

# A Cottage For Sale

Larry Conley

Willard Robison

**E<sup>b</sup>6** **G7** **C7<sup>b9</sup>** **F-** **A<sup>b</sup>-6**

Our lit-tle dream cas - tle with ev-'ry dream gone, is lone-ly and si - lent; the shades are all drawn. And

**G-7** **C7** **F-7** **A<sup>b</sup>-6** **F7** **B<sup>b</sup>7** **E<sup>b</sup>6** **B<sup>b</sup>7**

my heart is heav - y as I gaze up - on — a cot-tage for sale. The

**E<sup>b</sup>6** **G7** **C7<sup>b9</sup>** **F-** **A<sup>b</sup>-6**

lawn we were proud of is wav-ing in hay. — Our beau-ti-ful gar - den has withered a - way. Where

**G-7** **C7** **F-7** **A<sup>b</sup>-6** **F7** **B<sup>b</sup>7** **E<sup>b</sup>6**

you plant-ed ros - es the weeds seem to say — "a cot-tage for sale."

**G7<sup>b13</sup>** **C7**

From ev - 'ry sin - gle win-dow, I see your — face,

**F7** **F-7** **B<sup>b</sup>7**

but when I reach a win-dow, there's emp - ty space. — The

**E<sup>b</sup>6** **G7** **C7<sup>b9</sup>** **F-** **A<sup>b</sup>-6**

key's in the mail - box the same as before, — but no one is wait - ing for me an - y more. The

**G-7** **C7** **F-7** **A<sup>b</sup>-6** **F7** **B<sup>b</sup>7** **E<sup>b</sup>6**

end of our sto - ry is told on the door: a cot-tage for sale. —