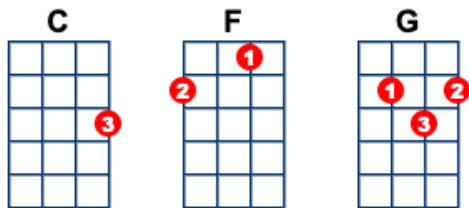


In Spite of Ourselves

Words and music by John Prine



Man's Verse 1

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

Woman's Verse 1

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

Chorus

C In spite of our- F selves, we'll end up a'sittin' on a C rainbow
C 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
There won't be C nothin' but big old G hearts
Dancin' in our C eyes

Man's Verse 2

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 she shaves her legs

She **G** takes a lickin', and keeps on tickin'

I'm **G** never gonna let her **C** go

Woman's Verse 2

C Well he's got more balls than a big brass monkey

He's a **C** wacked out weirdo and a lovebug junkie

F Sly as a fox, crazy as a loon

C Payday comes and he's a'howlin' at the moon

But **G** he's my baby, I don't mean maybe

I'm **G** never gonna let him **C** go

Chorus

C In spite of our- **F** selves, we'll end up a'sittin' on a **C** rainbow

C 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

There won't be **C** nothin' but big old **G** hearts

Dancin' in our **C** eyes

Repeat Chorus

C In spite of our- **F** selves, we'll end up a'sittin' on a **C** rainbow

C 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

There won't be **C** nothin' but big old **G** hearts

Dancin' in our **C** eyes **F C**