In Spite Of Ourselves

John Prine

She don't like her eggs all runny
She thinks crossin' her legs is funny
She looks down her nose at money
She gets it on like the Easter Bunny
She's my baby I'm her honey
I'm never gonna let her go
He ain't got laid in a month of Sundays
I caught him once and he was sniffin' my undies
He ain't too sharp but he gets things done
Drinks his beer like it's oxygen
He's my baby and I'm his honey
Never gonna let him go
In spite of ourselves, we'll end up a'sittin' on a rainbow
Against all odds, honey, we're the big door prize
We're gonna spite our noses, right off of our faces
There won't be nothin', but big old hearts, dancin' in our eyes
She thinks all my jokes are corny
Convict movies make her horny
She likes ketchup on her scrambled eggs
Swears like a sailor when shaves her legs

She takes a lickin' and keeps on tickin'
I'm never gonna let her go
He's got more balls than a big brass monkey
He's a wacked out weirdo and a love bug junkie
Sly as a fox and crazy as a loon
Payday comes and he's howlin' at the moon
He's my baby I don't mean maybe
Never gonna let him go
In spite of ourselves, we'll end up a'sittin' on a rainbow
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