

# A Cottage for Sale

**Matt Monro**

Our little dream castle with every dream gone,  
is lonely and silent, the shades are all drawn,  
and my heart is heavy as I gaze upon  
A cottage for saleThe lawn we were proud of is waving in hay,  
Our beautiful garden has withered away,  
Where you planted roses, the weeds seem to say,  
A cottage for sale.From every single window, I see your face,  
But when I reach a window, there's empty space.  
The key's in the mail box the same as before,  
But no one is waiting any more,  
The end of the story is told on the door.  
A cottage for sale.

Songwriters

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