

Conway Twitty "The 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.

--- Instrumental ---

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.

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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