

## Conway Twitty "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  
And 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 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 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

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