A Cottage for Sale

Billy Eckstine

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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