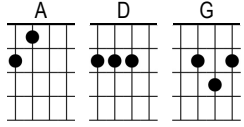


It's Hard To Be Humble

Mac Davis



Chorus

Oh **D** Lord, it's | hard to be | humble | when you're | perfect in | every **A** way |
I | can't wait to | look in the | mirror, | 'cause I | get better | lookin' each **D** day |
To | know me | is to | love me, | I | must be a | hell of a **G** man |
Oh, | Lord it's | hard to be **D** humble, | but I'm **A** doin' the | best that I **D** can
D↓

D I used to | have a | girlfriend, | but I | guess she just | couldn't com**A**pete |
With | all of these | love starved | women, | who keep | clamberin' | at my **D** feet
|
Well, I | probably | could find me | another, | but I | guess they're all | in awe of **G**
me |
Who | cares, I | never get **D** lonesome | 'cause I **A** treasure my | own compa**D**ny
D↓

Repeat Chorus

I **D** guess you could | say I'm a | loner, | a | cowboy, out|law, tough and **A** proud
|
I could | have lots of | friends if I | wanted, | then I | wouldn't stand | out from the
D crowd |
Some | folks say that | I'm ego|tistical. | Hell, | I don't even | know what that **G**
means |
I | guess it has | something to **D** do with the | way that I **A** fill out my | skintight
blue **D** jeans **D**↓

Repeat Chorus

Yes, we're **A** doin' the | best that we **D** can **D**↓