

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