

A Good Year For The Roses

Lorrie Morgan

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
And a lip print on a half-filled cup of coffee
That I poured and didn't drink
But at least you thought you wanted it
And that's so much more than I can say for me

It's been a good year for the roses
And many blooms still linger there
The lawn could stand another mowin'
Funny, I don't even care
And when you turn to walk away
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 I haven't made the bed
I guess the reason we're not talkin'
There's so little left to say, we haven't said
And while a million thoughts go racin' through my mind
I find I haven't spoke a word
And from the bedroom, the familiar sounds
Of our one baby's cryin' goes unheard

But what a good year for the roses
And may blooms still linger there
The lawn could stand another mowin'
Funny, I don't care
And when you turn to walk away
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