

Friends in Golf Places

Blame it all on the sun
My heart has begun
To beat fast right in to my groin
My hands start to sweat
My foreheads all wet
Cuz soon were all back in Boyne

The boys have all come
It's time to have fun
So let the party begin
Forget all the pain
Bring out the champagne
And turn that frown to a grin

Cuz, we've got friends in golf places
Where the pars go down and the birdies chase
Our blues away
Even boogies are ok.
Well we're not big on social graces
We pee in the bushes and open spaces
Yea we've got friends
In golf places

Oh we used to play
Till the end of the day
36 holes at a time
But now we have trouble
Cuz we're not as supple
But boy we know how to whine.

So we take our pain killers
And the best from distillers
And soon all will be well
We get on the tee
Swing long and free
It's time to go give Em hell

Cuz, we've got friends in golf places
Where the pars go down and the birdies chase
Our blues away
Even boogies are ok.
Yea we're not big on social graces
We pee in the bushes and open spaces
Yea we've got friends
In golf places

Oh we play just for fun
Till the Ryder's begun
Then it's team vs team till the end
It's red against blue and me against you
But still we end up as friends

And the losing team, don't cause a big scene
They drink up and empty their glass
Then turn to the other, put down their mother
And tell them to kiss our sweet ass

Cuz, we've got friends in golf places
Where the pars go down and the birdies chase
Our blues away
Even boogies are ok.
Yea we're not big on social graces
We pee in the bushes and open spaces
Yea we've got friends
In golf places

Yea we got friends
In golf places.

Sung to the tune by Garth Brooks
"Friends in Low Places"
Boyne lyrics-- Mark Palumbo
Musical arrangement- Lucio Fabris