

## **Ernest Tubb**

### **"Image Of Me"**

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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

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