

# 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 werido and a lovebug 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  
Against all odds  
Honey, we're the big door prize  
We're gonna spite our noses  
Right off of our faces  
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In spite of ourselves

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>