

Merle Haggard, A Good Year For The Roses

(by George Jones)

I can hardly stand the sight of lipstick
on the cigarettes there in the ashtray.
Lying cold the way you left them,
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
which is so much more than I can say for me.

REFRAIN

It's been a good year for the roses
Many blooms still linger there.
The lawn could stand another mowing
it's 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
was 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,
is there's so little left to say that we haven't said
While a million thoughts go racing through my mind
I guess I haven't said a word
From the bedroom, the familiar sound
of our one baby's crying goes unheard