]$ kiss my ass.

[Chorus]

Cause, [A]I ve got friends in low places, where the whiskey drowns And the beer chases my [Bm]blues away. And I ll be [E]okay. Yea [A] I m not big on social graces think I ll slip on down To the [A7]Oasis. So, [Bm]I ve got friends [E]in low [A]places