

Good Year For The Roses

George Jones

I can hardly bare the sight of lipstick on the cigarettes there
in the ashtray
Lyn' 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 running through my mind I find I haven't
spoke a word
And from the bedroom those familiar sounds of our one baby's crying
goes unheard
But what a good year for the roses...