

Elvis Costello, Good Year For The Roses

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
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,
That's so much more than I can say for me
What a good year for the roses
Many blooms still linger there
The lawn could stand another mowin'
Funny I don't even care
As you turn to walk away
As the door behind you closes
The only thing I have 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 racin' through my mind
I find I haven't said a word
From the bedroom the familiar sound
Of a baby's cryin' goes unheard

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