

Counting Crows, A Good Year For The Roses (Je

I can hardly stand the sight of lipstick
on the cigarettes there in the ash tray,
lying cold there where you left them,
but at least your lips carressed 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,
and that's so much more than I can say for me.

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

After three, four years of marriage,
it's the first time that you haven't made the bed.
I guess the reason we're not talking,
there's so little left to say we haven't said.
Oh, while a million thoughts go racin' through my mind
I guess I haven't said a word.
And from the bedroom,
the familiar sound of our one baby's crying goes unheard.

But what a good year for the roses.
Many blooms still linger there.
Lawn could stand another mowin'.
Funny, I don't even care.
But as you turned and walked away,
as the door behind you closes,
the only thing I thought to say,
is 'what a good year for the roses.'