

# Image Of Me

## The Flying Burrito Brothers

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 said times and she knows how to cry.

She drinks and she talks just a little to loud  
And with her bright... She hangs around 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 drink and she talks... Image of me.  
Yes I know I'm to blame... Image of me.

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