

# Ernest Tubb, Image Of Me

Yes I know she's the life of the party and without her things here would die  
Oh but don't be fooled by her laughter she has her sad times she knows how to cry  
She drinks and she talks just a little too loud  
With her pride gone she tags along with any old crowd  
Yes I know I'm to blame and I feel so ashamed that I made her the image of me  
[ guitar ]  
I met her in a little country town she was simple and old fashion in some way  
But she loved me till I dragged her down then she just gave up and drifted away  
Now she drinks...  
Yes I made her the image of me