

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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