

## Good Year for the Roses

Elvis Costello

I can hardly bear 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 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 mowing  
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 talking  
There's so little left to say we haven't said  
While a million thoughts go racing through my mind  
I find I haven't said a word  
From the bedroom the familiar sound  
Of our baby's crying goes unheard

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