

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. —