

A Cottage For Sale

Frank Sinatra

A 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 sale
The lawn we were proud of
Is waving in hay
A 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 the window
There's empty space
The key's in the mailbox
The same as before
But no one is waiting
For me anymore
The end of our story
Is there on the door
A cottage for sale

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