

# A Cottage For Sale

Larry Conley

Willard Robison

Our lit-tledreamcas - tle with ev-'rydreamgone, is lone-ly and si - lent; the shades are all drawn. And  
myheart is heav - y as I gaze up - on — a cot-tage for sale. The  
lawnwe were proud of is wav-ing in hay. — Our beau-ti-ful gar - den has with-ered a - way. Where  
youplant-ed ros - es the weeds seem to say — "a cot-tage for sale."  
From ev - 'ry sin - gle win-dow, I see your — face,  
but when I reach a win-dow, there's emp - ty space. — The  
key's in the mail - box the same as before, — but no one is wait - ing for me an - y more. The  
end of our sto - ry is told on the door: a cot-tage for sale. —