

In Spite of Ourselves

John Prine – Iris Dement

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gA-vD5pyuS4>

C She don't like her eggs all runny,
C She thinks crossin' her legs is funny
F 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, I'm never gonna let her C go

C He ain't got laid in a month of Sundays,
C I caught him once and he was sniffin' my undies
F He ain't too sharp but he gets things done
C Drinks his beer like it's oxygen
G He's my baby, And I'm his honey, Never gonna let him C go

[Chorus]

In spite of F ourselves We'll end up a'sittin' on a C rainbow
Against all G odds Honey, we're the big door C prize
We're gonna F spite our noses Right off of our C faces
C There won't be nothin' but big old G hearts
Dancin' in our C eyes

[instrumental verse]

C She thinks all my jokes are corny
C Convict movies make her horny
F She likes ketchup on her scrambled eggs
C Swears like a sailor when shaves her legs
G She takes a lickin' And keeps on tickin' I'm never gonna let her C go

C He's got more balls than a big brass monkey
C He's a wacked out weirdo and a love bug junkie
F Sly as a fox and crazy as a loon
C Payday comes and he's howlin' at the moon
G He's my baby I don't mean maybe Never gonna let him C go

[Chorus] x2

C There won't be nothin' but big old G hearts,
Dancin' in our C eyes