

## A Good Year for the Roses

Elvis Costello

I can hardly bear the sight of lipstick  
On the cigarettes there in the ashtray  
Lyin' cold the way you left 'em,  
But at least your lips caressed them  
While you packed  
Or the 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  
What a good year for the roses  
Many blooms still linger there  
The lawn could stand another mowin'  
Funny I don't even care  
As you turn to walk away  
As the door behind you closes  
The only thing I have 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',  
Tere's so little left to say we haven't said  
While a million thoughts go racin' through my mind  
I find I haven't said a word  
From the bedroom the familiar sound  
Of a baby's cryin' goes unheard

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