A Good Year For The Roses

A Good Year For The Roses
By: George Jones

A
I can hardly bare the sight of lipstick
D   A
on the cigar--ettes there in the ashtray
lyin' cold the way you left them
D   A
at least your lips caress--ed them while you packed
D
And a lip print on a half-filled cup of coffee
A
that you poured and didn?t drink
E
but at least you thought you wanted it
A
that?s so much more than I can say for me

Chorus:
D
But what a good year for the roses
E   A
many blooms still linger there
D
the lawn could stand another mowin?
E   A
it?s funny, I don?t even care
D
and when you turned and walked away
E   D   A
and as the door behind you closes
D
the only thing I know to say
E   D   A
it?s been a good year for the roses

A
After three full years of marriage
D   A
it?s the first time that you haven?t made the bed
I guess the reason we?re not talkin?
D   A
there?s so little left to say, we haven?t said
D while a million thoughts go runnin' through my mind
  A
I find I haven't spoke a word
  E
and from the bedroom those familiar sounds
  A
of our one baby's cryin' goes un--heard

Repeat Chorus