

George Jones, A Good Year For The Roses

I can hardly bare the sight of lipstick
On the cigarettes there in the ashtray
Lyn cold the way you left them
At least your lips caressed them
While you packed
And a lip print on a half filled cup of coffee
That you poured and didnt drink
But at least you thought you wanted it
Thats so much more than I can say for me

Chorus

But what a good year for the roses
Many blooms still linger there
The lawn could stand another mowin
Its funny, I dont even care
And when you turned and walked away
And as the door behind you closes
The only thing I know to say
Its been a good year for the roses
After three full years of marriage
Its the first time that you
Havent made the bed
I guess the reason were not talkin
Theres so little left to say,
We havent said
While a million thoughts
Go runnin through my mind
I find I havent spoke a word
And from the bedroom those familiar sounds of our one babys cryin
Goes unheard
Chorus