

In Spite of Ourselves

by John Prine (1999)

^C She don't like her eggs all runny, ^C She thinks crossin' her legs is funny
^F
^G She looks down her nose at money, ^C She gets it on like the Easter Bunny,
^G She's my baby, I'm her honey, ^C I ain't never gonna let her go.

^C He ain't got laid in a month of Sundays, ^C caught him once he was sniffing my undies
^F
^G He ain't too sharp but he gets things done, ^C drinks his beer like its oxygen
^G He's my baby, and I'm his honey, ^C Never gonna let him go. ^C In spite of our

^F ^F ourselves, ^C we'll end up sittin' on a rainbow. ^C Against all
^G ^G odds, honey we're the big door prize, ^C We're gonna
^F ^F spite, ^C our noses right off of our faces. ^C There won't be
^G ^G nothing but big old hearts dancing in our eyes. ^C ^C

^C She thinks all my jokes are corny, ^C Convict movies make her horny,
^F
^G She likes ketchup on her scrambled eggs, ^C swears like a sailor when she shaves her legs. ^C
^G She takes a lickin', and keeps on tickin', ^C Never gonna let her go

^C He's got more balls than a big brass monkey, ^C He's a whacked out weirdo and a lovebug junkie
^F ^F ^C ^C
^G Sly as a fox, crazy as a loon, ^C payday comes and he's a-howling at the moon,
^G He's my baby, I don't mean maybe, ^C Never gonna let him go ^C