

# A Good Year For The Roses

George Jones

I can hardly bare the sight of lipstick  
On the cigarettes there in the ashtray  
Lyin' cold the way you left them  
At least your lips caressed them while you packed  
And a lip print on a half-filled cup of coffee  
That you poured and didn't drink  
But at least you thought you wanted it  
That's so much more than I can say for me

But what a good year for the roses  
Many blooms still linger there  
The lawn could stand another mowin'  
It's funny, I don't even care  
And when you turned and walked away  
And as the door behind you closes  
The only thing I know to say  
It's been a good year for the roses

After three full years of marriage  
It's the first time that you haven't made the bed  
I guess the reason we're not talkin'  
There's so little left to say, we haven't said  
While a million thoughts go runnin' through my mind  
I find I haven't spoke a word  
And from the bedroom those familiar sounds  
Of our one baby's cryin' goes unheard

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