

A Cottage For Sale

Larry Conley

Willard Robison

Our lit-tle dream cas - tle with ev-'ry dream gone, is lone-ly and si - lent; the shades are all drawn. And
my heart is heav - y as I gaze up - on — a cot-tage for sale. The
lawn we were proud of is wav-ing in hay. — Our beau-ti-ful gar - den has with-ered a - way. — Where
you plant-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. —

E^b6 **G7** **C7^{b9}** **F-** **A^b-6**
G-7 **C7** **F-7** **A^b-6** **F7** **B^b7** **E^b6** **B^b7**
E^b6 **G7** **C7^{b9}** **F-** **A^b-6**
G-7 **C7** **F-7** **A^b-6** **F7** **B^b7** **E^b6**
G7^{b13} **C7**
F7 **F-7** **B^b7**
E^b6 **G7** **C7^{b9}** **F-** **A^b-6**
G-7 **C7** **F-7** **A^b-6** **F7** **B^b7** **E^b6**