

Image of Me

The Flying Burrito Brothers

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 and she knows how to cry.

She drinks and she talks just a little too loud
And with her bright gown, she hangs around 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 fashioned in some ways
But she loved me till I dragged her down
Then she just gave up and drifted away.

She drinks and she talks just a little too loud
And with her bright gown, she hangs around with any old crowd
Yes I know I'm to blame and I feel so ashamed
That I made her the image of me.