

# Counting Crows, A Good Year For The Roses

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 o 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