

# 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, oohohohoh, match mine, yeah hey yeah)