

# George Jones, A Good Year For The Roses

I can hardly bare the sight of lipstick  
On the cigarettes there in the ashtray  
Lyin 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