

The Lipstick On His Collar

Caro Emerald

The clock has ticked eleven and the place is clear
Reality is kicking in and so is my beer
I don't make excuses when it's all my fault
If a heart is made of money he's cleaned out my vault
I feel a little wounded and it isn't fair
To sit inside a parlor and see him standing over there
As smug as a robber that a cop can't catch
The lipstick on his collar doesn't seem to match mine
Mine, doesn't seem to match mine, mine
Now Joe behind the bar is offering advice
'Cause I'm a broken record and he has to tell me twice

Why don't I understand that he just can't change?
I wanna be his woman, not his weekend dame
Now Joe has eyes a'rollin' says it's just too bad
And he'll be back tomorrow for my heartbeat crash
I'd like to say goodbye but hello is the match
Though the lipstick on his collar never seems to match mine
Never seem to match, mine ooh, never seem to match
This line is disconnected
Mine, ooh, oh, oh, ooh, match mine, yeah, hey, yeah

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