

## Image Of Me

George Jones

Oh, they say 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.

For 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.

Yes, I met her in a little country town  
She was simple and old-fashioned in some ways  
But she loved me until I dragged her down  
Then she just gave up and drifted away.

Now, 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  
Cause I made her the image of me