

Good Year For The Roses

Words and Music by Jerry Chesnut

$\text{♩} = 100$



1. I can



hard - ly bear— the sight of lip - stick on— the ci - ga-rettes there in the
(Verse 2 see block lyric)



ash - tray. Ly - in' cold the way— you left 'em, but at

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least your lips ca - ressed- them while you packed. Or the




lip print on a half - filled cup of cof - fee that you poured and did - n't



drink. But at least you thought- you want-ed it, that's





so much more than I can say for me. What a good year— for the

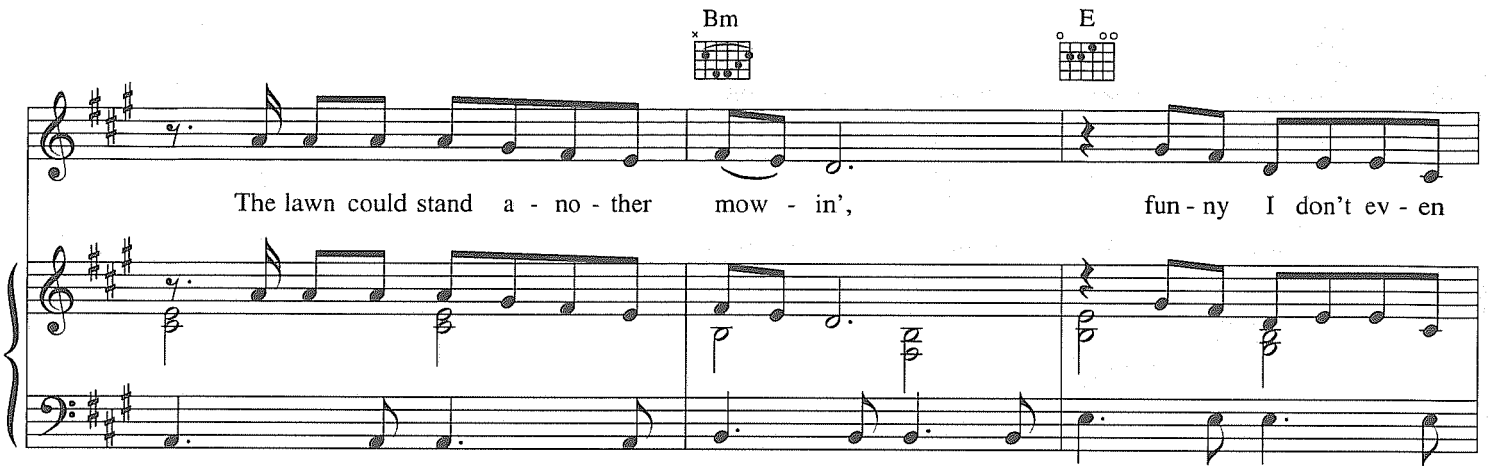
D  E  A 




ros - es, — ma - ny blooms — still lin - ger there.



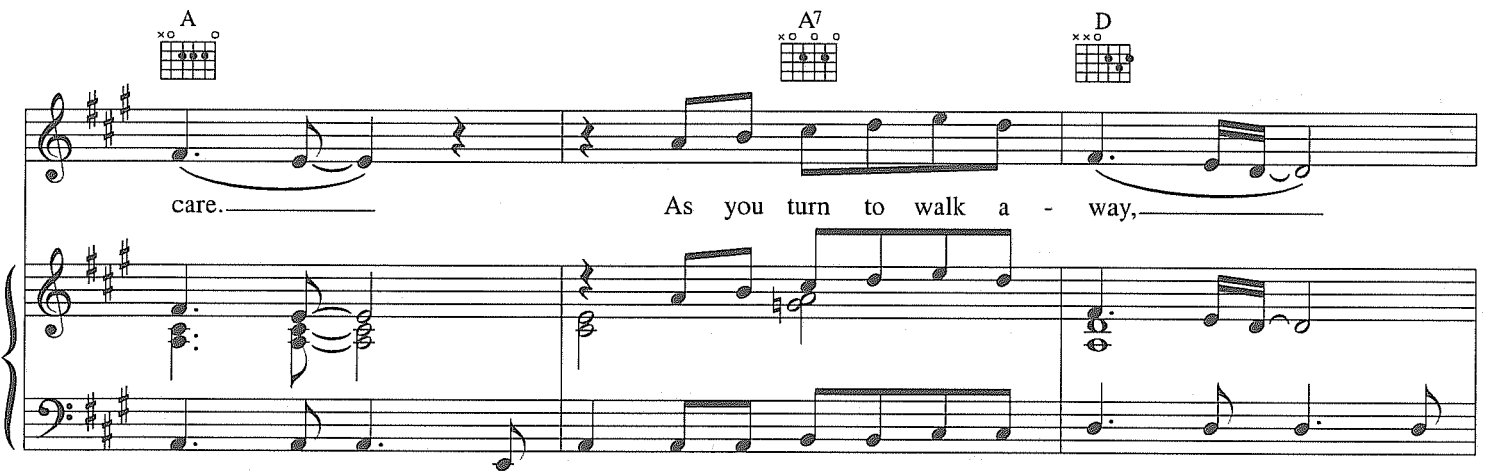
Bm  E 




The lawn could stand a - no - ther mow - in', fun - ny I don't ev - en



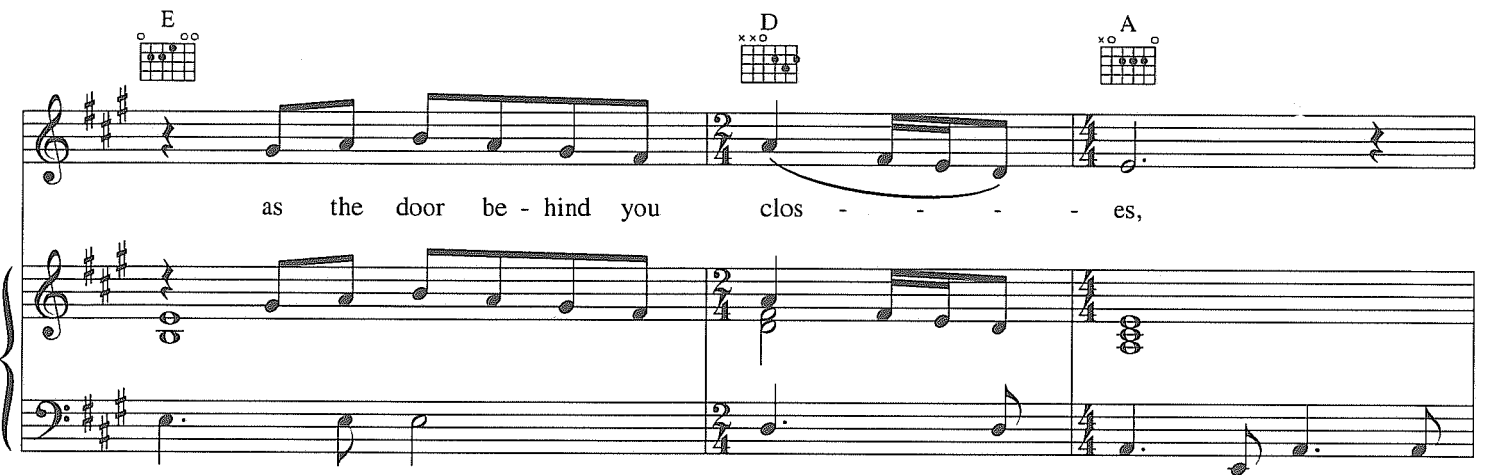
A  A7  D 

care. — As you turn to walk a - way, —



E  D  A 

as the door be - hind you clos - - - es,



Bm E

the on - ly thing I have to say, it's been a good year for the

1.

A D A/C# E/B A D/A

ros - - - es.

2.

A7 A A

2. Af - ter

Verse 2:

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 racing through my mind
 I find I haven't said a word
 From the bedroom the familiar sound
 Of a baby's cryin' goes unheard.