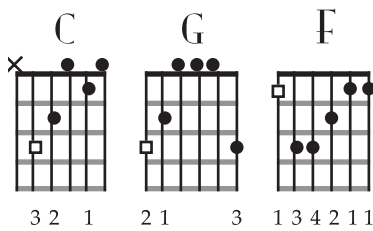


In Spite of Ourselves

John Prine

In Spite of Ourselves (1999)

Capo II



C
She don't like her eggs all runny
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
C
I ain't never gonna let her go.

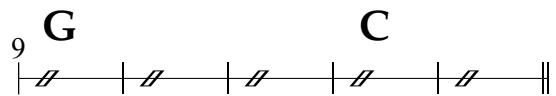
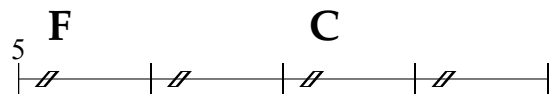
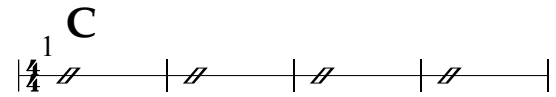
C
He ain't got laid in a month of sundays
Caught him once he was sniffing my undies
F
He ain't too sharp but he gets things done
C
drinks his beer like its oxygen
G
He's my baby, and I'm his honey
C
Never gonna let him go

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

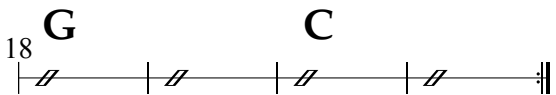
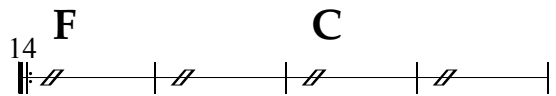
C
She thinks all my jokes are corny
Convict movies make her horny,
F
She likes ketchup on her scrambled eggs,
C
swears like a sailor when she shaves her legs
G
She takes a lickin', and keeps on tickin'
C
Never gonna let her go

♩ = 160

Verse

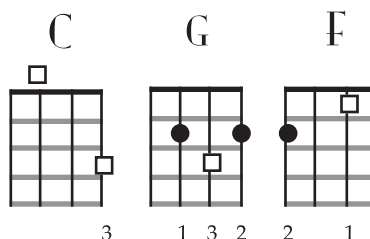
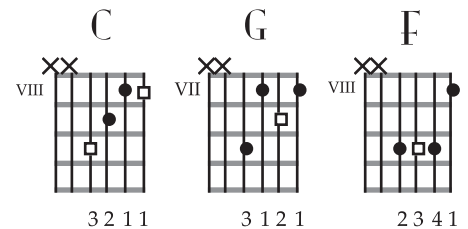


Chorus



C
He's got more balls than a big brass monkey
He's a whacked out weirdo and a lovebug junkie
F
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

CHORUS



August 1, 2023

In Spite of Ourselves

C

3 0 0 3 0 1 1 3 0 3 0 0 3 0 1 1 3 0

T
A
B

3 3 3 3 3 3

F C

4 5 6 7

T
A
B

1 1 3 0 0 3 0 1 1 3 0 3 3

G C

8 9 10 11 12

T
A
B

0 3 0 0 3 0 3 3 0 1 0 1 0 1 3 3 5 2

