

Image Of Me

Ernest Tubb

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

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 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
Yes, I made her the image of me